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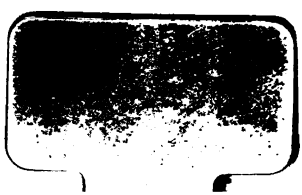

FIRST YEAR

183

DUMAS'

Art Annual

An Illustrated Record

OF THE EXHIBITIONS OF THE WORLD

1882

CONTAINING ABOUT 250 ORIGINAL DRAWINGS
REPRODUCED IN FAC-SIMILE

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LONDON OFFICE : 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

THIS SOCIETY differs in its principles from other Offices.

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The NEW ASSURANCES have for several years exceeded a MILLION.

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Age next Birthday.	25	30	35	40	45	50
During Life.....	£1 18 0	£2 1 6	£2 6 10	£2 14 9	£3 5 9	£4 1 7
Limited to 21 Payments	£2 12 6	£2 15 4	£3 0 2	£3 7 5	£3 17 6	£4 12 1

A person of 30 may thus secure £1,000 at Death, by a yearly payment, *during life*, of £20. 15s. This Premium, if paid to any other of the Scottish Mutual Offices, would secure £800 only, instead of £1,000.

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Copies of the REPORT, *with* STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES, *may be had on application.*

JAMES WATSON, *Manager.*
J. MUIR LEITCH, *London Secretary.*

DUMAS'

Art Annual

An Illustrated Record

OF THE EXHIBITIONS OF THE WORLD

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CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY, W.
1882

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PREFACE

THE idea of publishing an Illustrated Catalogue of the Salon has proved felicitous. It dates from 1879. The ensuing year, Illustrated Catalogues were brought out in connection with the Fine Arts Exhibition at Berlin, and the Historical Exhibition of Belgian Art at Brussels. The New York Academy of Design and the International Exhibition at Buda-Pesth followed suit in 1881; and this year Vienna and Moscow have become identified with the movement. We have therefore convincing proofs of the warm appreciation evinced by the public for this class of work.

Every day Art is taking a more important place in our social system. The moment therefore appears opportune for publishing a Universal Illustrated Catalogue, embracing the annual Exhibitions of both the old and the new world.

Following the engravings will be found critical notices of all the great Exhibitions, signed by art critics of high repute.

Doubtless our Illustrated Annual of Fine Arts is far from being complete. The work was taken in hand since the month of September, at a time when artists of all countries are dispersed in every direction; consequently it was no easy task to carry out our programme to the letter. The *Great Sales, Monuments, Art publications and Decorative works,* together with productions under the head of the *Drama and Music,* which the year has called forth, have not received as much attention as we could have wished.

It was in carrying out this first attempt that we became aware of the inadequacy of a single volume to meet the requirements of all the subjects which had a right to be included in it. Consequently we have decided to publish two volumes during the year 1883, to appear respectively on the 1st June and the 1st December.

By these means we shall be able to fill up all blanks, and bring our efforts into closer relationship with the actualities of the hour.

Our *Art Annual* will thus assume the position of a complete Review of the Fine Arts, the want of which has hitherto left a vacant space in the library of every lover of Art.

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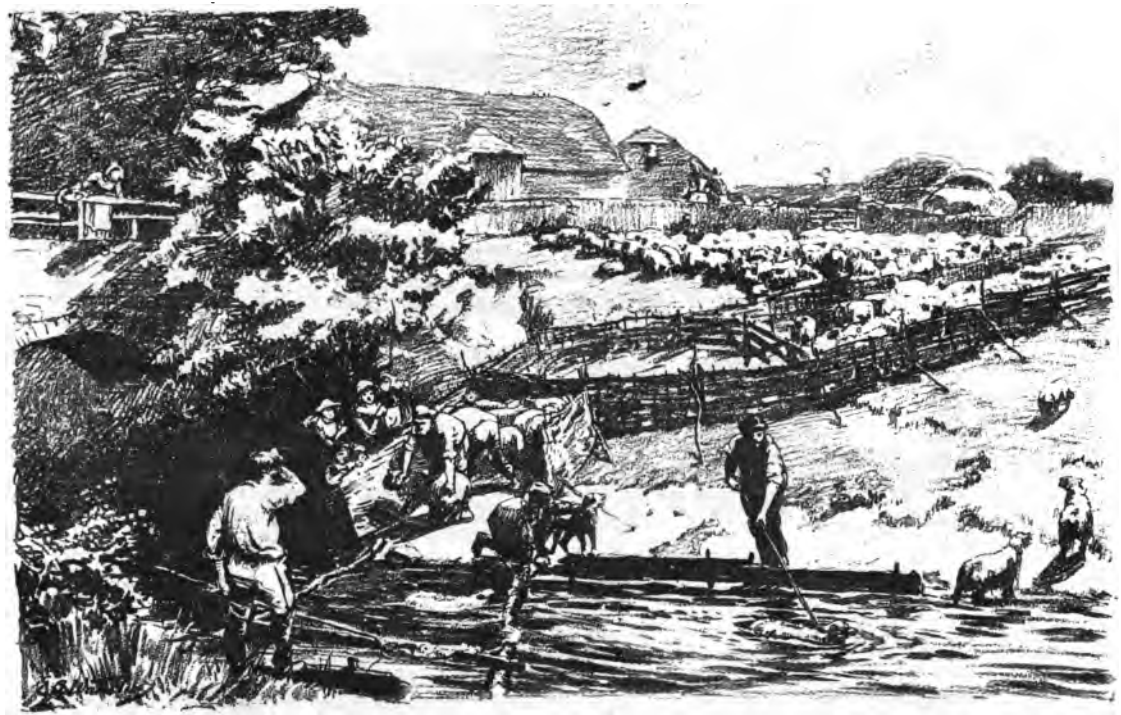

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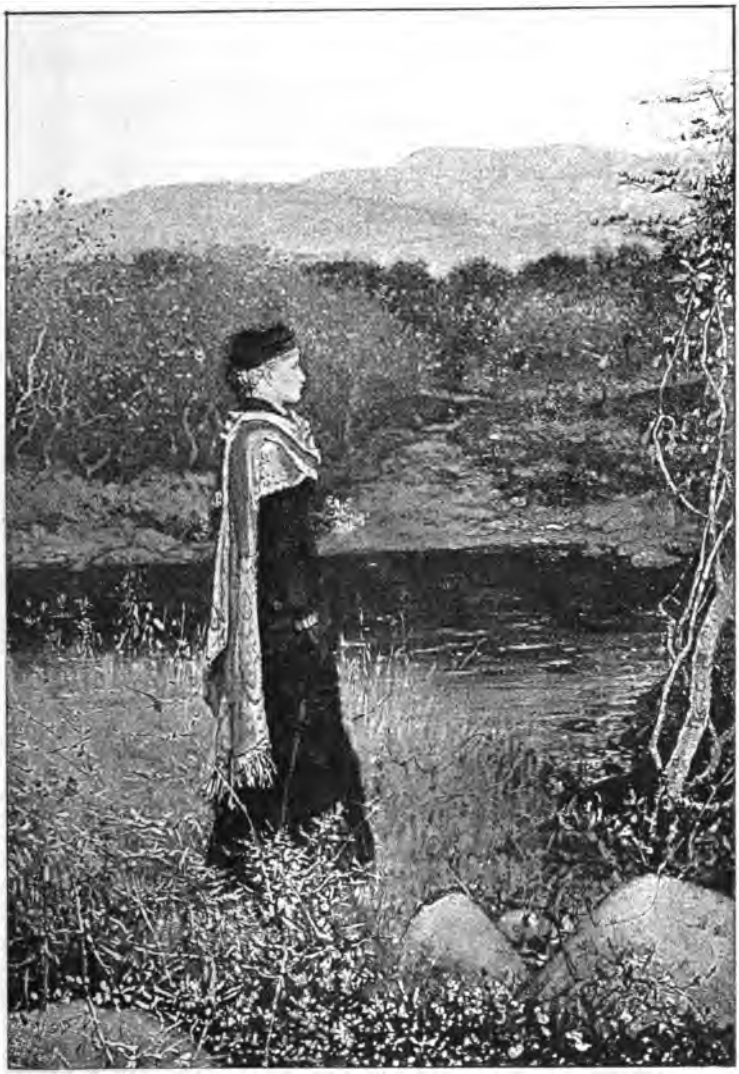
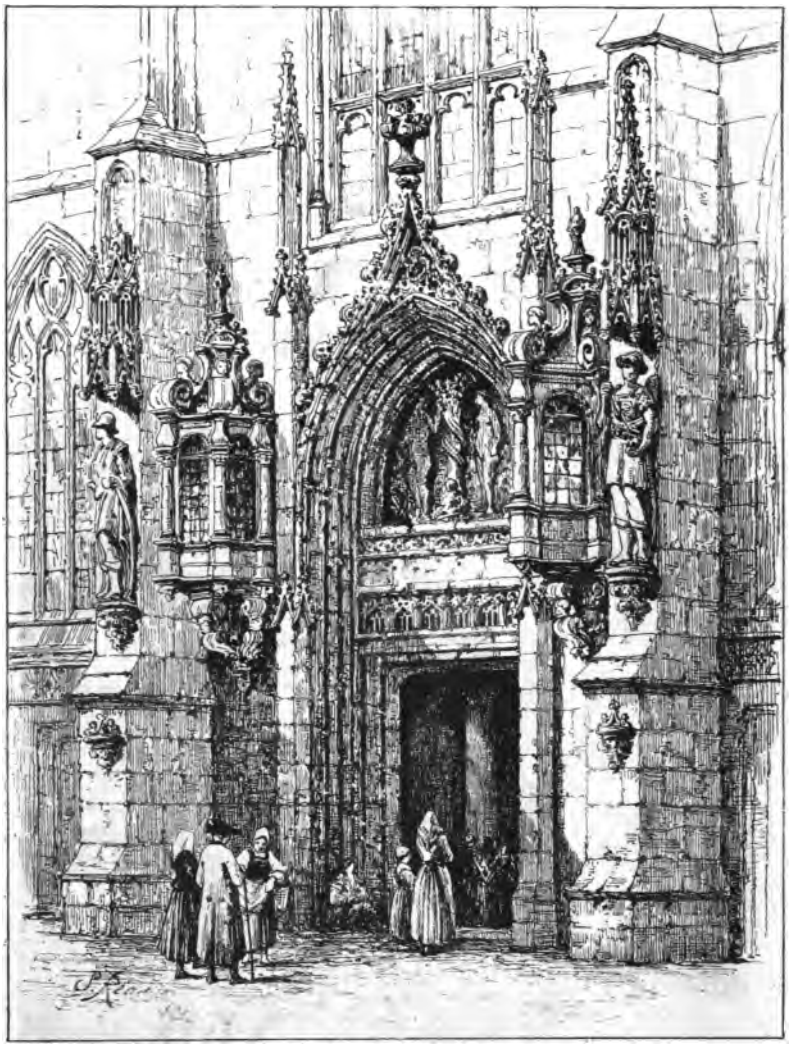
STAPLES (R.-P.). *Bonsoir, fleurs! — Good-night to the flowers.*

FISHER (MARK). *Printemps. — Spring-time.*



BOUGHTON (G.-H.). **A. R. A.** *Promenade d'Automne au bord du Spey.*
An Autumnal Ramble by the Spey.



READ (S.). *La porte sud de la Cathédrale de Münster.*
South Entrance to Cathedral, Münster.

DUNCAN (W.). *Posthumus et Imogen. — Posthumus and Imogen.*

GILBERT (Sir JOHN). **R. A.** *La Tête de la Procession. — The Head of the Procession.*

HOPKINS (A.). *Tout le monde au cabestan! — "All hands to the capstan."*

HAAG (CARL). *Bédouin Mugharibe faisant ses dévotions.*
A Mugharibe Bedawee at Devotion.

Carlaw (W.). ***Déchargeant le Poisson. — Landing the Fish.***
(Stonehaven; Écosse.)

LEYDE (O. T.). **R. S. A.** *Dégringolade. — Off and away.*

BLACK (A.). *Parmi les Bateaux de pêche. — Among the Trawlers (Tarbert).*

MURRAY (D.). **A.R.S.A.** *Le Château de Tillietudlem au printemps.*
Tillietudlem Castle, Spring-time.

HOLE (W. B.). **A.R.S.A.** *Le Parlement du Prince Charles. — Prince Charlie's Parliament.*

NOBLE (R.). *Ombre et Lumière. — Sunshine and Shade.*

M. Kay (W. D.). **A.R.S.A.** *Pastorale écossaise. — A Scottish Pastoral.*

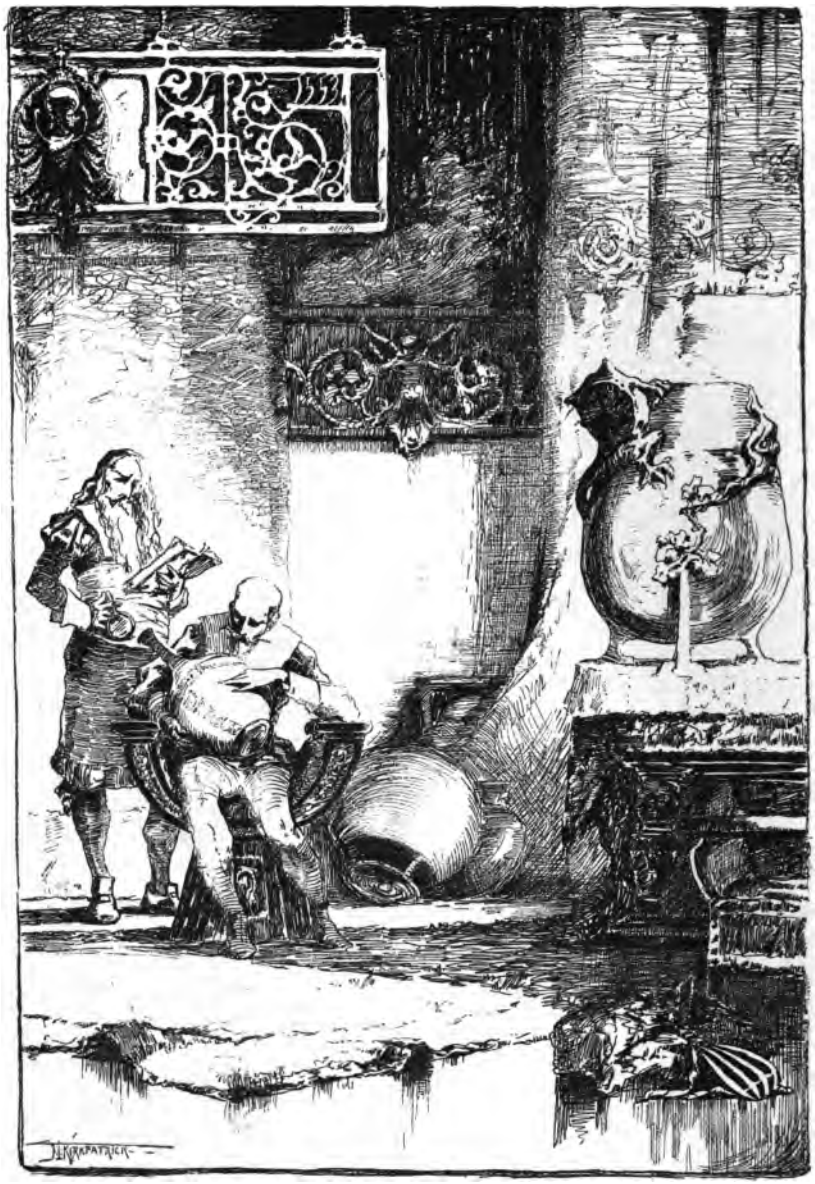
SHIELDS (T. W.). *Le Buveur. — The drinker.*

JONES (C.). *Soirée d'Automne en Wiltshire. — Autumn evening in Wiltshire.*

HAYES (E.). **R.H.A.** *Dordrecht sur le Maas. — Dortrecht on the Maas.*

NOBLE (J. C.). **A.R.S.A.** *Rouen.*

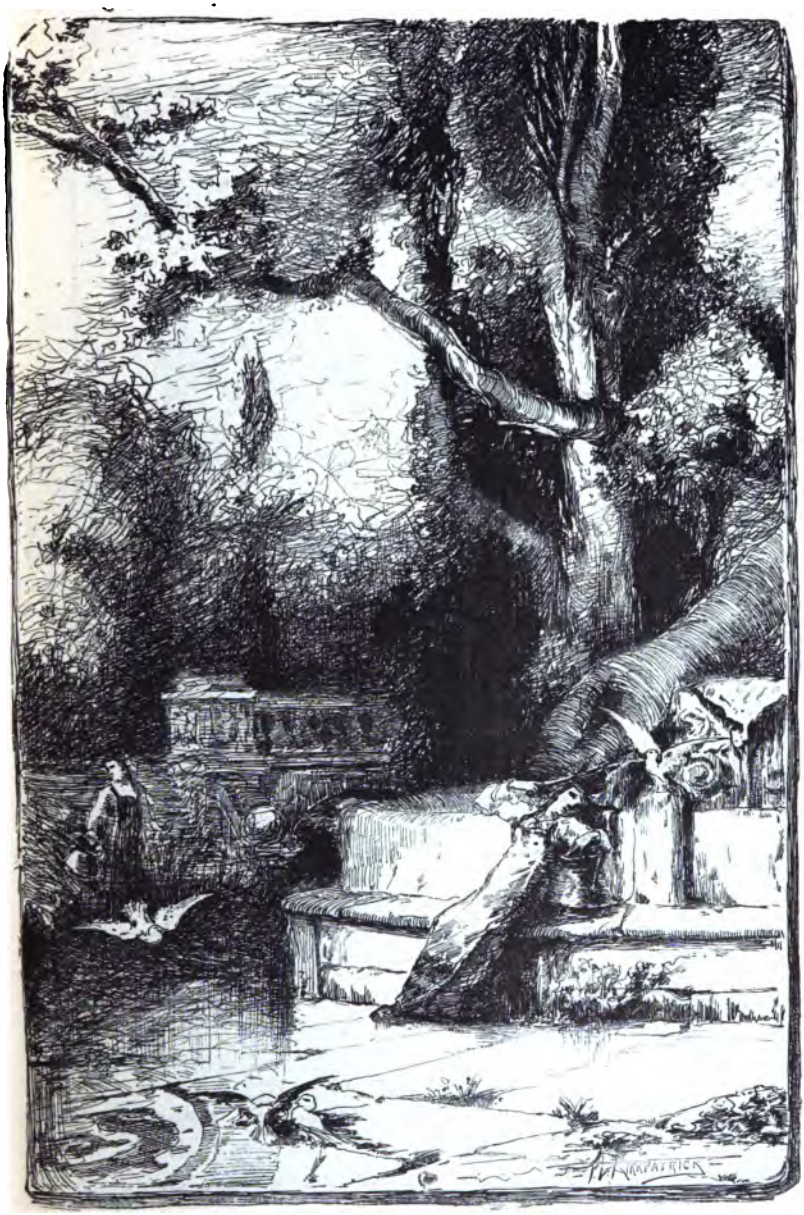
HOVENDEN (T.). **A.N.A.** *C'était le bon vieux temps ! — Dem was good old times !*



KIRKPATRICK (FRANK). *Les Antiquaires. — The Antiquaries.*

BECKWITH (J. C.). *Carmen.*

Wood (T. W.) ***Oncle Ned. — Uncle Ned.***



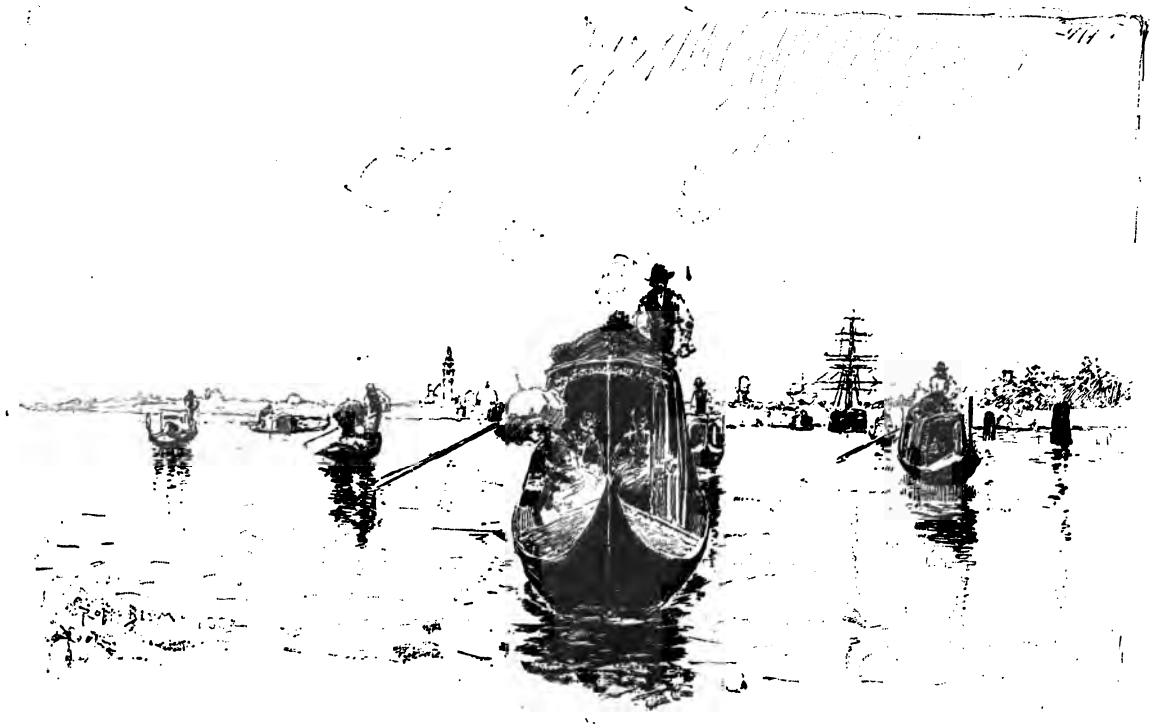
KIRKPATRICK (FRANK). *Paysage près Tivoli. — Near Tivoli.*

HOVENDEN (T.). **A.N.A.** *Élaine.*

BRIDGMAN (F. A.). **A.N.A.** *La Fontaine de la Mosquée. — The Mosque Fountain.*

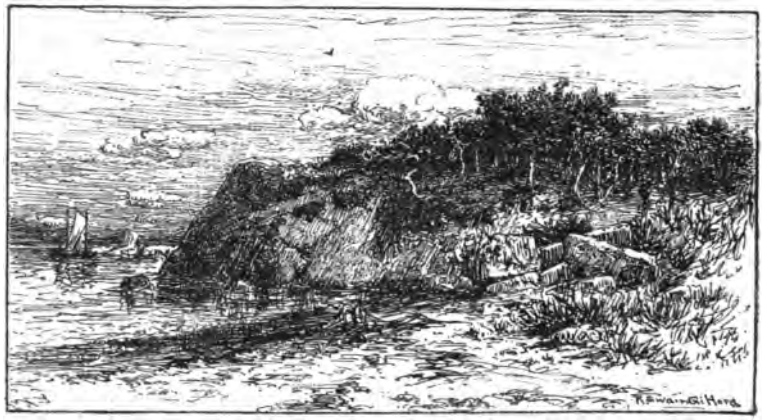
LUNGREN (F. H.). *Parc de New York, effet de lumière électrique sur la neige.*
Effect of electric light on snow, Union Square, New York.

DUNK (W. M.). *L'Après-midi du Samedi. — Seventh Day Afternoon.*



BLUM (R). *Partant pour le Lido. — Going to the Lido.*

FARRER (H.). **N.A.** *Automne. — Gone hath the Spring with all its flowers, and gone the Summer's pomp and show.*



GIFFORD (R. S.). **N.A.** *Falaise de Nonquitt. — Nonquitt Cliff.*

SHELBON (W. H.). *Grand-père montant la garde. — Grandfather on guard.*

QUARTLEY (A.). *Le Vieux Chaland. — A Riverside Antique.*

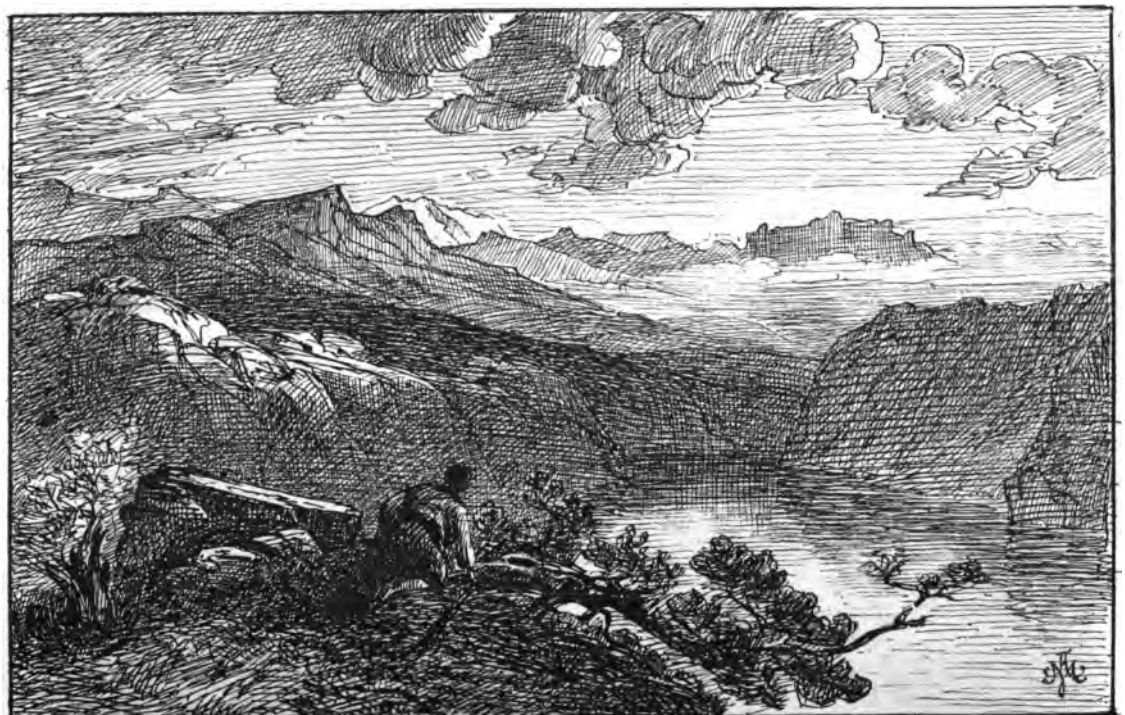
ANKER (A.). *Intérieur Suisse. — Interior in Switzerland.*

JEANMAIRE (E.). *La Sortie de l'étable (Joux-Perret). — Leaving the Stable.*

VUILLERMET (CH.). *Vallée de l'Orbe (Jura). Orbe Valley.*

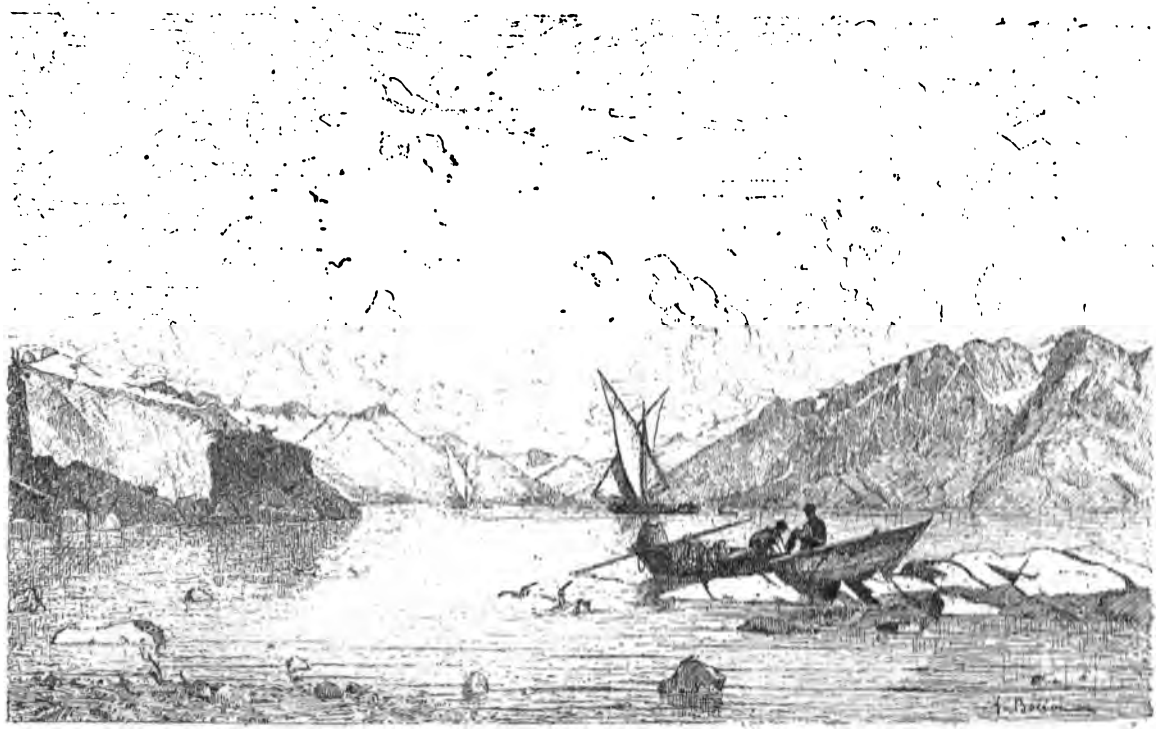
BACHELIN (A.). *La Générale. Souvenir de l'occupation des frontières.— Souvenir of the occupation of the frontiers, 1870.*

ROBERT (P.). *La Prairie. — The Meadows.*



MEURON (A. DE). *Un soir dans les Alpes. — Evening in the Alps.*

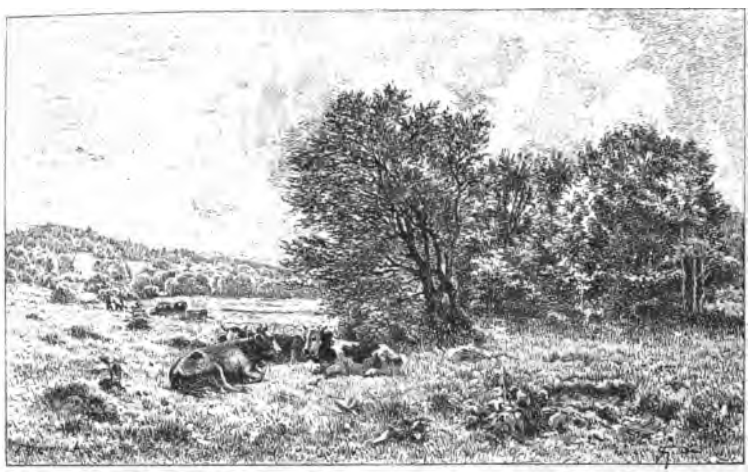
ZUND (ROBERT). *Forêt de chênes. — The oak forest*



BOCION (F). *Le lac Léman, vu de Saint-Saphorin. — Lake Leman, from Saint-Saphorin.*

LEMAITRE (N.). *Sur le Salève. — On the Salève.*

BURNAND (E.). *Glaneuses. — Gleaners.*



HUGUENIN-LASSAUGUETTE (F.). *Pâturage à la Tourne.*
A Pasture at the Tourne.

D'ANETHAN (Mme). *L'Enfant malade. — The sick child.*

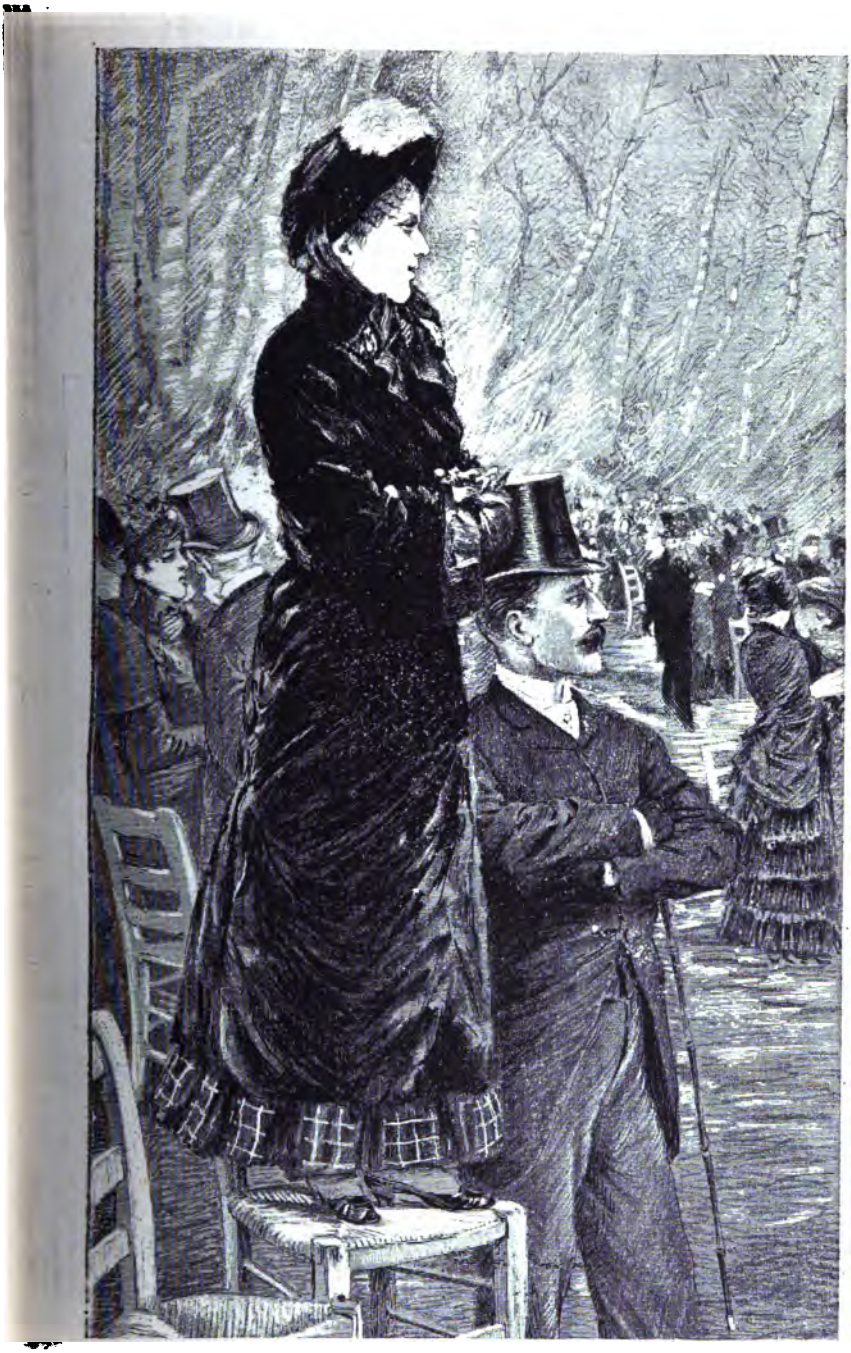
VERSTRAETE (T.). *Dans la Bruyère. — In the heath.*

VERHAERT (R.) *La Marchande de marée à Anvers. — Woman selling fish at Antwerp.*

GALLAND (P. V.). *Étude. — A study.*

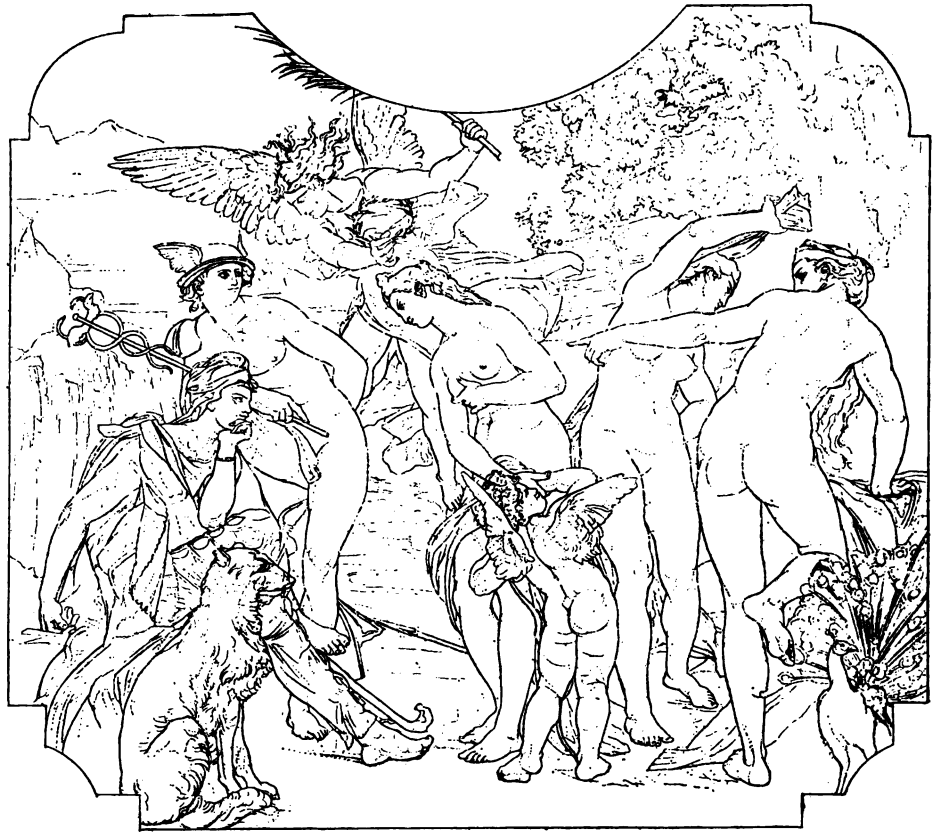
SCHMIDT. *Groupe de Martins-Pêcheurs; Peinture Barbotine.*
Group of King-Fishers; Painted-Barbotine.

CARRIER-BELLEUSE (L. R.) *Dessin au crayon blanc. — A Drawing in White.*



NITTIS (J. DE). **H. C.** *Les Courses d'Auteuil (Pastel).*
Races at Auteuil (Bois de Boulogne).

BAUDRY (P.). **H. C.** *Mort d'Orphée. — Death of Orpheus.*



BAUDRY (P.). **H. C.** *Le Jugement de Pâris. — The judgment of Paris*

FALGUIÈRE (A.). **H. C.** *Projet pour le couronnement de l'Arc de Triomphe.*
Sketch for the summit of the Arc de Triomphe.

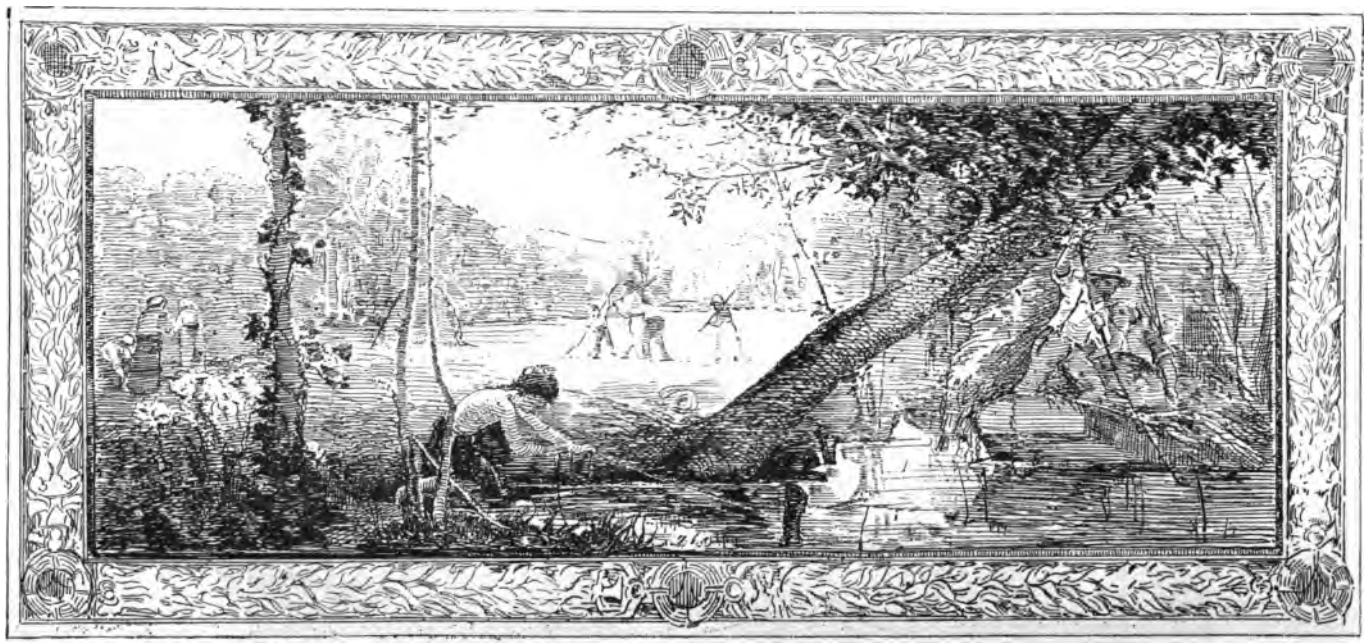
RÉGAMEY (F.). *La grande Chasseresse. — The great Huntress.*

DELAPLANCHE (E.). **H. C.** *Le Travail. — Work.*

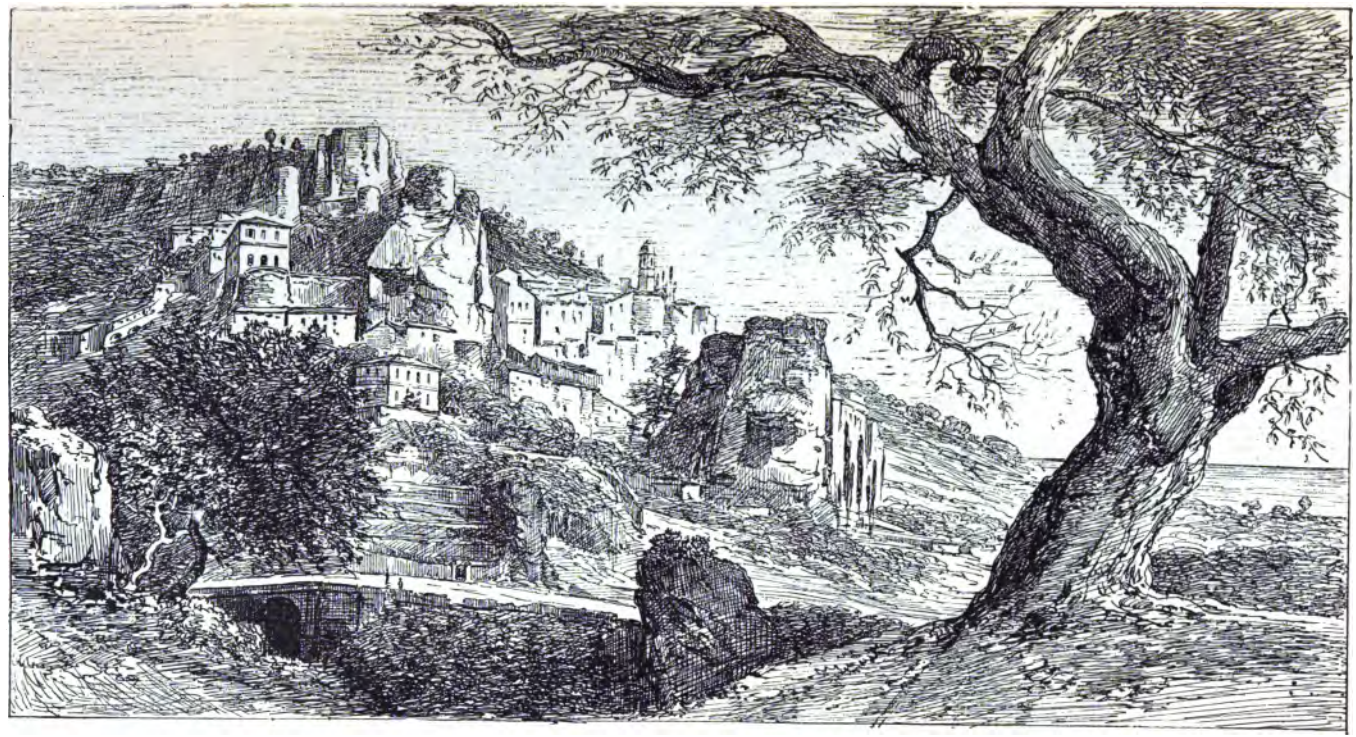
MORICE (L.). **H. C.** *Rosa Mystica.*

CAZIN (J.-C.). **H. C.** *La Retraite.* — *The Retreat.*

CARRIER-BELLEUSE (L. R.). *Dessin au crayon blanc. — A Drawing in White.*



TRUFFAUT (G.). *La Prairie. — The Field.*



NOEL (G.). *Roquebrune (motif d'un panneau de faïences décoratives). — Roquebrune (motive for a panel in decorative faïence).*

FREMIET (E.). **H. C.** *Jeanne d'Arc. — Joan of Arc.*

MERCIÉ (A.). **H.C.** *Épée d'honneur offerte au général de Cissey.*
Sword of honnour presented to General de Cissey.

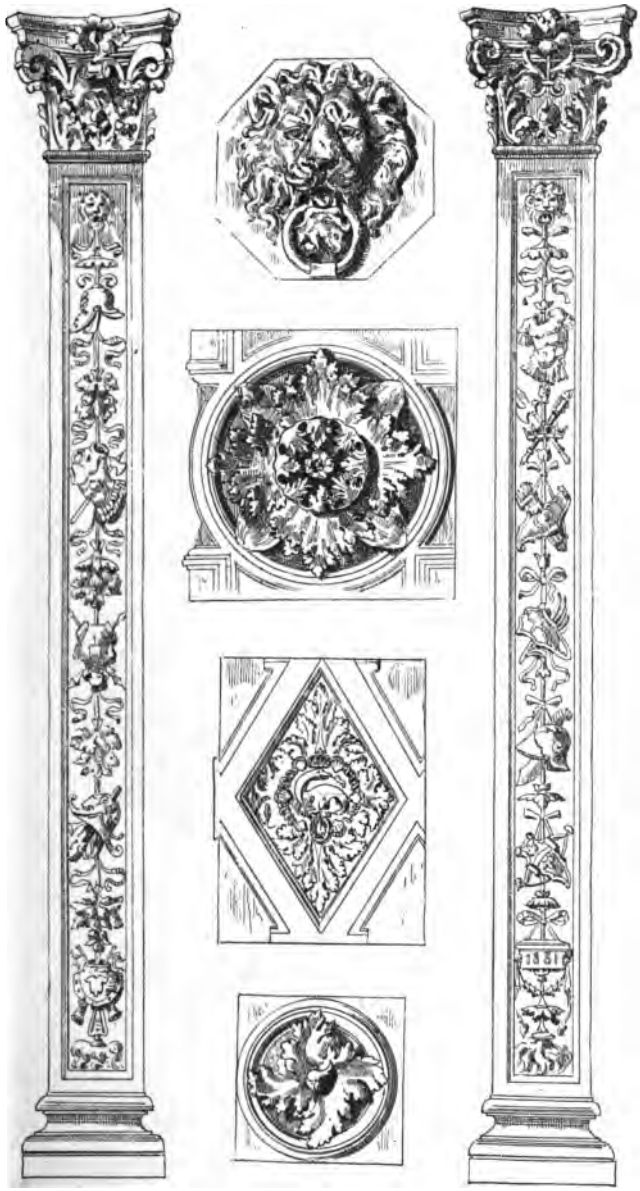
CHABAL-DUSSURGEY. *Étude de fleurs. — Study of flowers.*

LECHEVALLIER-CHEVIGNARD. *Tornatura; modèle d'une tapisserie des Gobelins.*
Tornatura; model of a Gobelins' tapestry.

GÉROME (L). **H. C.** *Gladiateur romain. — Roman Gladiator.*

TRUFFAUT (E. L.). *Le Potager (fragment).*
From the Kitchen garden.

PINEL (G.). *Le Réveil de la Nature (plafond).*
The awakening of Nature.



LEGRAIN (E.). *Divers motifs pour la Cour Louis XIV à l'Hôtel de Ville.*
Different motives for the Louis XIV court, at the Paris Hotel de Ville.

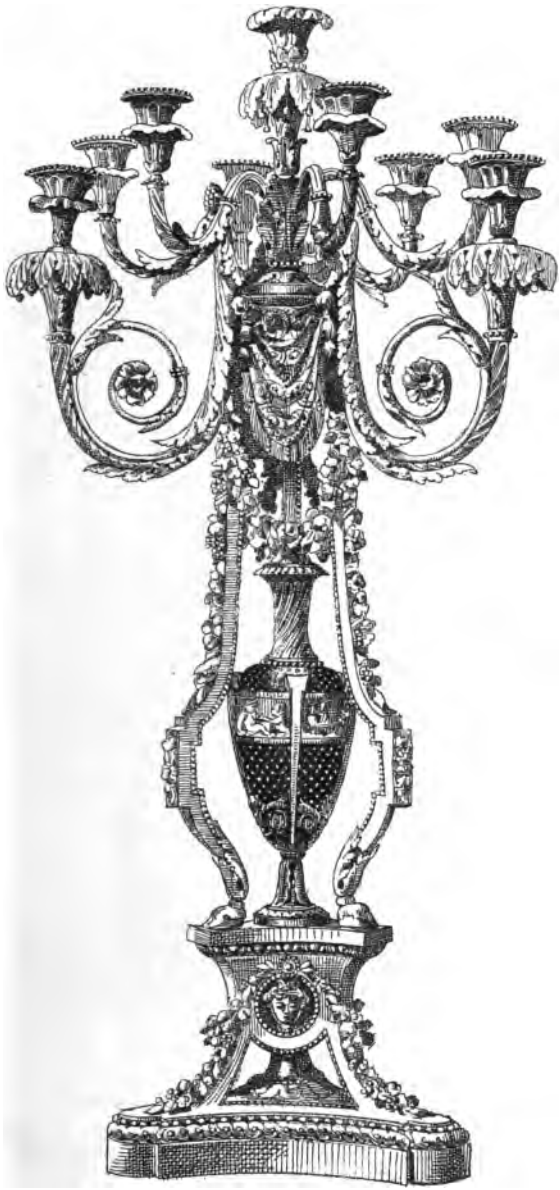
COLLECTION DELAHERCHE. *Cadre bois sculpté avec partie dorée (fin du* XV*e siècle).*
Carved wood gilt Frame (end o XV*th century).*

MOBILIER NATIONAL. *Vase forme coupe ronde en marbre orné de bronzes ciselés et dorés exécutés par Gouthière. — Round cup-shaped Vase in marble, ornamented with carved, gilt, bronze subjects by Gouthière.*

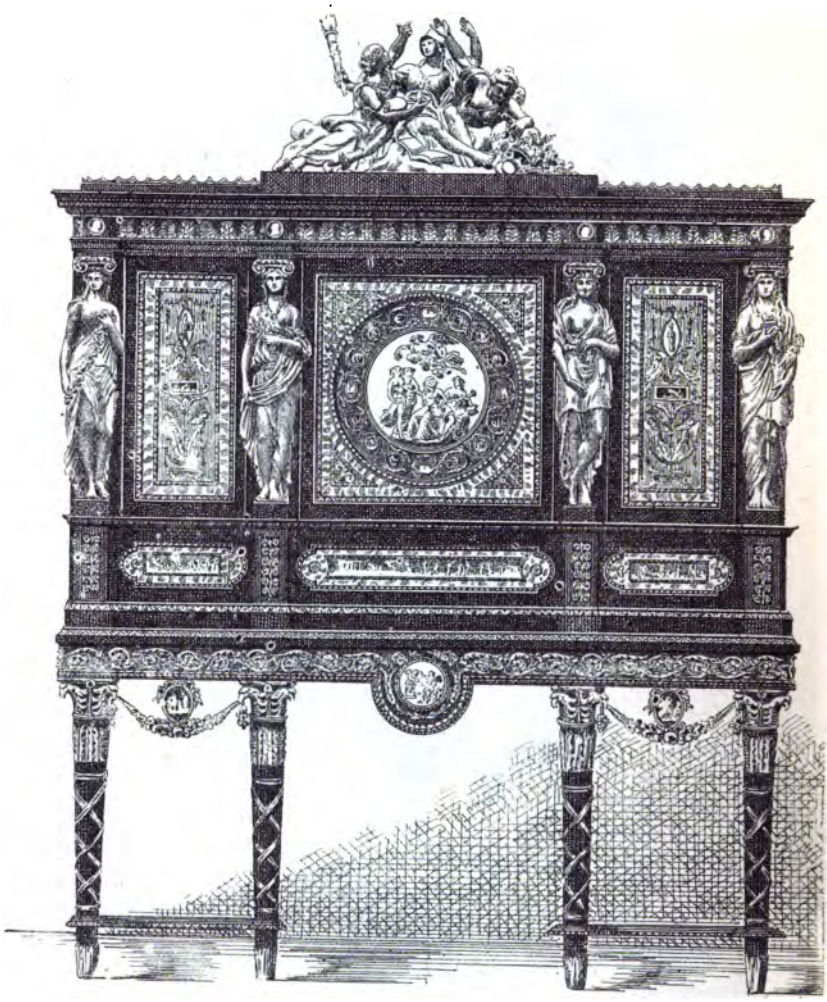
MOBILIER NATIONAL. *Candélabre en bronze ciselé et doré sur fond d'émail bleu exécuté par Thomire (1785) pour être offert par la Ville de Paris à Lafayette. — Carved gilt bronze Candelabra with blue enamel, made by Thomire in 1785 for presentation to Lafayette by the town of Paris.*

Collection Le Breton (G.). *Statuette bois sculpté. Pleureuse.*
(Fin du xiv*e siècle.)*
Carved wooden statuette. The weeper. (End xiv*th cent.)*

MOBILIER NATIONAL. *Horloge astronomique en bronze doré et ciselé, inventé par Passement, exécuté par Dauthiot, bronze de Caffieri. An astronomical clock carved in gilt bronze, invented by Passement, manufactured by Dauthiot; Bronze by Caffieri.*



MOBILIER NATIONAL. *Candélabre Louis XVI, en bronze ciselé et doré*
Carved and gilt bronze Candelabra Louis XVI.

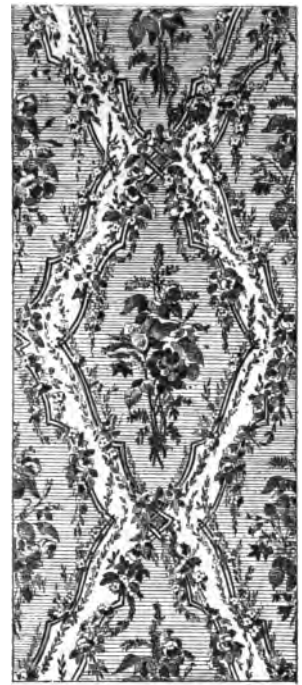


MOBILIER NATIONAL. *Cabinet serre-bijoux de Marie-Antoinette, bois d'acajou orné de bronzes ciselés et dorés par F. Schwertfeger. — A jewel cabinet of Marie-Antoinette in mahogany with carved gilt bronze ornaments by Schwertfeger.*

Collection Dreyfus (G.). *Un buste de femme en bois sculpté (xve siècle).*
Woman's bust in carved wood (xvth century).

Collection Le Breton. *Tête en bois sculpté.*

Collection Le Breton. *Groupe en bois sculpté. (commencement du* XVI*e siècle).*



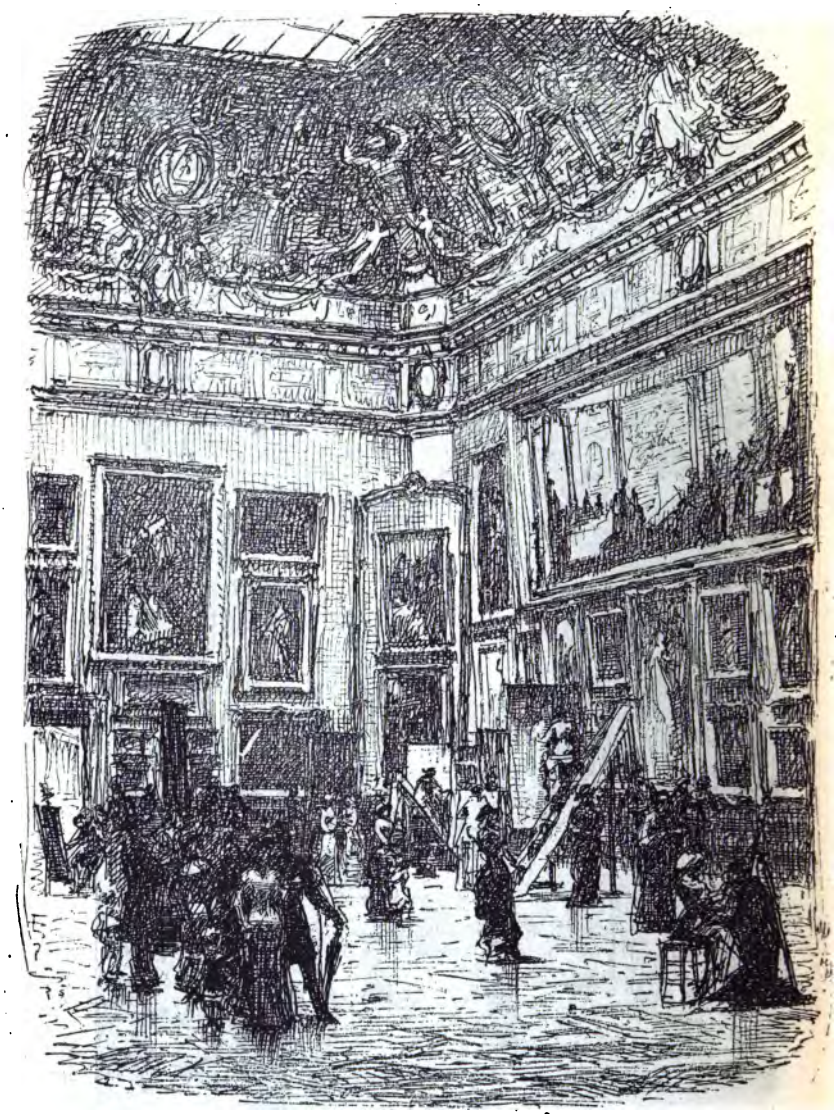
ARTS DÉCORATIFS. *Histoire du Papier peint. — Historical paper hangings.*

ARTS DÉCORATIFS. *Histoire du Papier peint. — Historical paper hangings.*

Cot (P. A.). H. C. *Mireille.*

La Penne (P. P. A.). *Supplice de Regulus. — The execution of Regulus.*

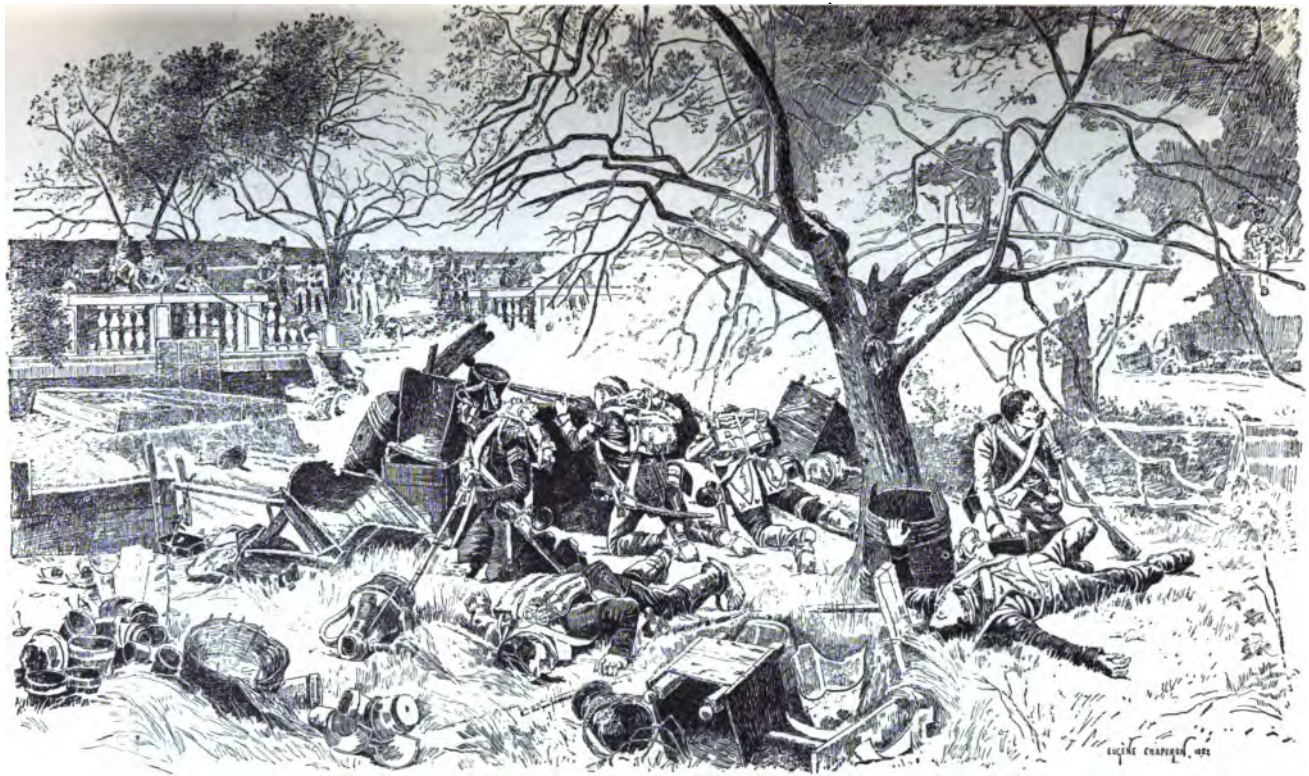
ROCHEGROSSE (G.). *Vitellius traîné dans les rues de Rome par la populace.*
Vitellius dragged through Rome by the mob.



BÉROUD (L.). *Le Salon carré au Musée du Louvre.*
The « Salon carré » at the Louvre.

RIBOT (T. A.). **H. C.** *Vieillard. — An old man.*

DURAND (SIMON). **Ex.** *Un Apprenti. — An Apprentice.*



CHAPERON (E.). *Waterloo, épisode de la ferme de Hougoumont. — Waterloo, the farm of Hougoumont.*

DAGNAN-BOUVERET (P. A. J.). *Bénédiction des jeunes Epoux avant le mariage; coutume de Franche-Comté.*
Blessing of the betrothed before mariage.

MILLOCHAU (E. J.). *Baigneuse.*
The Bather.

AGACHE (A.). *Les Parques. — The Fates.*

SAIN (E. A.). **H. C.** *La Bénédiction paternelle avant le mariage.*
The paternal blessing before the wedding.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES (P.). **H. C.** *Doux Pays.* — *The Happy Land.*

DELORT (C. E.). **H. C.** *Prise de la flotte hollandaise par les hussards de la République. (Fragment.) — Capture of the Dutch fleet by the hussars of the Republic. (Fragment.)*

JOURDAN (A.). *Jeune Fille à la coquille. — Young girl with the shell.*

GALLARD-LÉPINAY (E.). **Ex.** *Rouen.*

DURST (A.). *Poules. — Fowls.*

LEMAIRE (L.). **Ex.** *Le Petit Val; environs d'Etretat. — The little Val.*

JAMIN (P. J.). *Le neveu de la fruitière; enfance du général Hoche.*
The fruiterer's nephew; the childhood of General Hoche.

Simmons (E.).-*Etude à Concarneau. — Study at Concarneau.*

WYLIE (M. DE). *Passé minuit. — After midnight.*

DELAPLANCHE (E.). H. C. *L'Aurore.* — *Dawn.*

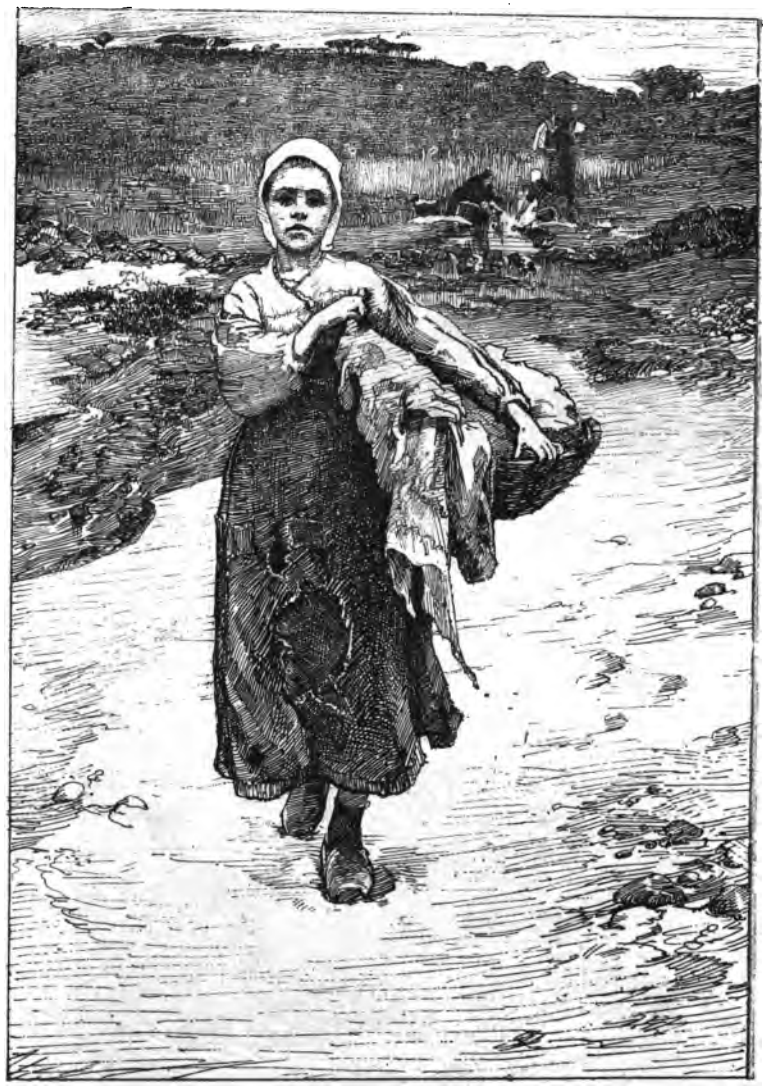
Astruc (Z.). Ex. *Le Marchand de Masques. — The Mask Dealer.*

TOURGUENEFF (P. N.). *L'Appel au bac. The call to the Ferryman.*

LEOFANTI (A.). *Pro Patria mori.*

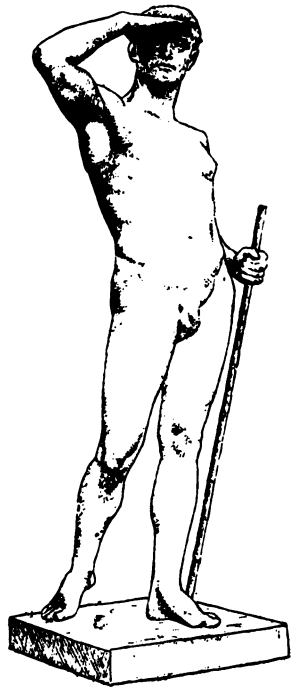
BOTTÉE (L. A.). *Saint-Sébastien. — Saint Sebastian.*

MOMBUR (J. O.). *Paysanne d'Auvergne.*
A peasant of Auvergne.

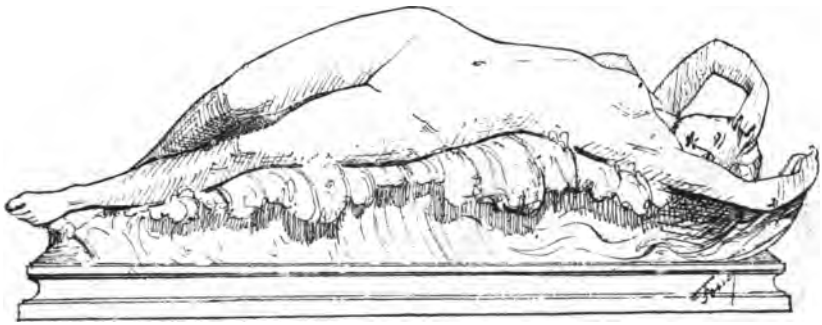


SIMMONS (E.).—*Etude à Concarneau. — Study at Concarneau.*

LECOINTE (A. J. L.). *Sedaine.*



PEYROL (F. A. H.). *Étude.*



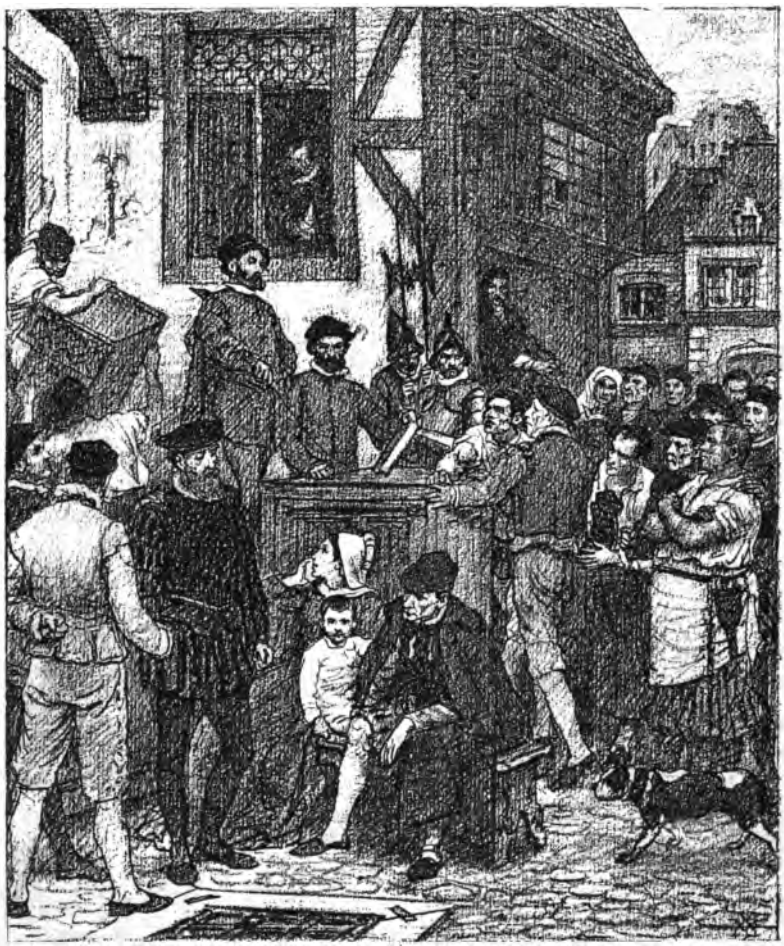
FOSSÉ (A.). *La Vague. — The Wave.*

STEUER (B. A.). *Ballade à la Lune. — A Song to the Moon.*

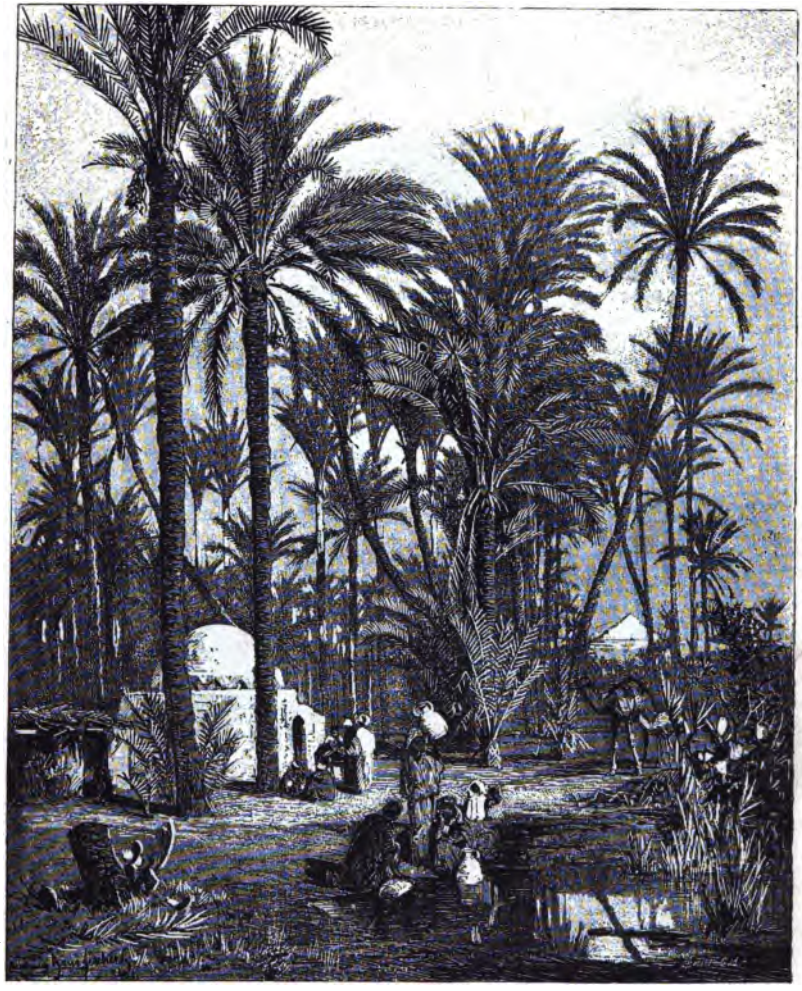
SAINTIN (J. E.). H. C. — *Leda.*

BLAU (T.). *Fleurs des champs. — Flowers of the fields.*

MICHAEL (M.). *Idylle. — Idyl.*



MELLERY (X.). *Une Vente publique au* XVI*e siècle.*
A public Sale during the XVI*th. century.*



FISCHER (L. H.). *Forêt de palmiers près Memphis.*
Forest of palm trees near Memphis.

MAKART (H.). *Portrait du comte E. Zichy. — Portrait of Count Zichy.*

MORENO (C. J.). *Le Prince Charles de Viane (Navarre) à l'étude.*
Prince Charles of Viana studying.

LANCERETTO. *Bourgeons de la Saint-Marc. — The buts of Saint Mark.*

KELLER (F.). *Héro et Léandre.*

VÁGÓ (P.). *Le premier Pas. — The first Step.*

HANSEN (H. N.). *Au Cimetière. — At the Cemetery.*

BAUR (A.). *La Mise au Sépulcre. — The Entombment.*

MAŠIĆ (N.). *Gardeurs d'oies en Esclavonie. — Geese-tending in Esclavonia.*

BADITZ (O.). *Le Nourrisson. — The Baby.*

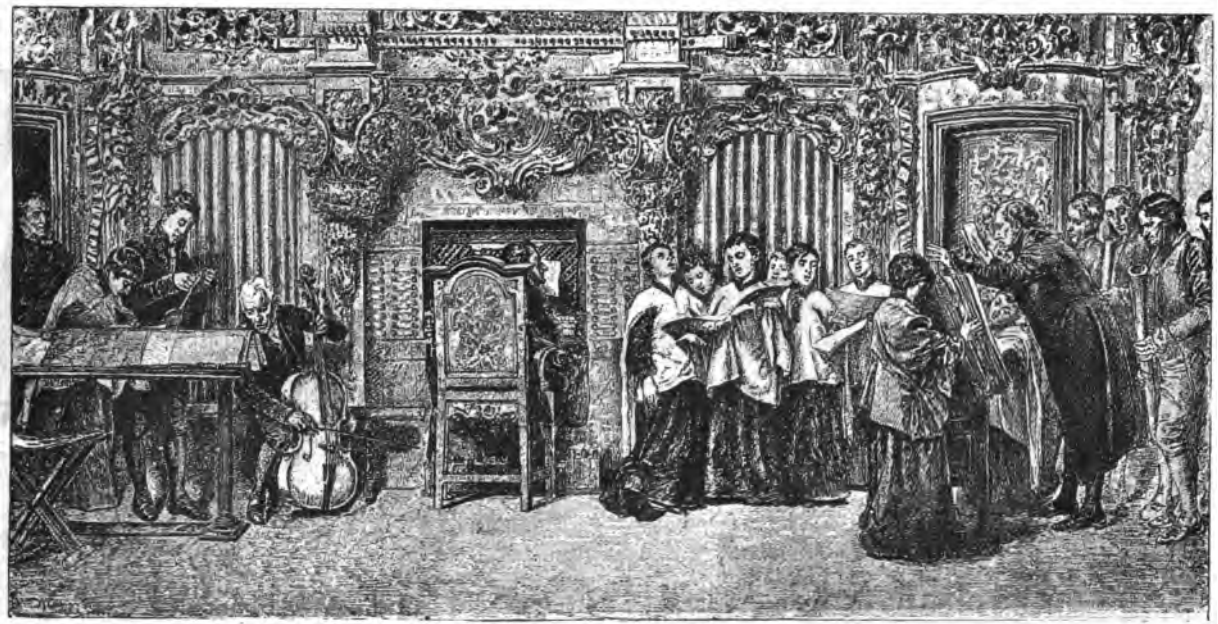
MASIĆ (N.). *Travaillant au Jardin. — Working in the Garden.*

BRUNNER (J.). *Après le Débordement. — After the Inundation.*

GRÓSZ (A. J.). *Chioggia près Venise. — Chioggia near Venice.*

BERNATZIK (W.). *Procession à Durenstein sur le Danube. — Procession at Durenstein on the Danube.*

TEMPLE (H.). *Assemblée d'Électeurs. — Meeting of Electors.*



MORENO (M.). *Répétition générale. — General Rehearsal.*

GUDE (H. F.). *Pêcheur pendant la Tempête. — Fisherman during a Storm.*

DAHL (HANS). *Attraction féminine. — Feminine Attraction.*

RUMPLER (F.). *Les Chats. — The Cats.*

FÉLIX (E.). *Léda.*

KAULBACH (F. A.). *Joueuse de Luth. — A Lute-Player.*

FRIEDLANDER (F.). *Distribution de Vin. — Wine Distribution.*

GREIVE JEUNE (J. C.). *Vue du Schreyerstoren.*
View of the Schreyerstoren.

BUCHE (J.). *Paysan du Pusterthal.*
Countryman of Pusterthal.

KARGER (C.). *Composition pour dédicace. — A dedication composition.*

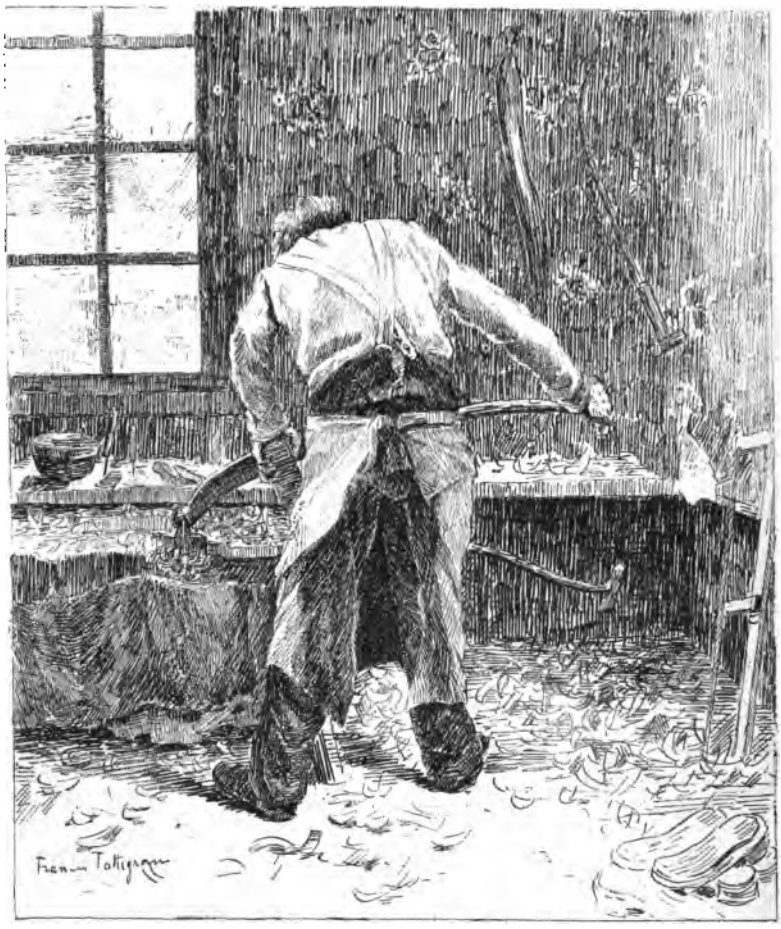
LYBAERT (T.). *Sainte Elisabeth de Hongrie. — Saint Elizabeth of Hungary.*

L'Allemand (S.). *Entrée des Cuirassiers de Dampierre en la « Burg » de Vienne.*
Entry of Dampierre's Cuirassiers in the « Burg » of Vienna.

KAYSER (E.). *Moisson prématurée. — Premature Reaping.*

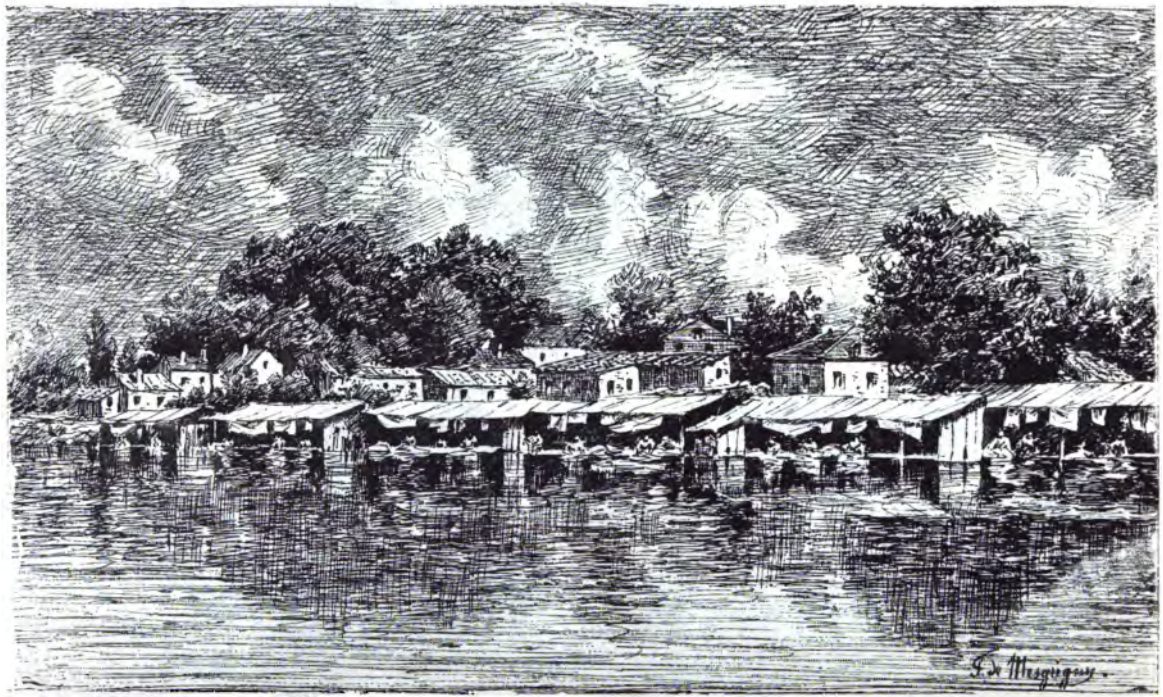
LEMATTE (F.). **H.C.** *La Nymphe Echo. — The nymph Echo.*

Béraud (J.). **H.C.** *L'Absinthe.*



TATTEGRAIN (F.) **Ex.** *Un Galochier. — A Wooden-shoe-maker.*

ADAN (E.). **H.C.** *La Romance. — The Romance.*



MESGRIGNY (F. DE). **Ex**. *Lavoirs sur l Erdre. — Wash-houses on the river Erdre.*

BARILLOT (L.). **Ex.** *Gros Temps. — Stormy Weather.*

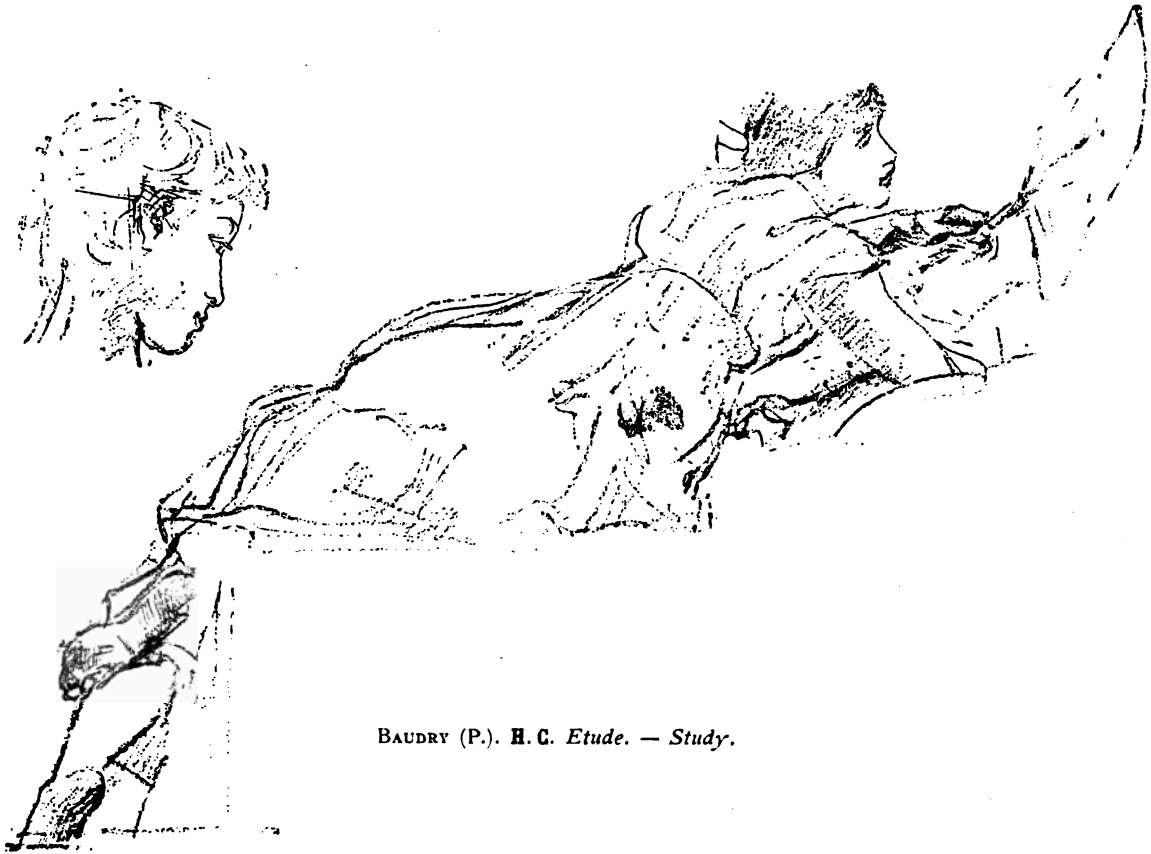
ARCOS (S.). *Le Choix d'une Guitare. — The Choice of a Guitar.*

MENZEL (A.). *Figure pour la « Procession ».*
Figure for " The Procession ".

COURBET (G.). *L'Atelier de Courbet. — Courbet's Studio.*

COURBET (G.). *L'Homme blessé. — The wounded Man.*

COURBET (G.). *La Femme au Perroquet.* — *Woman with a Parrot.*



BAUDRY (P.). **H. C.** *Etude. — Study.*

BAUDRY (P.). **H. C.** *Etude. — Study.*

BRAMTOT (A. H.). **H. C.** *La Compassion. — Compassion.*

SCHOMMER (F.). **Ex.** *La Résurrection de Lazare. — The Resurrection of Lazarus.*

PEYNOT (E.-E.). *Le Tasse du Belvédère. — Tasso.*

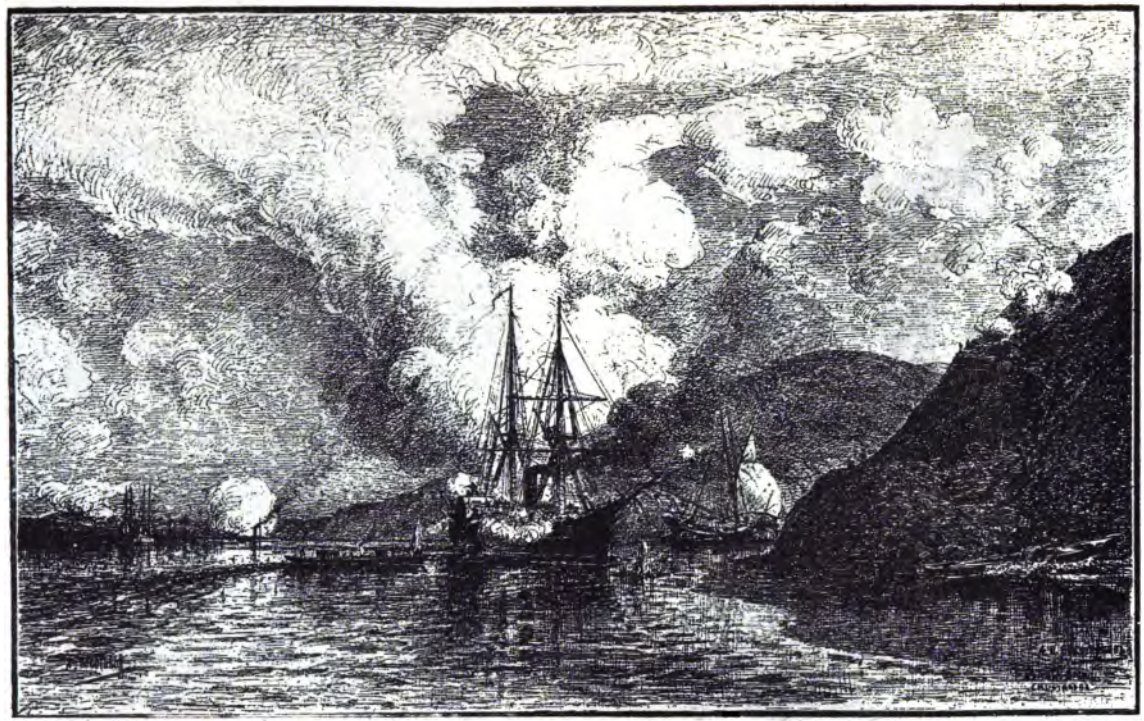
PINTA (H. L. M.). *Mathathias refusant de sacrifier aux idoles.*
Mathathias refusing to sacrifice to idols.

FERRARY (D. M.). *St. Sébastien percé de flèches.*
St. Sebastian.

RÉPINE (E.). *Le Départ du Conscrit.* — *Departure of a Recruit.*

MAKOVSKI (V.). *Chez le Juge de paix. — At the Judge of peace's office.*

JOURAVLEFF (F.). *La Bénédiction de la fiancée. — The Blessing of the betrothed.*



BOGOLUBOFF (A.-P.). *Exploit du Lieutenant Skrydloff (Attaque d'un monitor turc par un bateau à mine russe).*
Exploit of Lieutenant Skrydloff.

PRIBKOFF (S.). *Marina Mnizek et son père.*
Marina Mnizek and her father.

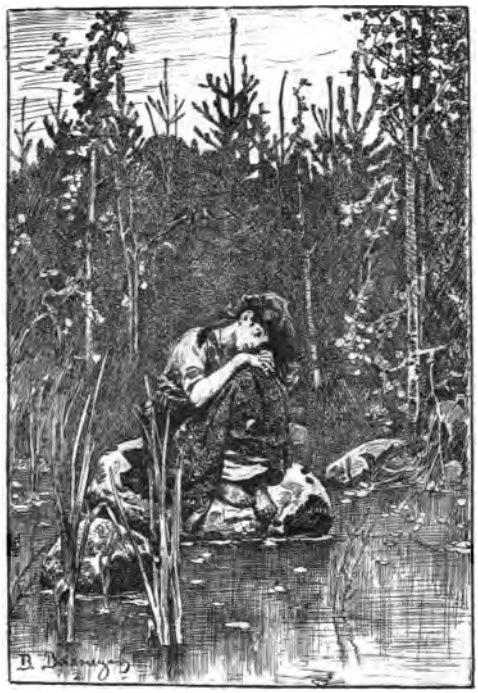
MAKOVSKI (C.). *Les Martyrs Bulgares.*
The Bulgarian Martyrs.

VOLKOFF (E.). *Une Forêt dans un marécage.*
A Forest in a marsh.

LITOVTSCHENKO (A. D.). *Un Fauconnier moscovite.*
A russian Falconer.

KLODT (M.). *Une Route dans un bois de bouleaux.*
Road in a wood of birch trees.

MIASSOÏÉDOFF (G.). *Une Procession pendant une sécheresse.*
A Procession during the drought.



VASNETZOFF (V.). *Une jeune Folle.*
A Mad young girl.

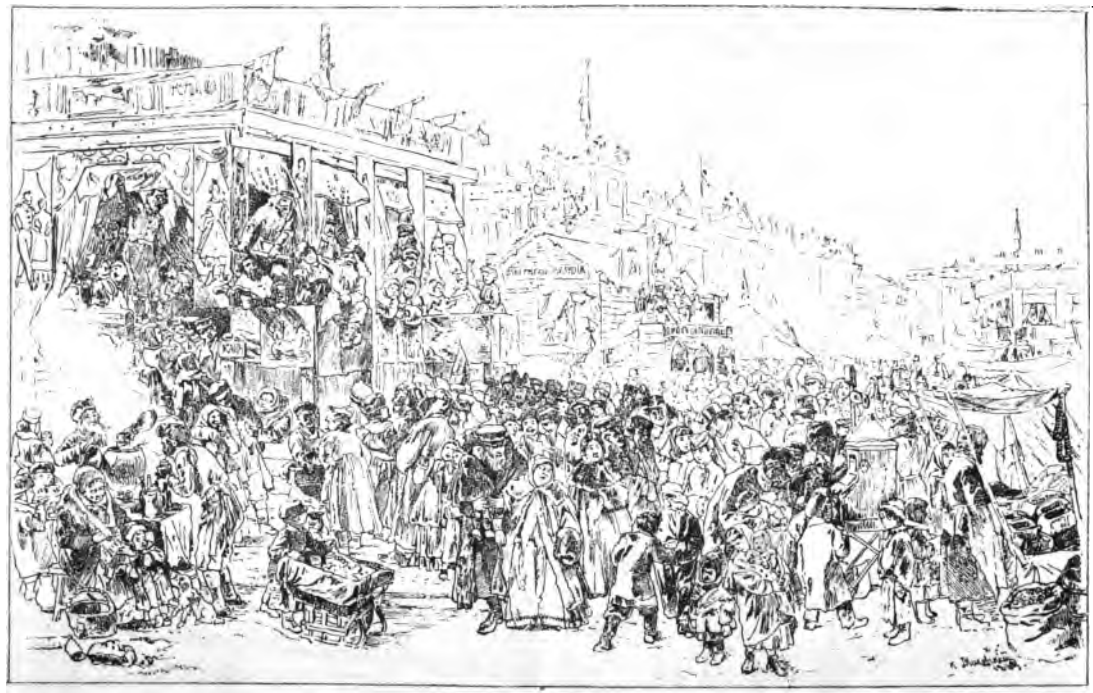
KLEVER (J). *Une Vue dans l'île de Narghen. — View in the island of Narghen.*

LANCERAY (E.). *Cosaques du Don (fourrageurs). — Cossacks, foragers, of the Don.*

MAXIMOFF (B.). *Un pauvre Souper. — A poor Supper.*

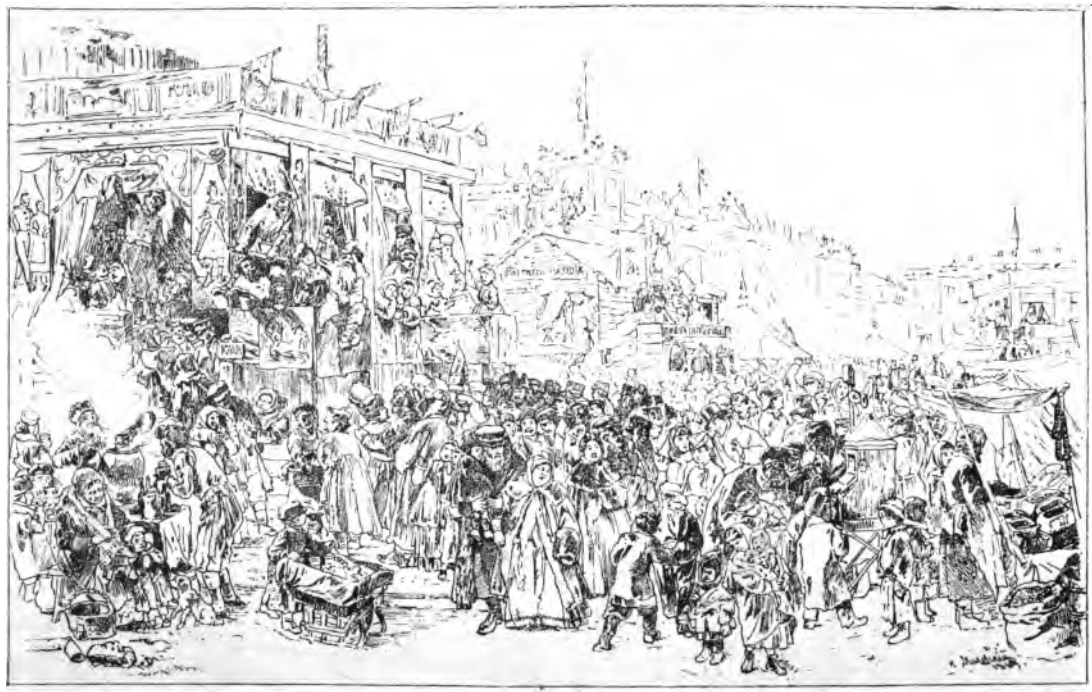
VASSILIEF (T.). *Le Dégel. — The Thaw.*

KOSCHELEFF (N.). *Le Colporteur de village. — The village Hawker.*



MAKOVSKI (C.). *Le Carnaval à Saint-Pétersbourg. — The Carnival at Saint-Petersburg.*

RÉPINE (E.). *Les Haleurs du Volga. — The Trackers of the Volga.*

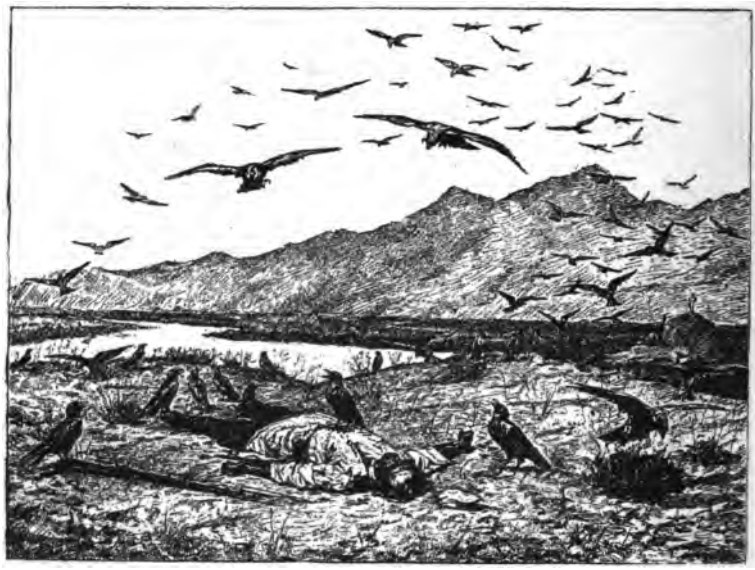


MAKOVSKI (C.). *Le Carnaval à Saint-Pétersbourg. — The Carnival at Saint-Petersburg.*

RÉPINE (E.). *Les Haleurs du Volga. — The Trackers of the Volga.*

NOVOSKOLTZEFF (A.). *Saint Serge bénissant le grand duc Dimitri Donskoï.*
St. Serge blessing the grand duke Dimitri Donskoï.

ANTOKOLSKI (M.). *Jean le Terrible. — Ivan the Terrible.*

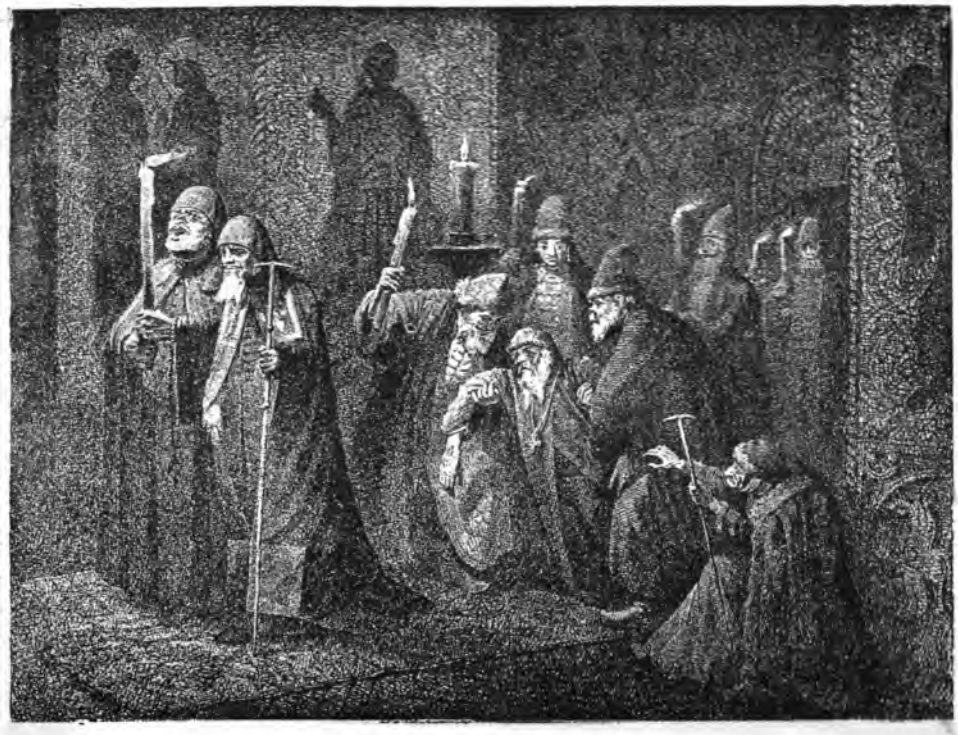


VERESCHAGUINE (B. V.). *Le Délaissé. — Abandoned.*

VERESCHAGUINE (B. V.) *Les Mangeurs d'opium. — Opium Eaters.*

SALOMATKINE (L. I.). *Chanteurs de Fête. — Singers for the Fête.*

PÉROFF (B. Q.). *Un Enterrement de village. — A village Burial.*



SCHWARZ (V.-G.). *Dessin pour le roman "Le Prince Serebreno" du Cte Tolstoï.*
Drawing for the novel "The Prince Serebreno".

SCHWARZ (V.-G.). *Dessin pour le roman "Le Prince Serebreno" du Cte Tolstoï.*
Drawing for the novel "The Prince Serebreno".

A

REVIEW

OF THE

ART

EXHIBITIONS

OF

1882.

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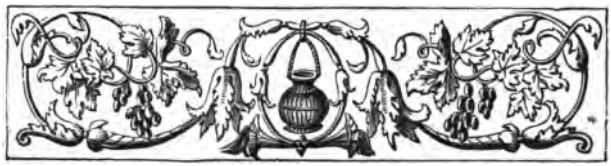


GREAT BRITAIN.

THE

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

THE one hundred and fourteenth exhibition at Burlington House, London—which contained 1,700 works by living artists, and was open from the 1st of May until the end of July—although successful beyond precedent from a popular and financial point of view, produced no painting or work in sculpture that will make it specially memorable. But if the members of the Academy, of whom there are forty, and the thirty-one "associates," *hors concours* (who have together the monopoly of the best positions on the line), have been content for the most part to repeat former successes rather than achieve distinction by the production of any great picture, the remaining exhibitors, "outsiders," were never stronger than in the present year. This fact was admitted by the President, Sir Frederick Leighton, in his speech at the banquet at the opening of the Exhibition. "I think it is impossible," he said, "to look round these walls without being conscious of a great vitality in the work of the year. Opinions may vary as to the direction of the energies of our schools, but this is certain, that among the youths who throng the ranks of art (and with them is our chief concern) a breath of wholesome life is keenly felt, as of those who look into

the future with hopeful and believing eyes." The President's words are worth recording as indicating the sympathy and recognition which young painters receive at his hands; and in practice his example is equally important, for, in spite of his numerous duties and the claims upon his time, the paintings by the President were the most thorough and painstaking of any exhibited this year. The heroic figure of *Phryne* standing on the steps of the temple of Eleusis, in glow of setting sun, and the two figures walking together on a terrace by the sea, called *Wedded*, were pictures which in quality of colour, grace of line, and care in composition, were not excelled in the Exhibition. These classic figures, in which composition and colour had been elaborately studied, may be taken as representative of the spirit in which many of our young painters are now working, and in which they look for encouragement from their new President. Many pictures —such as *Dolce far niente*, by C. E. PERUGINI, which was hung near SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S *Wedded* in the first gallery—point to the influence of the master amongst "outsiders;" but we must first speak of work of Members and Associates. Visitors to the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1878, who remember the pictures in the English Section by J. E. MILLAIS—*The North-West Passage* (lately engraved in *Modern Artists*), *A Yeoman of the Guard*, *Chill October*, his great landscape; also a small early picture by him called *The Gambler's Wife*—will regret that in 1882 his principal works were portraits. It is true that portraiture has risen during the last twenty years to the rank it held in England in the time of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and that the best talent of the country is concentrated on this branch of art. In the forefront was Millais, with such representative works as Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent surgeon, the child figures of Dorothy Thorpe and the Princess Marie, daughter of H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh, and his Eminence Cardinal Newman. Here we see the painter at his best, seizing the characteristics of his sitters with vivid force, aud painting with a certainty and decision of touch in which he is unequalled. Next to him (perhaps *before* him from an intellectual point of view) is G. F. Watts, who had little in the Exhibition of 1882, but whose collected works exhibited last winter at the Grosvenor Gallery will be remembered by many. It has been said that the difference between these two great painters of portraits consists in this, that whilst Mr. Millais shows the outward characteristics of a

man to perfection, Mr. Watts portrays his inner life: certainly the collection of pictures and portraits by Watts, exhibited technical and intellectual qualities of the highest order. Next on the list of eminent names we have to record that Mr. Alma-Tadema contributed one portrait only to the Academy; that Mr. E. J. Poynter (who ranks next to the President in classic knowledge and in the practice of decorative art) sent one small picture and part of a design for the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, a work upon which he is engaged with Sir Frederick Leighton. The claims and attractions of portraiture have almost taken from the ranks of *genre* and figure painters Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. Hubert Herkomer, who with Mr. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Ouless have done much to raise English portraiture to its present high position; their powerful and realistic works were prominent features of the Exhibition, a prominence due partly, it must be owned, to the large scale, often larger than life, in which many were painted. Mr. FRITH, who has been occupied during the past year on a picture of society, *The Private View of the Royal Academy*, giving portraits of many well-known people (not yet exhibited), sent but one small portrait picture; whilst Mr. Faed, whose pictures of Scotch peasant life have attracted crowds by their homely pathos, exhibited his skill in two works of no great importance; and Mr. FILDES, a young Associate, who has moved us to tears in years past with such works as *The Casual Ward* and *The Widower*, reserves his powers for 1883. Mr. Calderon sent no picture, and Mr. G. D. LESLIE single figures only—No. 531, *A Daughter of Charity*, being an excellent example of dexterity in colour.

To turn now to the successes of the Members and Associates of the Royal Academy, from a popular rather than from a highly critical standpoint. The principal work at the head of the large room (a position accorded to members of the Academy in succession, and not indicating special merit) was *Memphis*, by FREDERICK GOODALL, a picture remarkable for the beauty and solemnity of the landscape, studied with unusual earnestness by a painter whose name has been most frequently associated with Oriental figures illustrative of Bible history. Amongst the principal figure subjects were *Prince Arthur*, by W. F. YEAMES; *Lord Say before Jack Cade*, H. S. MARKS; *The Palmer*, and *The Duke of Monmouth*, by JOHN PETTIE; *A Love Story*, FRANK DICKSEE; *The Meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic*, E. ARMITAGE; *Why*

tarry the Wheels of his Chariot? E. LONG; *The Death of Siward*, VAL PRINSEP; *The Letter Writer*, J. B. BURGESS; *A Fight for the Standard*, Sir JOHN GILBERT; *The Sale of the Boat*, P. R. MORRIS; *A Dutch Seaside Resort*, G. H. BOUGHTON; *Pensive Daughter*, G. A. STOREY; *A Jacobite Proclamation*, A. C. GOW; and *Il y en a toujours un autre*, MARCUS STONE. The animal paintings, always popular, were contributed by R. Ansdell and T. Sidney Cooper. Mr. H. W. B. Davis, Peter Graham, and J. MacWhirter sent mountain landscapes and cattle in brilliant sunshine and mist. Mr. Hook's landscapes, representing with vigorous sameness the sea coast, and the lives of the fisher inhabitants of the west of England, were amongst the most popular pictures exhibited, attaining success regardless very often of the most ordinary rules of composition and colour. It is hard to say whether the swarthy faces of his fisher girls, or the "wind's feet that shine along the sea," had most attraction, but the popularity of his work is unquestioned. Two prominent landscape painters are VICAT COLE and JOHN BRETT; *Abingdon*, by the former, and *The Grey of the Morning*, by the latter, being representative pictures. It would not be easy to point out two works more dissimilar in method and yet more thoroughly characteristic of the English school of landscape painting as it is accepted in England in 1882. Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Brett painted the *Val d'Aosta* for Mr. Ruskin, spending three months on a small study of a mountain side; he now paints at least thirty pictures a year, and Mr. Vicat Cole, who is at work on a series of views of the Thames from its source to the sea, is one of the most industrious of living painters. Mr. J. MacWhirter, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Hodgson, and Mr. Herkomer should be mentioned with the landscape painters, and Mr. Crofts as a painter of battle scenes; but there is no question that the most vigorous and skilful of the battle painters are to be found amongst the "outsiders," to whom we must now turn.

Of the artists whose paintings crowd the Academy walls but who have no privileges, some are as familiar to us as the works of the Members. *In the Evening there shall be Light*, by B. W. LEADER, was a fine landscape by a regular exhibitor; and *Sunlight and Shade* by MARK FISHER, the work of a painter who has attracted much attention in France and America. In the sixth gallery (a new room opened this year) the principal positions were occupied by painters ("outsiders") who seemed to have been

purposely ranged together, representing much of the strength and ambition of the younger school of artists—W. C. Symons, S. E. Waller, Henry Moore, Laslett J. Pott, J. Farquharson, R. C. Woodville, Heywood Hardy, J. D. Linton, Seymour Lucas, and Walter Stacey.

Amongst pictures scattered through the galleries which have attracted attention by their merits, or by the happy accident of a well chosen subject, may be mentioned:—*A Venetian Bead Threader*, HILDA MONTALBA; *The Ferry Inn*, R. W. MACBETH; *The Course of True Love*, G. C. HINDLEY; *Our River* (Thames), W. L. WYLLIE; *En fête: Calvados*, W. J. HENNESSY; *A Funeral Service in the Highlands*, JAMES GUTHRIE; *Rest*, E. B. S. MONTEFIORE; *A Winter Afternoon*, A. STOKES; *Voices*, HERBERT SCHMALZ; *Dreamers*, ALBERT MOORE; *Homeless and Homewards*, J. R. REID; *Thorns*, C. GREGORY; *Floreat Etona!* ELIZABETH BUTLER; *Sidney Carton*, FREDERICK BARNARD; *Hurt*, TOM LLOYD; *Sheep-washing*, E. A. WATERLOW; *Music o'er the Water*, HAMILTON MACALLUM; *The Wounded Stag* (a fine landscape), C. E. JOHNSON; *A Day in the Country*, F. W. LAWSON; *Trouble*, ALICE HAVERS; *Friday* (monks at supper), W. D. SADLER; *A Royal Musician*, W. D. WYNFIELD; *The Last Days of Sir Philip Sidney*, R. HILLINGFORD; *Out of the Hurly-burly*, E. H. FAHEY; *Vicenza*, J. O'CONNOR; *River at Sonning*, A. W. HUNT; *Messengers coming to Job* (Royal Academy prize in 1881), S. M. FISHER; *The Skipper and his Crew*, ARTHUR HUGHES; *Waiting for the Homeward Bound*, COLIN HUNTER; and *Members of the Commons*, by E. B. de SATUR.

The Foreign Exhibitors included the names of Munkacsy, Andreotti, Schloesser, Weber, Fantin, Caffieri, Scholderer, Van Haanen, Ralli, Jan Van Beers, Telemaco Signorini, and Francesco Vinea. In the Water Colour Gallery were 237 drawings, and in another room 233 architectural drawings, miniatures, etchings, and engravings. The Sculpture Gallery contained 154 works, principally portraits. There was nothing of much originality in design or excellence to mark the year from its predecessors, although, for the first time in the history of the Academy, a fitting gallery had been set apart for sculpture. When we have mentioned the beautiful marble group of *Artemis*, by HAMO THORNYCROFT, and the bronze statue of *Teucer*, by the same young sculptor (purchased by the Council of the Royal Academy), we have indicated

two of the most complete and successful works in the highest department of the sculptor's art.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE sixth annual exhibition in New Bond Street, London, contained 389 works by living artists, including paintings, water colours, and sculpture. Amongst the exhibitors were Sir F. Leighton, Millais, Watts, Holman Hunt, and other well-known names; but the principal interest in this exhibition was centred in the works of less known artists, whom Sir Coutts Lindsay, the founder of the gallery, had invited to contribute. First in order of the catalogue we should notice the work of a young artist, *Loading Corn, West of Ireland*, W. H. BARTLETT; and above it the robust, determined figure of a field girl, life-size, by R. B. BROWNING, a young painter whose work, faulty in drawing, resembles (at a distance) that of M. Bastien Lepage. Next in order were two very small, delicately painted figure subjects, by HERBERT SCHMALZ and W. E. F. BRITTEN—*Che sara sara*, by the latter, exhibiting much poetic feeling. Near the foregoing was a small landscape by Mark Fisher, a good example of *paysage*. In prominent position on the walls were—*Good-night to the Flowers*, R. P. STAPLES; *An Autumnal Ramble by the Spey*, G. H. BOUGHTON; *A Rehearsal*, by E. J. GREGORY; *A Florentine Mother and Child*, Miss ROBINSON, and others; principally by young painters, many of which would have escaped notice on the walls of the Academy.

In the large west gallery the place of honour was accorded to a portrait picture of two children, by J. E. MILLAIS, and in the east gallery Mr. WATTS's fine portrait of *Cardinal Manning* had a principal place. Mr. ALMA-TADEMA sent five pictures, including portraits of *Hans Richter* and *Ludwig Barnay as Marc Antony*, one of the celebrated Meiningen company of tragedians. One of his smaller works, *Early Affections*, represented a young mother and child in a Roman garden full of red poppies—a brilliant effect, a masterpiece of colouring on a small scale (15 in. by 9 in.). In the same gallery the figure of a child, by HOLMAN HUNT, called *Miss Flamborough* (a portrait of his own daughter), was one of the curiosities of the Exhibition—a realistic portrait, as powerful in colouring as *Quentin Matsys*—a blaze of red, blue, orange, and purple, which will not soon be forgotten. In the

east gallery, a contrast in its low tone of colour and refinement of treatment, was Mr. BURNE-JONES's *Tree of Forgiveness*. This painter, whose works in the Grosvenor Gallery, in 1877, were the strength of that year's exhibition (and who has many followers), sent ten pictures this year, of which *The Tree of Forgiveness* was the most important. The two nearly nude figures of *Phyllis and Demophoön* filled a large upright canvas; the anatomy of the limbs and the painting of white almond blossoms and other accessories being rendered with the utmost care and knowledge; the effect, as a whole, sad and constrained, in spite of good drawing and beautiful passages of colour—a work the like of which can be seen only at the Grosvenor Gallery.

Other names to be mentioned are—J. North, Keeley Halswelle, Cecil Lawson, and A. W. Hunt, in landscape; also E. J. Gregory, R. W. Macbeth, Albert Moore, G. Clausen, G. H. Boughton, T. Armstrong, J. M. Whistler, Clara Montalba, and Mrs. Alma-Tadema.

The Grosvenor Gallery was opened in 1877, to give special advantages to young artists for the exhibition of their works, and is successfully carrying out the programme year by year. A young landscape painter of great promise, lately dead, Cecil Lawson (whose last works were in the present exhibition), owed his wide reputation to the position afforded him in this gallery. In sculpture the works of young artists, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. Waldo Story, Miss H. S. Montalba; and *La Source*, by Professor LEGROS, attracted special notice.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE ninety-seventh exhibition of this Society, which opened last April under the Presidency of Sir John Gilbert, R.A., contained 274 works, of which five are sketched in the present volume. In the Paris Exhibition of 1878, the gallery containing English water colours will be remembered for its excellence, a success largely due to the influence of the "Society of Painters in Water Colours," and to the "Institute of Painters in Water Colours." The even quality of work, and the transparent beauty of colour attained in water colours by many of its experts, especially in landscape, render the exhibitions of these Societies the most interesting of the year in London; at the same time there is little to call for special notice where the members are almost uniformly successful,

and where many repeat the same effects year after year. Mr. Herkomer, in a late address to art students, attributed much of a painter's success, both in oils and water colours, to his previous training as a draughtsman on wood; and it is noteworthy that four of the painters whose works are here reproduced—Sir John Gilbert, Carl Haag, S. Read, and A. Hopkins—have devoted much of their time to book and newspaper illustration.

Provincial Exhibitions.

Of the numerous provincial exhibitions which are held annually in England, the two in which most local talent is to be found are the Royal Scottish Academy, in Edinburgh, and the Institute of Fine Arts, in Glasgow. Important exhibitions are held annually at Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c., but many of the best pictures exhibited have been seen in London or elsewhere, and there is less local interest attaching to them. In the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, in Edinburgh, which contained more than 1,000 works, the places of honour in the first room were accorded to Mr. Cameron's *Funeral*, Mr. Pettie's portrait of *John Ballantyne*, and to landscapes by W. Beattie Brown, James Kinnear, James Archer, &c. In the great room were Mr. Lockhart's *Cid and the Five Moorish Kings*, and McWhirter's *Valley by the Sea;* also works by W. McTaggart, Walter Paton, A. Perigal, Alexander Fraser, George Reid, W. F. Vallance, W. D. M'Kay, W. B. Hole, R. Noble, and G. Aikman. Other names to mention are R. Herdman, T. Graham, D. Farquharson, David Murray, and John Smart. The numerous Scotch landscapes and the portraits—notably those by George Reid and the late Sir Daniel Macnee—were prominent features of the Exhibition.

The Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts contained 1,000 works, and included the names of Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Millais, Prinsep, McWhirter, and other London artists. Of the pictures by local artists we may mention landscapes by W. Carlaw, Andrew Black, David Murray, W. D. M'Kay, J. Aitken, J. D. Bell, J. Farquharson, G. Aikman, G. W. Johnstone, and A. Perigal. There were also good paintings by J. R. Reid, J. W. Waterhouse, H. Sykes, Walter Hutcheson, A. S. Boyd, John Smart, W. Rattray, D. McLaurin, Hugh Allan, David Carr, H. M. Paget, H. W. Mesdag, C. E. Hallé, James Guthrie, Charles Green, and

E. M. Osborne. Amongst the water colours in Glasgow were two powerful heads—*Grandfather's Pets*—by HUBERT HERKOMER, and works by R. W. Allan, P. Buchanan, W. Carlaw, E. Hayes, J. Aumonier, and Henry Moore.

The fifty-third exhibition of the ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS at Dublin contained 666 paintings and works in sculpture. In the large room were exhibited *Relics of Trafalgar*, by C. W. NICHOLLS; *The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson*, by JOHN COLLIER; *Spring*, by MARK FISHER; *The Thames at Oxford*, by J. AUMONIER; and sea pieces by E. HAYES. Other noticeable pictures were by E. J. Brennan, W. Magrath, Frank Dillon, Louis Ebner, C. Gogin, B. Colles Watkins, and Charles Jones.

Thus we have passed in review some of the principal works exhibited in England, Scotland, and Ireland in 1882, omitting, for want of space, the mention of several exhibitions which have claimed the attention of connoisseurs. The productiveness of our artists has been great during the past year (rendering it impossible to mention more than a selection of names), and with the more systematic teaching of students in the Academy and Government schools, the prospect for 1883 is unusually hopeful.

HENRY BLACKBURN.

ART IN AMERICA IN 1882.

Y DEAR DUMAS,—

You ask me to throw on paper some impressions of the art-movement in America during the year 1882. This is the converse of the catechism in which we examine every European who sets foot in our drawing-rooms. "Pray, sir, what is your opinion of our country?" And the alarmed pilgrim, tortured with new impressions, palsied with hand-shaking, pulverised with railway-travelling, sees a circle of smiling and jealous natives waiting for him to put into a pretty epigram his ideas about the White House, the Rocky Mountains, the gold-mines, the red-skins, the toilets of Newport, and the buffaloes. The experienced traveller takes his audacity by the horns, and murmurs sugarily: You seem to me the heroes of Ossian, cross-hatched with the warriors of Homer, and dry-pointed with the men of Plutarch. All the company pats its stomach and admits the impeachment. Now you know what to say when you come to New York, where we hope to see you soon. But you have taken, in advance, the best possible revenge. There is nothing so droll as to capture an American, and pin him to the wall with the simple question, "Well, what do you think of yourselves?" He perspires under your Vehmgericht. For he is not the irresponsible tourist, with the privileges of a guest. He has the conscience of his knowledge, and

feels that he has got to produce the Homeric and Plutarchian impression, with justification of facts and deeds.

In America the civilisation is, in one word——

—But it will never do to begin in this way. The only method by which I can hope to convey to you some idea of our position in the most beautiful and conspicuous line of culture,—the fine arts,—is to give you specimens. After I have shown you a few stereoscopic glimpses, pointing out as they occur to me the sensations that have successively opened our eyes in the various exhibitions, you can put these items together for yourself, and construct a better theory from my gossip than you ever would do from my philosophising.

The new-year's day of 1882 found but one exhibition open in the United States, and this was the display at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. The exposition at this gallery, having begun late in the previous November, was continued for a few days into the January of 1882, so as to permit me to include it within the scope of my little article. 425 works by American artists were in the catalogue. A special feature of the management made these pictures attract visitors from all the more intelligent cities. They were the year's report, or returns, of our most hopeful young artists engaged in art-study in Europe. It is the dream of every boyish painter, with us, after a few seasons of designing from the plaster cast in the art-school of his native town, to go abroad, and enter the ateliers of either Paris or Munich. To produce these vagrant artists all at once, at the Philadelphia Academy, was a task far harder than ever occupied the brains of the most conscientious hen engaged in concentrating a flock of ducklings. Special committees had to be appointed, in London, in France, in Germany, to drum up these careless recruits. After infinite pains the collection was made, and never was there a more interesting antithesis presented than when the works of so many scattered alumni were brought in to stare each other out of countenance. The pupils of these different schools, though all of American birth, talked in languages that made them incomprehensible to each other. Here, was the unmistakable accent of English art—Mr. HENNESSY, with his *Evening on the Thames* and *Fête-day at Calvados*, with their wiry vegetation, their character-study in the literary sense, scattered minuteness, and absence of focus; or ANNA MERRITT, a Philadelphia girl of genius, with her *Luna*, a veiled head conveying the mysticism of Burne

Jones in the colors of Gainsborough. But the most important of the pictures sent from London was Mr. WHISTLER'S *Portrait* of his mother. In a country so frankly devoted to Continental art as the United States, this contribution from another and more ethereal school was an event in the evolution of technic. For myself, brought up in a hard class, which teaches that the painted object must be so real that the eye can not only sink into its cavities but pass around behind it—that the plastic motive, in fact, must have the effect of a reality, separately placed in a given space of visible air—this figure, flat and clinging to its background like a drapery, and reminding me of some of the early glass-paintings in grisaille, was somewhat *naïve* in its unreality. It was almost a monochrome, being a harmony in tranquil grays. The lady sat in profile, life-size, against a wall decorated with a framed engraving, and looking towards a crape curtain or portière, whose crudely-painted Japanese embroideries and flourishes positively seemed to jingle, they were so much more sharp and cutting than the soft, still, placid figure. This picture has been engraved in mezzotint, and nourishes the ecstasy of the mystics, who call it, I know not why, a Velasquez. Its peculiar and fascinating quality, which I fully grant, is that it seems to be modelled, not by reflected light, but by light passing through it. Elsewhere there was the Munich accent, equally pronounced, in the contributions of Mr. KIRKPATRICK, a young pupil of Diez; Makart, or Siemiradiski in their Munich period, might have signed these canvases, luscious and gummy with their painting of treacle; in one, a gorgeous Venetian palace showed the painter Tintoretto exhibiting to a crowd of senators his latest decoration for the Scuola of San Rocco; in another, two *Amateurs of Bric-à-brac* sat beneath a balcony of hammered brass, perusing like so many Don Quixotes the romance of old Gubbio vases and Faenza monsters (I send you the illustration); in a third, *Near Tivoli*, a Roman Imperia reclined among the ruins of Adrian's garden.

Among all the contributions, the works of the students in Paris, with their distinctness, their love of gray effects, their firmness of design, were the most sure of themselves and made the most dramatic impression; but, conscious of their difficulties overcome in the commencements of a severe school, they were perhaps more pupil-like and declamatory than any of the others. In this class were PEARCE'S *Beheading of the Baptist*, and MOSS'S *Christ among the Doctors*, life-size groups; BRIDGMAN'S *Game of Chess*

in a Cairo Café; and BOGGS'S *Unloading the Crabbing-Boat,* the most successful keyboard of vibrating grays yet struck by this determined admirer of Luigi Loir. DANA'S moonlight *Marine* was rewarded by the Academy with purchase and a medal. BIRGE HARRISON sent his *Return from the First Communion,* a hard but luminous study of muslin draperies in hot sunshine; when he afterwards showed this picture, together with the *November,* in the Paris Salon of 1882, the French government bought the larger of the two pictures. CHARLES DUBOIS showed the best landscape in the exhibition, *The Seine at Meudon.* But you will ask me if there was nothing in all this concert of the voices of Babel to betray the cry of the soil, the dialect of the Americans. I would point out in answer the work of Professor EAKINS, who is at the head of the art classes in the Academy. This well-drilled pupil of the old Gérôme atelier, one of the best anatomists and hardest students I find anywhere, contributed some *Fishermen mending their Nets,* in which the figures, softly modelled in hazy sunshine without photographic acidity, reminded me of Bonnat in his best Roman period. The odd backward view of a line of boatmen's trousers, patched out of oilcloth and old sails, designed with all the energy and movement of the *camera lucida,* really had more expression than Titian's row of bishops' backs in the Louvre. Unluckily, a meaningless tree and neglected landscape contradicted the effect of this series of American apostles; but the little group of stooping legs and primitive pantaloons, taken by itself, and relieved against the cloud of nets shaken out by the wind against the sky, seemed to me of more precious quality than is usual in American art, and to unite the successes of the academic and the impressional painters. —A hungry crowd of American hunting-dogs, fed by a groom, did great credit to Mr. POORE, and soon found a purchaser; in portrait, two heads by Mr. J. S. SARGENT, the painter of the *Jaleo Dance,* arrived late, and looked as if they might be improved by taking more time and arriving later; but Mrs. WHITMAN, a Boston lady, in her portrait group of the *Cadwallader Children,* revived, by her broad, sweeping style, with golden shadows, my recollections of the romantic, lyrical, sun-bathed figures of Deveria and Couture. And this is all the space I can give to a representative exhibition collected from the corners of the old world and the new, at such a cost of fatigue and annoyance as will perhaps forbid its being ever imitated in the same scale and completeness. The Academy

at Philadelphia is the only institution whose directors have the leisure and impartiality to thus summon the scattered American pupils from their easels planted all over the globe. These directors are a kind of club, a circle of wealthy art-patrons who maintain the Academy from motives of benevolence. The other Academies are local and maintained by the artists of their respective cities. Government patronage, you know, is entirely wanting to Art in America. The institution in Philadelphia, founded in 1805 and immediately possessing a gallery, and thus older than the National Gallery in London by nineteen years, has become a sort of Museum, consecrated to the keeping of spectral pictures by such Philadelphia worthies as Benjamin West and C. R. Leslie. Its edifice is the largest of its kind in the country, and its schools, under Professor Eakins, may boast of facilities for modelling, model painting, and anatomical dissection, superior to any that can be pointed out in Europe, and habitually the subject of commendation from such stragglers from European ateliers as happen to see them.

There is but one Society of Water-color Painters in America, a society some eight or nine years of age. In February it opened its annual Exhibition in New York, borrowing as usual the rooms of the Academy in that city, which owns a very elegant building erected in 1865, in a style of white and colored marbles imitating the Palace of the Doges. There was exactly one contribution which formed a "star" in this collection, *The Sisters*, by the Philadelphia painter ABBEY. And, by the way, having begun this article with Philadelphia, I wish I could send you illustrations of the works lent to the various exhibitions of the year by Philadelphia artists, such as Sargent, Abbey, Knight, and the brothers Alexander and Birge Harrison; but in each case there has been a preventing motive. Mr. Abbey, for instance, always promises his minutest drawing to Harper the publisher. He is an artist who has been intimately connected with the recent improvements in American wood-engraving, his sketches made for an artistic society called the Tile Club having developed the talent of the best engravers employed by Scribner and Harper in succession. At present, no number of "Harper's Magazine" is thought complete without a frontispiece by Abbey. His water-color of *The Sisters*, completely English in style, represented a low broad window, with its small panes, and its row of geranium-pots, in focus, while in front were the vague pale silhouettes of two village maidens in dresses of 1820, executing a song and piano accom-

paniment. So far as the design went, this motive had all the directness which should be the property of water-color; executed in bistre, it would have seemed perfect, and would have been much more strictly aquarelle. The colors seemed to have been added as an afterthought, and the work had the perplexity of a design, colored. But the purity of the types, the pastoral and idyllic feeling, and the decision of touch, made this a picture of great distinction; its price was marked at two thousand dollars, and this figure, for a cartoon perhaps twenty-four inches across, did not prevent its finding a purchaser on the first day. Another picture by Mr. Abbey, a single figure called *Autumn*, was equally distinguished and striking as a design; equally untechnical and forced as aquarelle. In both, the profound, exhaustive, discerning study of human character, as character, took the place of study of human figures as plastic objects, and showed how completely Mr. Abbey has allowed himself to be influenced by English art. Other pictures had more of the flavour of the soil. Mr. HOPKINSON SMITH sent a large view of the *Brooklyn Bridge*, the longest suspension bridge yet constructed, painted in a bold and dashing style, and a graphic, spirited sketch of *The Old London Coffee-house at Quebec*, with several other subjects. Among hundreds of contributions, I cannot select any more American and full of "dialect" than those of which I send you the sketches for publication. *Dem was Good Old Times*, for instance, is a perfect type of the Pennsylvanian negro, who remembers slavery simply as a delightful and patriarchal legend of his youth. Under his thatch of snow-white wool, consoled by his pipe and his banjo, he enjoys in retrospect the dances and the opossum-hunts of that irresponsible golden age. The painter is THOMAS HOVENDEN, whose excellent Brittany subjects you will remember at various Salons. *Seventh-day afternoon*, by Mr. DUNK, shows life among the country Quakers, at an hour when the week's work is done, and the mother and daughter, a good twelve hours in advance of Sunday, enjoy a kind of secular Sabbath, enlivened by books and knitting-work. Mr. QUARTLEY, a rare colorist, who however is almost a novice in water-color, sent *A Riverside Antique*, an old barge roofed-in, like the boatmen's cabins at Etretat. I am not afraid to draw two perilous comparisons in trying to define Mr. Quartley to you; you must imagine the river-views of the Belgian, Clays, animated with the superb colors of the port-scenes of Vollon. Mr. FARRER'S autumnal lake, *Gone hath the Spring*,

was a large, melancholy, despairing picture, which always drew before it crowds of perfectly happy spectators, delighted to bathe in its poetic hypochondria. In a very different vein was the head of *Carmen*, washed in with audacious grace by Mr. BECKWITH, a pupil of M. Carolus Duran.

The Academy of Design, at New York, opened its regular Spring exhibition in March, with a contribution of about eight hundred paintings. This association, with artists for President and officers, was incorporated a few months earlier than the Academy at Philadelphia, began its annual exhibitions in 1825, and built an adequate gallery, as above stated, in 1865. Entirely committed for support to the hands of the painters, who were often embarrassed and struggling for a living in a new country, it has had such ups and downs as only Balzac could analyze. At present it sees itself prosperous, but with some remarkable figures among its Academicians, elected in the genial old times because they could tell good stories at the annual dinner. Its yearly displays are the principal exchange or bourse for American art, and provincial painters from a thousand leagues away send in their terrible canvases in cheerful faith, chilled only by the knowledge that the places on the line opposite the eye are reserved by the merry old Academicians for their own subjects. The galleries are perforated with a suitable number of lofty doors, and it is over these doors that the intelligent visitor always looks for the best pictures. The President, Mr. Huntington, is a portrait-painter encumbered with commands, and a most cultured and distinguished gentleman. Do not expect to hear of mythological ceiling-pieces, nudities, pompous historical paintings, or indeed of gallery-pictures. Remember that the government never orders or buys a painting, that Protestant churches are not decorated, that the town-halls and seats of legislation are not frescoed in America. Nothing strays into the exhibitions but small easel-pictures, such as may hope for a ready sale, and the honorable army of portraits. In the strictest sense of the term, it is art unsuffocated by State patronage. Let the Europeans who deprecate this patronage, behold and admire. I am not going to inflict on you the dissection of eight hundred pictures and more. A very few samples will suffice. *Suspense (watching the battle of Bunker Hill)* showed the natives of Boston, at the beginning of the American Revolution, clustered on their house-tops, and contemplating that defeat which was to teach them victory; it was by Mr. BLASHFIELD,

who has been known by a *Commodus in the Arena*, and several archæological subjects very studiously and happily treated. *Mozart Singing his Requiem* was a group, well-composed and balanced, showing the maestro dying to music among an orchestra of his pupils, like a king who expires in state before his ministers. It was by Mr. SHIELDS, a pupil of Munkácsy. *Elaine*, a most attractive theme from the legends of the Round Table, showed the dead maiden bearing her love-letter to Launcelot, and surrounded by King Arthur's court; it was the first attempt at poetical subjects by its author, Mr. HOVENDEN, best known for his Breton heroes of the Vendean war. Mr. J. G. BROWN, whose scenes of American familiar life are always disputed for by a crowd of eager buyers, sent *Tuning up*,—the figure of an old village fiddler who has been the choragus of a thousand rustic dances and weddings. *Uncle Ned and I*, a white child in the arms of a faithful slave, was contributed by Mr. T. W. WOOD, another favourite genre-painter of New York. I am happy to name these two artists as not being the pupils of any Continental professor—the fact is at present a distinction in America! Mr. BRIDGMAN, always welcome, sent from his Paris studio one of his Algerian studies, *A House at Biskra*. One of the pathetic scenes of Puritan life was contributed by Mr. VOLK, who has made a specialty of his miseries of Pilgrim maidens in the deep New England snow—surely the best symbol of the difficult change from a sheltered country to a savage one; in this case the girl kneels upon a frozen grave, with the legend, *Just one year ago to-day*. An exquisite landscape was the *Nonquitt Cliff* of Mr. GIFFORD, an artist who can paint the still serenity of air in some uncontaminated corner by the sea-side more persuasively, more purely, than any American painter; the open sunshine, the free breeze, seem to play in his pencil. Mr. INNESS, in a broader octave, with a rich splendor of style that renders him a kind of Delacroix of landscape, often makes the eye widen with astonishment at the impromptu of his color-contrasts, his bold harmonies, his opulence of expression; this year he showed a comparatively quiet theme, *Under the Green-wood*, not unlike some of the Fontainebleau subjects by Diaz. Mr. T. MORAN, who has ransacked the most distant parts of America for novelties, showed the mud fortifications of the village-building Indians of New Mexico, a part of our country where a Yankee governor gravely presides over an estimable population of Spanish thieves and snake-worshipping red-skins.

On the 6th of April, at New York, opened the exhibition of the "Society of American Artists," a young association supposed to be more "in the movement" than the Academy. The exhibition, by means of re-hanging, was made to display a large number of works in a limited space. Here, if anywhere, one expects to see works that show the place of America in art. The first thing that struck the visitor was that there were positively no works requiring "a long breath." The sincerity of the first impression, often very justly rendered, was all that could be credited to these sketchy and impromptu canvases; but at least each comprised a problem, and that not a problem of a literary, or narrative, or anecdotic sort, but a true painter's problem, an experimental harmony of colors, or a rendering of air, or a decorative novelty in composition. Mr. FULLER, a Boston artist, is one who may be pointed out as fully of the soil, and the inventor of a style. By a strange vaporous treatment he contrives to enclose his Gipsy girls or his young New England witches in the whole atmosphere of their Gipsy or wizard life, so that we see their past and future, and involuntarily set them in the full environment of Legend. This picture here had the oddly misunderstood title of *Lorette.* EAKINS contributed a life-size *Crucifixion*, studied with fatal minuteness from a living suspended model; the artistic motive was to represent the full heat of the Eastern sun glaring on a naked body. Naturalism has seldom been so coolly applied to a clerical subject. DUVENICK, whose flesh-painting, a little in the style of Menzel, has excited much admiration in Munich, was represented by two female figures, full of interest in the problems of portrait art. CHASE was represented by one of his feats of legerdemain in magical brushwork. Chase, whose portrait of Duvenick received an honorable mention in the Paris Salon of 1881, constitutes with that gentleman the mainstay of "the Munich idea" in American art; they have strongly tinged the young Society in question with this doctrine. Let them import into the painting of the United States some of the qualities of Menzel, of Leibl, of Lenbach, and there will be little complaint made of their propaganda. In opposition to this theory, and in the very bosom of this Society typical of advanced ideas, are artists who live upon the tradition and study of French art. Mr. LUNGREN, for instance, while strongly American, obviously remembers Degas, De Nittis, and Cazin. He contributed a charming scene of a city park in the snow, with figures looking up at the electric light, whose rays

wove a lace of tree-shadows over the whitened ground. BLASHFIELD with an *Autumn* and VOLK with *The Captives*, MILLET'S portrait of the tragedian Barrett, WEIR with the *Flore*, THAYER with a *Lady and Horse*, EATON with a Portrait or two, showed the live sap of growing, creative art. PALMER, BUNCE and BLUM presented Venetian scenes; Palmer was realistic, and Bunce recalled Turner, in these tributes to the Adriatic; while Blum, with a few true and sensitive touches, gave us the real unreality of water, and the true Venetian sense of living in a dream. I have sent you the sketch of his *Going off to the Lido*.

An unusual enterprise was undertaken, in April, in Philadelphia. This was the Exhibition of Belgian Art, undertaken by the Consul-General of that country. This officer, who has the privilege of selecting his residence, preferred to live in the first, rather than in the present, capital of the United States, and determined to gratify the city of his adoption with a painting-festival furnished from his own nationality. To obviate the high duties on imported pictures in America, the Academy of Art was constituted a bonded warehouse, or *succursale* of the Custom-house, and the pictures paid no duty unless they were sold. The enormous historical canvases in which Belgian art is so prolific flowed into the port of Philadelphia like an invincible armada. As many of your readers, my dear Dumas, will possess your Belgian Catalogue of 1880, I will simply indicate the following subjects from the sketches in that Catalogue, as forming illustrations of the subjects shown at Philadelphia: MEUNIER; *La Coulée de l'Acier* (36); MARKELBACH; *Le Tuteur* (58); DENDUYTS; *Lever de la Lune* (66); STRUYS; *Déshonorée* (102); ROBERT; *Charles-Quint* (112); STALLAERT; *Dernier Combat de Gladiateurs* (127); GUFFENS; *La Joyeuse Entrée* (146); *Carpentier; Les Refugées* (150). ALFRED STEVENS sent an enchanting picture, four feet high; it showed *The Widow*, in gloriously-painted black, visited by a white dove in a grove of trees. HERMANS'S *Mask Ball in the Royal Theatre at Brussels*, a thin but ably-brushed wilderness of vermilion and madder-lake, was bought by a club in Philadelphia. The exhibition earned four hundred thousand francs, but it was a "bourgeois" success rather than an artistic success.

On the 23rd of October the New York Academy again opened its doors, for a supplementary autumnal exhibition. Among the pictures were QUARTLEY'S *Thames at Gravesend*, BLASHFIELD'S *Rebecca*, SARTAIN'S *Old Orchard*, HUNTINGTON'S *Doctor Wash-*

burn, DANA'S *Brittany Beach*, and BRIDGMAN'S *Planting the Colza* and *At the Mosque Fountain.* Of the latter, an entirely new picture finished expressly for this exhibition, and including a truly living and spirited study of a black horse, I am able to send you a sketch by the artist. Nearly eight hundred works composed this exhibition.

About the same time, in Philadelphia, occurred the regular annual exhibition of the Academy; 125 paintings were sent thither by the single city of New York, being the works of such artists as Blashfield, Beckwith, Sartain, and Bolton Jones. But no part of the display attracted such attention as the contribution of about forty pictures from Americans living in Paris, including such striking canvases as BRIDGMAN'S *Lady of Roumania*, and the remarkable caravan subjects of Mr. Weeks, in which he seemed to imprison the infinity and the melancholy of the Sahara.

To conclude, and to show you, my dear Dumas, how unfortunately true it is that American art is nourished from the milk-bottle of Europe, I will mention the principal picture-sales, in which the sensational canvases were nearly always French. A sale of some importance occurred at New York on February 28th. The American Minister to Paris, Mr. Morton, disposed of his whole collection, to which was added a part of the gallery of Mr. Hoe, inventor of a well-known printing-press. Mr. Morton was the owner of REGNAULT'S *Automedon* and DAGNAN'S *Manon Lescaut*; the former brought $5,900, and went to St. Louis; the latter brought $990, and returned to France. J. LEWIS BROWN'S *Yorktown* sold for $280, KNAUS'S *Thief at a Fair* for $2,250, and CHURCH'S *Tropical Scenery* for $3,175. One hundred and fifty-seven pictures sold for 50,478 dollars.

On March 16th, at Boston, was sold the collection of Mr. Adams, creator of the Adams Express, that magical parcels-conveyance company which transports gold-dust through mountains and tribes of hostile savages. TISSOT'S picture of two ladies looking at a Chinese ship brought $1,200. One hundred and fourteen paintings and statues returned the sum of about 56,860 dollars.

John Wolfe, a well-known New York banker and collector, sold his entire gallery on April 5th. BONNAT'S *Fellah-woman and Baby* brought $6,000; CABANEL'S *Birth of Venus* brought $5,300. PILOTY'S *Anne Boleyn* brought $3,500; CARL BECKER'S *Fugger the Banker* brought $3,900; MARCHAL'S study for the

Penelope brought $625. BOUGEREAU's best picture, *Satyrs and Nymphs*, brought $10,010, and became the decoration of a fashionable dram-shop. Ninety-five pictures reached the sum of 131,945 dollars.

A hundred subjects I would like to talk to you about, but I know that the penalty of diffuseness is that you send away your reader to a livelier chapter. So adieu, exhibitions in Boston and Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. Adieu, pretty little temple just built by the Art Club in Boston, and inaugurated in February. Adieu, exhibitions of black-and-white, of fans, of etchings, of wood-engravings. I have told nothing, out of the world of things to be mentioned, but at least I have been less voluminous than Littré!

EDWARD STRAHAN.

FRANCE.

THE SALON OF 1882.

WENTY good canvases, showing original power, when mingled with 10,000 commonplace or even worthless subjects, suffice to give importance to a Salon; whereas 1,696 pieces—the number of those exhibited at the Royal Academy this year—could not rescue it from complete obscurity were it impossible to point to a single example of superior art in the collection. Let us then congratulate ourselves that the Salon of 1882 contains this precious though modest number of paintings and pieces of sculpture which is alone sufficient to constitute an artistic year.

In the first rank among these chosen works is the *Père Jacques* by M. BASTIEN-LEPAGE—a painting the superiority of which is all-apparent. This young painter has been made the subject of such extraordinary praise by his friends, as well as by Panurge's excellent flock, the public, that we run great risk of displeasing many people by laying down this simple truth:—"M. Bastien-Lepage has made considerable progress during the last two years, and *Père Jacques*, if not a masterpiece, is incontestably the artist's *chef-d'œuvre* up to the present date." It rarely happens that his Salon pictures do not draw from me most severe expressions of opinion. We exact a great deal from a man who we know can do better things. We acknowledge the infinite service he has rendered by holding aloof from convention and routine; we have

the liveliest appreciation of the original cast of his talent, and, in a certain measure, of that persistent resolution and obstinate self-will which characterize his efforts. Nevertheless, five and twenty years devoted to the passionate study of art have not succeeded in curing us of our prejudice in favour of the finished picture; that is to say, the work that shows a proportional amount of completion in all its essential parts. This is what M. Bastien-Lepage has not yet shown us. He has allowed his distances—his partial flatterers say from want of care; we say from want of experience—to overspread each other, to advance and recede contrary to all perspective, and to become confounded in opposition to the most elementary sense of the picturesque.

"Above all things," said Préault, "let us carefully cultivate our defects." I am not aware that M. Bastien-Lepage has ever heard of this saying of the romantic old sculptor; but as he has not altogether got rid of his defects, while, on the other hand, they are no longer absolutely disagreeable, we may believe that he has very cleverly cultivated them. With a clearly defined purpose he concentrates all the picturesque effect of this simple, yet noble work, upon the bust of the old man. The head, so admirable in its modern realism, its severe truth, its precise modelling, its firmness and unequalled science, seems to stand out of the canvas. Everything else is sacrificed to this striking effect. The landscape, the leafless trees that shoot aloft in the background, the thick brushwood, the newly-cut faggot—showing the salmon-coloured wood where the billhook has been at work—the legs of the good man, the child, too, in her little blue cotton smock, are all carried out in a harmonious, discreet, yet uncertain light, without a contour or detail wholly defined, and as a vague and dim accompaniment to the chief interest—the head of Père Jacques. Looked at from the point of view of just what it is intended to be—the portrait of a woodman, and not a picture—the work is of the first order.

Let us ask no more of any one than what he can give. Inasmuch as our French school, with the exception of M. Gustave Moreau and M. Paul Baudry, has lost the taste, and with the taste the feeling for heroic composition, let us think ourselves fortunate in being able to note the growth, even in this mediocre direction, of the robust and searching talent of a young man who, in the legitimate interpretation of the most humble aspects of social life, eschews all affectation and pretentious emptiness,

together with the sordid industrialism, of the tinsel-painters in vogue. It is, indeed, a healthy art that is so tenderly in love with nature, and to this we are indebted for the most impressive work in the Salon of 1882.

If the large decorative frieze prepared for the Amiens Museum, wherein M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES has represented *Young Picards exercising with the Lance*, had been to us an unexpected revelation of new talent, we might perhaps have given it precedence over M. Bastien-Lepage's *Père Jacques;* but the work was already known to us. With his *Ludus pro Patria*, M. Puvis de Chavannes likewise exhibits a decorative panel intended for M. L. Bonnat's residence, viz. *Doux pays*—a "sweet country" in very truth, in which the idyllic and bucolic life might be led in perfect contentment among these young women and frolicking children, while contemplating the infinite blue of the sky and that blue Hellenic sea dotted with white sails. Thus we are borne away on the wings of dreams, far from the cruel life of the town, to which we must nevertheless return, in order that we may be reminded that thought, however lofty and noble, is not all that is necessary to a work of art. It is not our intention here to make a subject of reproach to the artist for his habitually abstracted views in the matter of colour and modelling. But when an artist carries his prejudice against all that appears inferior to him to such a length, one may be permitted to express a regret that he is not equally rigorous in his choice of forms. These are often heavy, massive, and thick-necked in the case of men, and odd in the case of children. The qualities which predominate in M. Puvis de Chavannes' talent would allow us easily to forget certain weaknesses, were he alone in question. But, unfortunately, he is at the head of a school, although his art is nothing but a beautiful eccentricity of art.

His art is as irregular as is that of M. Bonnat, which is made up of convention, artifice, and falseness, of trickery and old devices carried out with a clumsy instrument; an art devoid of the least charm, and the outcome of an intelligence neither high nor deep; but with all this there is, in the circumscribed and unimpressionable brain of the Pyrenean painter, such energy, such will-power, such a capacity for concentrated effort, that in spite of the horribly suffocating and vinous atmosphere of the cellar, that light which seems to penetrate through an air-hole to his models, and that plasterer's work which is the distinguishing

mark of his productions—notwithstanding, also, the total absence of taste and moral penetration in his performances—there is nothing that leaves the hand of M. Bonnat which does not, in default of admiration, compel the most sincere respect. It was to no purpose that we said to ourselves that in giving his portrait of M. Puvis de Chavannes the haughty attitude of a gigantic Guizot in the parliamentary tribune, "Your insults do not reach the height of my disdain," that to add to this the carafe and the conventional glass of water, and the brand-new shining frock-coat of a countryman, the artist had committed inexcusable absurdities, denoting the singular poverty of his mind; in vain we grew wrathful at the only too apparent "ficelles," clumsy as well-ropes and manœuvred with such a heavy hand, in order to reduce those violent contrasts of black and white by means of which, it must be confessed, he obtains bright lights and vigorous reliefs; all this mechanism, in itself so little seductive, is combined with a draughtsmanship so scientific and powerful, that in the end the very energy and solidity of this rude workman —this Cyclops, who forges a portrait just as the blacksmiths of Ætna forged the armour of the gods—win us over to him.

We have in M. HENNER the same poverty of invention, while tricks of manner are as characteristic of his, as they are of M. Bonnat's work. M. Henner has only two tones on his palette—ivory-white and brown. Sometimes he adds turquoise blue, but this year he abstained from doing so. Whatever name he gives to his subjects, whether they be called *Naïad, Magdalene, Jesus, St. Jerome,* or *Barra,* M. Henner has never given more than mere scraps of the nude—the simple sketches of a student. We are still waiting for his first picture. If the intellectual conception of this painter is on a level with the ground, his art possesses, nevertheless, and in a greater measure than that of M. Bonnat, the irresistible attraction of a certain style, the exquisite suppleness of tones in a restricted range of light and shadow, the charm of an incomparable harmony and the purely sensual delight conveyed by a beautiful manipulation of pigment which has its æsthetic worth—justly appreciated after quitting the repellent plastering of that powerful painter but feeble artist, M. Bonnat.

An artist of so exquisite a sentiment as to verge on over-refinement—painter of that fine French race which gave us Watteau and Eugène Delacroix—M. PAUL BAUDRY exhibits this year only an easel picture, which, however, suffices to

throw a gleam of superior light in the room where it is placed —the same in which M. Bastien-Lepage's *Père Jacques* is to be found. Nothing could be better than this chance companionship for showing the vast and legitimate variety that exists in those methods of interpretation whose elements nature has bestowed upon original artists. M. Bastien-Lepage has a passion for reality. M. Baudry understands reality only by virtue of its value as a means to an end, or as an alphabet of types. It is to him a dictionary, whose words he employs with the instinct of a poet in harmony with his lyrical conceptions. And how exquisite a conception is that figure of *Truth!* For us it is a happy circumstance that M. Baudry has nothing of the sceptical humour of Fontenelle, and that he has opened the hand that held a truth so precious. Truth does not grow old, and thus it is that the painter has been able to clothe his conception with the eternal youth of the Immortals. Only humanity can but with difficulty support the radiance of her glorious nakedness; and this probably explains the presence here of the little spirit who offers her so lovingly with both hands the veils necessary for her sojourn among men. Looking at the pure grace of this beautiful and poetic composition, at the suppleness, the richness, the freedom, and all the marvellous resources of the delightful colouring, recalls the sonnets, so full of penetrating emotion and intense poetry, which the illustrious poet and painter of England, and father of the pre-Raphaelite school, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, bequeathed us.

Our Roman school is dying; it is, in fact, already dead. With the exception of a few survivors, professors rather than painters, no one regrets the loss. The State is obviously growing indifferent in the matter. The movement of mind in France is no longer in the direction of those forms of high art whose worship the Villa Médicis had the pretension to perpetuate—a pretension so little justified. But I sincerely believe that our "Romans" have themselves done more to divert all sympathy from their work than the realistic and naturalistic tastes of the period. Under the monarchy the sovereign took delight in surrounding himself with the "Grands corps de l'état;" hence the Fourth Class of the Institute was for a long while supported, encouraged, and protected in the belief that the Crown received part of its lustre. At length it was perceived that the exchange was one-sided, and to this fact is to be ascribed the celebrated attempt to reform the École des Beaux Arts that caused such commotion in 1863, an honest attempt

at first, but doomed to miscarry by pusillanimous concessions to the academic mind. The School now succumbs to official indifference and that of the select public of amateurs. Thus with a few exceptions the old pupils of the School of Rome have renounced their pitiful "high art," which no one cares anything more about, to become simple portrait-painters—artists not without a certain talent, although it be of an insipid sort, showing no personal insight into nature, nor sense of arrangement and little originality in composition. Their *Prix de Rome* is equivalent to a patent for portraiture which secures to them an easy income of £4,000 a year. In the interest of their families, I am delighted that it does so, for it is reasonable enough that a mauufacturer of painted canvas should make as much money as a manufacturer of silk; but I doubt if the Louvres of the future will be able to enrich the collected greatness of past ages with many examples of their productions.

All that we may expect from this clever yet empty art is that it will respond to the laudable sentiments of fathers, husbands, and children. But it is a satisfaction that is felt only behind the scenes, and consequently does not come within the jurisdiction of the critic. There are painters, however, of this school—Messrs. Cabanel, Bouguereau, and Hébert, for instance, elders among the order—who bravely uphold the neglected standard on the ruins of their tradition. Younger painters of the brotherhood struggle, too, and courageously. All honour to the valour that strives for a failing cause—for the traditions of "high art!" Behold M. LAYRAND, with an *Inès de Castro* that would have overjoyed the Ambigu in the palmy days of historic drama; and M. BESNARD, still more tiresome, with his *Remorse* and a vast allegorical composition, *Abundance encouraging Work*, a patch-work performance recalling M. Puvis de Chavannes and M. Luc-Olivier Merson! These latter "Romans" have certainly lost the faith of their elders, and—witness Messrs. Layrand and Besnard—try to coax success that turns its back on them, by the elaborate *mise en scène* of intentional eccentricity.

M. LECOMTE DU NOUY pleases me better. No doubt he is a century behind his time, and his tryptich, *Homer*, is no translation after the manner of Lecomte de Lisle. The blind poet leaning on his lyre, with the sleeping child on his knees, among the ruins of Troy, an Iliad on his right, and on his left an Odyssey, draped *à la* Penelope and guarded by a dog of Eubeus, are all revelations

of school routine, but carried out with an energetic obstinate conviction that to me is not displeasing. The only fault of all this is that it comes too late. In 1802 this *Homer* would have enraptured the idolatrous admirers of Girodet-Trioson, and Firmin-Didot would have confided to the painter an important share in the collaboration of the celebrated illustrated edition of Greek classics side by side with Gérard, Girodet, Ingres, Percier, &c. I may add that M. Lecomte du Nouy would have most worthily performed his part.

Among these victims of this so-called "classical" logomachy there is one whose case is especially interesting—M. LEHOUX. This young man, premier laureate of the *Prix du Salon*, has been for eight years crushed by the excessive weight of his first success. He gave evidence of unbounded pretensions to style, and showed us but a wretched collection of pompous pieces, disconnected in meaning, overcharged with efforts that failed to express themselves, inflated without being powerful, containing, moreover, monstrous muscular effects that would have been exaggerated even in their right place, the Foire du Trône, and which are quite inconceivable in relation to his subjects. We must therefore admit that, according to the saying of the Latins—*Fata viam invenient*—Destiny ever finds its road; for this turgid art, so thoroughly antipathetic to every heart that loves sincerity and simplicity, moves us this year in a form that shows no improvement in the direction of sincerity and truth. I refer to the picture called *Le Suicidé*.

The intention is horrible. By means of grappling-irons and strength of arms, four men in a boat, which one of them guides by aid of a long gaff, are drawing out of the stagnant depth of a reedy pond, the surface of which is covered with water-lilies, the corpse of an old man—some village Lear—grown green by the length of time it has been in the water. One of the men seizes it by the belt, another by the arm, a third applies a sort of harpoon to it. The heavy body comes up erect and falls over a putrid mass, as it is disengaged from its humble winding-sheet of dead vegetation. Now what saves this picture from being absolutely repulsive, and places it in the category of tragic horrors, is, in the first place, the vast dimensions of the canvas, showing that the work is not a simple "fait divers;" and in the second place, the motive of the artist to convey an impression of magnitude and grandeur into these human forms, which, by their attitudes, height, and even

colouring, almost realise the poetry of heroic expression. Had M. Lehoux treated his subject in that spirit of realistic observation adopted by M. Gervex in painting his *Coalheavers* of the Villette Docks, *Le Suicidé* would have been utterly and filthily repulsive.

On the whole, the fishermen whom M. HECTOR LEROUX—unfaithful this year to his chaste vestals—exhibits in their graceful postures on the picturesque banks of the Tiber, whose waters roll in yellow muddiness, as they have done from time immemorial, through the heavy-looking arches where the triremes of the Latin city were once moored, form a picture that is preferable to the one just mentioned. Here we have a welcome passage of antique life that we gratefully accept, because it is revived for our benefit with rare delicacy. In it we catch a glimpse of Tanagra's exquisite little figures, and feel communicated to us some of that emotion of a high intelligence, itself affected by its own faculty of restoring the sweet and simple life of the free woman and child of Roman society. But what shall we say of M. KRUG'S *Symphorose*, and of M. WENCKER'S *Impératrice*—those enormous canvases, incapable of throwing a gleam of light upon a world that has passed away, that cannot boast a bold line or a vigorous movement to any purpose, any passionate feeling for colour, or any sprightliness of drawing? What is the mission of these dull insipid paintings of the latest academic pedantry in the midst of our young school imbued with the modern spirit? Performances such as these will never lead to a revival of studious inquiry into those great historic epochs on which the genius of Eugène Delacroix brought to bear such generous faculties and such an aspiring pencil, when he painted his decorative pieces for the Library of the Chamber of Deputies.

Formerly religious painting occupied an important chapter in the critical notices of the annual Salon. Little need be said to-day on this head; in fact, a paragraph will suffice. Painters of religious subjects have been the death of religious art, just as historical painters have killed historical painting. An identical process has succeeded in both cases. Is it necessary to explain the nature of this process? It is the abuse of those formulæ that originated in classical conventions by allowing them to degenerate into mere routine. It is the evolution into bare mechanical method of that patient art which consisted of forming infinite combinations, without any reflection of original thought, of the types which M. Ingres and M. Hippolyte Flandrin revivified for a transient hour.

When we have mentioned three or four examples of a higher art than this, we shall have exhausted the subject of religious painting, and to do so much as this some good-natured impulse is necessary. M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT'S *Christ in the Tomb* gives us neither a very new nor a very touching interpretation of the great Christian drama, and the artist has made his work chiefly characteristic of the brilliant colourist. M. CAROLUS DURAN, who has treated another scene of the same drama—that in which the holy women are washing the feet prior to the burial—has, on the other hand, used great circumspection in the use of his palette. It is by occasionally refusing to subject himself to the exacting demands of fashionable women, in order to refresh himself with the wholesome study of composition—the study of drawing and the nude; it is by this concentration of thought and this return to the starting-point of his talent that M. Carolus Duran remains in the Salon the unrivalled master of *les hautes élégances* in relation to the women of our day. M. J. BULAND has only discovered in the scene of *Jesus at the House of Martha and Mary* a pretext for harping on one string to the tune of silver-white. Notwithstanding a childish affectation of archaism in drawing, nay, by reason of this affectation, it is impossible to take a serious view of this mode of interpreting the New Testament. By this method of his, M. Buland would thus identify himself with the historic legends of past ages, including the *Légende dorée*, in order to excite an æsthetic curiosity for this false simplicity, for these artifices of colour; but in admitting the excellence of his motive, and while congratulating the young artist on escaping from the beaten paths, we are of opinion that in choosing this field for his efforts he is completely at fault.

Truth, movement, and a power of expressing life in a collective form, while preserving strict accuracy of detail, are the sound qualities of M. ROLL'S great composition—not religious. but typically secular—entitled, *14th Juillet*, 1880. M. Roll is a brave man. At a time when all fashionable taste is running on picture-baubles for the boudoir, he has remained true to the strong and fine attachment of our French masters—the Géricaults and the Delacroix—for large surfaces. We have not forgotten his *Inundation* nor his beautiful *Miners' Strike*. It was to the centre of Paris, to a populous and popular quarter, the Place du Château d'Eau, that the young artist betook himself in order to observe the most characteristic illustration of the new Republican fête. The spot was admirably chosen, presenting as it did the most complete

picture of Paris on the 14th July, 1880. Such was the exact effect of light produced by the cloud of dust raised by the troops on their march to Longchamps; such was the crowd, too, made up of all classes, from the *bourgeoisie* to the noisy swarming masses; such were the flower-girls, sellers of cockades and tricolours, hawkers of every sort, howlers of the *Marseillaise*, beggars in rags, women and children in their flaunting summer dresses, and honest citizens dodging among the carriages, trying to find some shade under the official bandstands or gazing at the glaring new pasteboard statue of the Republic. The perfumed and fervent little ladies who dote on M. Vibert and other water-colourists say that M. Roll's *14th July* is not *distingué*, no more so, in fact, than M. GERVEX'S *Villette Docks* and his sunburnt porters carrying coal on their naked backs, their vigorous outlines firmly defined in the clear morning light. *The Declaration of Birth*, painted by M. BLANCHON for the Mairie of the Nineteenth Arrondissement, full of bustling figures of clerks and other employés moving among the benches, the green portfolios and registers of the "État Civil," is truthful, well conceived, and honestly interpreted, but certainly not *distingué*. *Distingué* indeed! How can our office life, our daily toil, or our public fête be *distingué?*

We will not discuss the distribution of medals by the Salon jury: the matter is one that concerns only those immediately interested. Not to mention that the monarchical institution of conferring rewards has grown absolutely ridiculous in a democratic state; but, admitting the principle, their distribution is carried on upon a most defective system, and it moreover opens the door to all manner of intrigues and concessions quite beside the question of art. Let us leave then, to those whom it amuses, this superfluous toy, without troubling ourselves about the wires by which it is worked. The space at our disposal must be devoted to worthier subjects. There remain to be indicated in their several categories, works of note belonging to the French School, and we must speak afterwards of some paintings which, by their superiority or originality—or still more by the curiosity which they arouse—do not come within any distinct classification.

Of these we have an example in that enormous diptych, *Profane and Sacred Music*, exhibited by M. G. DUBUFE FILS. This pretty fancy, whose chief fault is its distribution over too wide a surface —this work, so brilliant, light, and airy—so like a soap-bubble in its lack of substantiality, as also in its iris-coloured hues—has in

reality far higher qualities than the heavily dramatic art which seems to have inspired M. JEAN PAUL LAURENS in his *Last Moments of the Emperor Maximilian.* It would be impossible to put more emphasis and less emotion in the rendering of a tragic scene. This death of Maximilian, this *dénouement* of the chivalrous but sombre tragedy of the Mexican Empire, this heroic drama which needed for its interpretation the mind of a Shakespeare, the artist was only capable of seeing with the eyes of a *bourgeois.*

Until the contrary be proved, it must be admitted that a dress-coat does not lend itself to æsthetic combinations of the lachrymose or even serious order. This is doubtless why M. MANET—and also M. de Nittis—has never introduced it except in connection with the picturesque composition of a crowd, as in the *Opera Ball, The Breakfast at Father Lathuille's,* of former days, and now in his *Bar at the Folies Bergère.* Those who foresee, as we do, that the pursuit of *sujets distingués* in painting must result in vapidness and insipidity, have in this last picture by M. Manet an illustration in point. No more thorough type of female worthlessness could be conceived than the creature whom the artist has installed behind the marble counter, strewn with bottles and fruit. The real merit of the work does not lie in these objects, but in the artist's truthful vision, his use of colour, and his luminous, wave-like disposition of light. In all this he triumphs. Unlike M. Béraud, who in painting analogous subjects makes his figures stiff and lifeless, M. Manet surprises them, so to speak, in their natural movements, and the impression immediately conveyed by his pictures is that of reality in action. This piquant personal interpretation of life marks a new departure in art. It is a direct conquest over the world's exterior phenomena, and one that will not be lost on posterity.

Formed in the robust school of M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, which has given us so many excellent artists, all possessing a strong vein of individuality—such, for instance, as MM. Cazin, Fantin-Latour, Legros, Georges Bellenger, the brothers Guillaume, Félix and Frédéric Régamey—M. LÉON LHERMITTE, not less than M. Manet, is enamoured of modern life phenomena, but he seeks them in humble places and under more austere aspects, and almost invariably depicts the customs and manners of the peasantry. *Paying the Reapers* affords the most complete idea of this profound yet simple, severe yet modest, art. M. Lhermitte is a most scrupulous observer of truth, and an enemy to all that

savours of charlatanism, and he carries this feeling so far as to avoid, as he would falsity, the slightest suggestion of exaggeration in colour or design. A virile talent that only seeks to convey impressions and emotions by the most elementary means, such as correctness of drawing and honest composition, offers little fascination to the superficial public, and obtains none of that homage from the crowd which is purchased with thunder-claps. M. Lhermitte has his fellow-workers, like M. Fantin-Latour and M. Legros—men who shrink from the pomposities of the Roman school, the luxury of the Venetian, and the grandiloquence of Rubens, although they are quite familiar with each of these styles, in order to follow out—not so much by premeditation as by racial affinity—the purely French tradition of the Lenains and the Chardins. No small honour to them for it.

In returning to historical painting, M. ALBERT MAIGNAN has recovered his old power, strengthened by experience. In my opinion, his *Repudiated* is the best historical picture in the Salon. It is Queen Andowère who has been repudiated. Her attitude is one of noble humiliation. Robed in mourning garments, she is carrying her child, and is followed by an old nurse tottering under the weight of a bundle of clothes hastily put together. The Queen is directing her steps across a marshy, desolate waste, stretching as far as the eye can reach towards night and the unknown. The impression of grandeur and abandonment is striking. By such work as this the artist may rely upon recovering his success of eight years since, for it affords him full scope for turning to advantage his very clear insight into history as well as his accurate sentiment of landscape. This combination of qualities is so rare that we are anxious to reap the full benefit of it.

Among the painters of human life in the open country, M. JULES BRETON is always to be found in the first rank. *Evening in the Finistère Villages* gives us some groups of women assembled in the melancholy dusk of evening, outside their cottages in the village street, some holding their knitting-needles, others leaning on their crutches. The picture suggests the subject of landscape painting generally, and its gratifying revival in the French school. With certain exceptions, of which I shall speak presently, our school of landscape painting dragged itself dismally in the rear of Daubigny. These exceptions are, M. Français, whose talent is equal to the task of upholding the ideal landscape, which pleases the eye while it speaks to the mind—which combines water, sky,

and foliage in decorative harmony; M. Gustave Doré, who alone, of all modern masters, has shown himself capable of interpreting the majesty of mountains and the infinitely varying phenomena of light; MM. Pelouse, Bernier, Segé, Pointelin, and Jean Desbrosses, who do not put on their neighbours' spectacles to see bits of woodland, shining lakes, sun-bathed plains, and foaming torrents; and a few other artists, such as M. Appian, the painter of Provençal roadsides; M. A. Guillon, whose name is so classically associated with the chestnut trees of the Yonne and Vézelay, the old historic town; M. Grandsire, and the spirited Impressionists, and MM. Monet, Sysley, Renoir, and Pissano.

In this year's Salon a new tendency is to be observed in the work of some young landscape painters, and one well worthy of attention. The peculiarity of this fresh development is not to depict in vague terms a river-side, a road, a village, or a forest, but such and such a river, road, or forest in a certain department. This is gratifying, inasmuch as it indicates a return to the sincere love of nature.

I find myself, against my inclination, compelled to give names instead of analyses of artistic works. I must therefore mention MM. Binet, Bouché, Olive, Montenard, Vuillier, and M. Coquand, who for six or seven years have exhibited in the Salon works imposing by their size and beautiful by their sincerity, although the jury has never condescended to notice them. Nor must I forget M. BARAU, the painter of the *Village of Rocks* (Touraine), whose youthful yet vigorous talent is perhaps the best justification of my theory respecting the latest evolution of landscape painting. In justice I should add that the exchange of ideas that took place in 1867, and especially in 1878, between ourselves and the English school, brought about this wholesome return to sincere art.

In passing thus rapidly through this Salon, I have unconsciously been influenced by those worn-out traditions which have set up a sort of hierarchy of categories, whereas there are in reality only two styles, the bad and the good. I have, therefore, not yet spoken of certain styles which are accounted of minor importance, such as the one that is so inappropriately described as "*genre.*" This style our English neighbours designate by the much more applicable general term "Biography," with its sub-divisions, "Drama," "Domestic," "Incident," and "Portrait."

To me the picture which best corresponds to the designation "Drama" is M. A. P. Dawant's *Funeral at the Invalides.* What

is chiefly remarkable in this work is the just discrimination with which the processes employed by the artist have been subordinated to the interest of the subject. The beauty of the design lies in the fact that it is extremely exact. The colouring is firm, well sustained, and of a fine consistency. These are not superficial merits. I am well aware of the existence of pictorial power of a more effective kind, which will never cease to enrapture humanity, and prove especially seductive to the *dilettante*, and again of another order more calculated by its brilliancy to hit the taste of the hour, to attract the ideas, and set them speculating; but I know of nothing displaying greater faithfulness, strength, and durability.

Our pensioners have suggested the subject of another picture in the Salon. Were we to compare the two the comparison would be painful to M. Maurice Poirson, who, being a man of spirit, has put more spirit into his work than sincerity. M. Poirson is, moreover, influenced by the very visible mania for borrowing from the most recent successes of English painters in the matter of inspiration. He is quite able to discóver the elements of more certain success in his personal surroundings, without seeking it in the works of other painters of whatever nationality. By the medium of his own emotions he might reflect life in a more direct manner.

From this, and no other source of observation, M. Dagnan-Bouveret finds the material for his subjects, and each year witnesses a higher development in his art. After a brief disappearance he comes back to us this year with a canvas of the first order, *The Blessing of a Young Bride and Bridegroom before Marriage.* In this he unites a consummate deftness of pencil to all those resources of the palette which the most picturesque and refined faculty of observation may turn to advantage. For example, he has shown that he can render with surprising skill the two effects of light produced by lit tapers and the glittering radiance of a sunny day, in a picture heavily charged with white—such as that of walls, table-cloths, and dresses. How superior is this art, which embodies actuality to that cold and insipid style so weak in inventive power, whose sole merit is its correctness, which has given us M. Jules Lefebvre's *Roman Bride*, and how different is the æsthetic activity that it reveals to us! In the former all has been done by the artist under the impulsion of the moment; consequently such a work once created can never be repeated. In

the other case everything has been preconsidered and foreseen, and the work of combination required as little effort as the piecing together of *marqueterie*. M. Lefebvre might turn out of hand ten such pictures without fatiguing himself. At a push his pupils might help him and no one would be any the wiser. On the other hand, I defy any one to put a touch to a picture by M. Dagnan-Bouveret without leaving a blemish, or to take a touch from it without making a hole.

Had I greater space at my command, I should study some other works, such as *The Dancer*, by M. LÉON COMERRE; the *Algerian Habitation*, by M. GUILLAUMET; the *Idyl*, by M. R. COLLIN; the *Fishing Smack*, by M. MAURICE COURANT; the *Beach of Morsalines*, by M. GUILLEMET; M. QUOST's flowers, and Mdlle. LOUISE DESBORDES' fish. I would also draw attention to some promising beginners, such as M. ROCHEGROSSE, the painter of *Vitellius;* M. GUSTAVE POPELIN, who exhibits a fine portrait of our *confrère*, M. Henri Lavoix; and M. RENÉ GILBERT, who, besides a finely-drawn and richly-coloured piece, *An Awkward Blow*, exhibits some drawings, two admirable pastels, and two portraits of men done at a single sitting, with an amount of *verve*, vigour of touch, effect of colour and expression that augurs well of the prosperous future awaiting the painter.

Being safe from the suspicion of flattery towards French artists, I do not hesitate to say that our school of sculpture is without rival in Europe. But in statuary, as in painting, two very distinct æsthetic currents are perceptible. In the few lines that follow I shall only speak of those who, by their exceptional talent, may be regarded as typically representative of each. Some, like M. CHAPU in his *Immortality*, M. LANSON in his *Iron Age*, and M. GUILBERT in his *Eve*, are evidently preoccupied with the idealisation or abstraction of forms. Their objective is the nude and the perfect beauty of the nude, according to the Christian conception of the clay fresh moulded by the hands of the Creator and animated by his breath. The intention is a noble one; and when the height thus sought is reached, the pride that humanity so justly takes in these objects is not so much inspired by what they have already accomplished, as by the prospect of what may still be done in the same direction. It is delightful to contemplate itself, as it were, in the sacred mirror of its origin. But, alas! for every masterpiece, how many thousands of worthless performances there are—works absolutely expressionless turned out of hand, and with imperturbable

self-sufficiency, from moulds supplied by the dozen in accordance with the canons of a lifeless correctness, and having nothing in common with the living canons of grandeur and plastic beauty.

The other style—in respect of which Carpeaux played the part of Moses the day when he struck the rock with his rod, that is to say, the classic marble, with his powerful chisel—is that which impels a number of our sculptors to reflect in their work the living being, to transfer the palpitating flesh to clay, marble, and bronze. The most striking example of this new phase of art in the Salon of 1882 has been afforded by M. FALGUIÈRE. By the mere force of inveterate mental habit which he could not resist, the artist has given to his female figure the mythological name of Diana. This is a final concession to Chrompré's dictionary—the sole dictionary which sculptors formerly troubled to read, and which served for a century to give to every statue its *état-civil*. The concession, however, was useless, for at the rate we are going in the direction of naturalism, who in France, twenty years hence, will care anything about Diana? In point of fact, M. Falguière only thought of Diana in order to place in the hands of his model a bow instead of a duster or a broom. We must not think of Diana in this connection, but of Françoise, Jeanneton, or Adèle, or the pretty *charcutière* round the corner. Here, then, we have an illustration of what can be done by manual dexterity that comes of experience, coupled with natural gifts; all that is wanting in it is a certain idea of art. In the interest of sincerity and truth, the artist, instead of writing on the base of his statue the name of Diana, the slim and boy-like huntress, should have simply put, "Study after the living model." Then we should have easily recognised in the vivacious model a woman of mature beauty, and fascinations of thirty years of age. It matters little whether it be called Diana or Adèle, this figure in the Salon sums up the most vigorous movement in statuary art of the present day.

Other artists endeavour to reflect actual life, not only in the nude, but in subjects of a less vague as well as of a less ambitious order, in sympathy with contemporary notions. Curious examples of what is here meant are to be found in the works which a young sculptor has contributed to two successive Salons. Last year he exhibited a very remarkable figure, entitled *The Dying Vine*, and he gives us this year the *Source de Vancluse*. M. Bastet has thus entered upon an original path, full of new and charming suggestions in relation to our civilisation at the disposal of the plastic

artist. Some sculptors endeavour to represent modern types with the smallest outlay of trouble, by seeking their models in the domestic circle, the street, and the theatre. Witness, *Bread*, by M. ALBERT LEFEUVRE; the *Bread Carrier* (Porteuse de pain), by M. COUTAN; and that life-like ballerina by M. SOLDI, entitled *At the Opera.* If these works are weaker than some others in imaginative power they gain by their quality of boldness, and when such hardihood is supported by the conspicuous talent of artists of equal merit as those mentioned, it is sure to receive a hearty welcome.

This remark applies in a forcible manner to M. Zacharie Astruc's statue, which possesses the double quality of boldness and inventiveness. A young *ephebos*, with something of the mischievous street boy about him, is supposed to be selling on a national fête day of the intellectual order, portraits of celebrities in the form of masks. In his left hand he holds aloft, as though it were a torch, the mask of Victor Hugo. From his right arm, and suspended to a cord passing over the shoulder, are the masks of Messrs. Gambetta, Gounod, and Théodore de Banville. Among the laurel branches at his feet, and on the eight faces of the plinth, are those of Corot, Dumas fils, Berlioz, Carpeaux, Faure, E. Delacroix, Balzac, and Barbey d'Aurevilly. In confiding to this street arab, picked up in some ancient highway perhaps under the shadow of the Parthenon, the task of exhibiting the illustrious representatives of contemporary arts and letters, this most ingenious artist, no doubt, wished to roll back the ages, and unite French genius to its Hellenic origin. This beautiful statue, moulded even to its least important details, as, for instance, the embroidery of the short drawers, the sandals, and the jewellery worn by the *marchand de masques*, with such artistic devotion, has naturally excited a large amount of curiosity, and obtained a legitimate success. It is so seldom that sculpture now offers us anything besides beautiful fragments of still life, or living nature—according to the school to which the artist belongs, so rarely do our sculptors condescend to put a little intelligence or *esprit* into their works! But this is not all: they have an evil eye for those who are something more than mechanical artists, who are, like M. Zacharie Astruc, or M. Gustave Doré, the sculptor of that admirable vase, *The Vine*, such a marvel of imagination and decorative art. In this work ten generations of our sculptors might find food for reflection; as it is one that the State, the City

of Paris, and the capitals of all the great wine-growing districts allowed to remain four years in the artist's studio in the original plaster. Now that we have it in bronze, will M. Antonin Proust, as chief of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, allow it to return to the studio?

As regards busts, there are barely four that rise above the level of prevailing commonplace. These are those of M. Baudry by M. P. DUBOIS; of M. Barbedienne by M. CHAPU; of M. J. P. Laurens, by M. RODIN; and the superb marble of Halévy by M. GUSTAVE DEBRIE. And now that I have come to the end of this Salon, I find I have said nothing of the two groups of Messrs. BARRIAS AND MERCIÉ, viz. the *Defence of St. Quentin* and the *Defence of Belfort* respectively. I may perhaps be permitted to say nothing on this head. In the unanimous praise bestowed on these works some patriotic sentiment necessarily enters. This feeling is so commendable, that the works themselves are not subjects for criticism.

ERNEST CHESNEAU, Sc.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS

OF

COURBET.

FTER the applause following the gift of the *Funeral of Ornans* to the Louvre by Mdlle. Juliette Courbet, the purchase by the State of the *Stags Fighting*, *Hallali*, *The Wounded Man*, the *Young Man with the Leathern-Belt*, and the acquisition by the Municipality of Paris of *The Siesta*, the idea of a general exhibition of COURBET'S works was only natural. The public awaited it, and the artists demanded it.

A committee was formed to prepare the Exhibition, the Government offered a hall in the School of Arts, and placed their new purchases at the service of the organisers. There still remained in the hands of the family of the artist a certain number of works, some of which had honourably figured in the annual Salons. Generous amateurs, too, were not wanting who were willing to despoil their galleries and dismantle their walls in the interest of the undertaking: we know what such sacrifices cost, and we are deeply impressed. To all those who in any degree contributed to swell the homage to the memory of a great painter, we here tender our grateful thanks.

By means of their valuable aid the posthumous Exhibition of

Gustave Courbet has been such as his friends desired or he himself could have wished.

This Exhibition, containing more than one hundred subjects, was but a small part of the productions of this robust painter. The rest are scattered abroad or dispersed among our provincial galleries. Amongst the principal canvases unavailable we must cite first *The Funeral of Ornans*, that a singularly rigorous rule retained at the Louvre; the *Quarry*, now at Boston; *After Dining at Ornans*, in the Museum at Lille; *The Wheatscreeners*, at Nantes; the *Stag in the Water*, at Marseilles; *The Bathers*, *The Spinning Girl*, and the *Man with the Pipe*, at Montpellier. As to the celebrated women of Khalil Bey, *Idleness and Luxury*, which belong at present to one of our most distinguished amateurs, and are known to many Parisians, there could be no question of exposing them.

The Exhibition organised at the School of Arts was far from complete. It presented, nevertheless—with its pictures of all styles and sizes, landscapes, marines, snow-pieces, animals, flowers, fruit, portraits of men and women, scenes of town and country life—the varied aspect of a museum, and represented the entire career of the artist.

As to the artist's private life, I shall be excused from commenting on it. Spite of the softening effects of time, the moment does not seem to have arrived for a minute and impartial biography. In any case, this is not the place to attempt it.

But by the side of the man there are also his works, which have their history too.

How could we regard once more, after so many years, the *Stonebreakers*, or recall the recollection of the *Funeral of Ornans*, without remembering the storm that these paintings evoked at their appearance, and the overflowing insults poured upon their courageous initiator; and remembering that tempest of insults, not to inquire into its origin nor to search for the error or partiality by which such a just and powerful style, proclaiming itself at once so democratic and so thoroughly French, could excite so much anger and become a sort of public scandal?

Was the innovation too audacious? Did it contrast too violently with settled habits or prejudices?

No doubt there was a considerable distance between this indigenous art, taken out of the solitudes of the country, and the traditional style then reigning, and nourished from eternal Greek

and Roman founts, to which had been added, under Louis Philippe, the foreign poets, Dante, Shakespeare, and Byron. But without broaching any theory which would be misplaced here, we may say that an artist is nowhere forbidden to look around him and borrow from the surrounding society his subjects and models. There are even nations, the Belgians and the Dutch, who have no other principle in their art. Can it be said their painting is wanting in character and elevation? Let Rembrandt and Van der Helst reply. Nor is this point of view peculiar to the Low Countries; it is found a little everywhere in Europe. German Holbein and Spanish Velasquez are two admirable painters who have utilised their art to represent the society of their time, and to portray the circle in which they lived. Nor is that all. If we wish to see the truth, do we not find in the works of Raphael himself subjects, and those not the least beautiful of his works, inspired by reality alone? Whence did the Florentine art proceed; and those primitive masters, so highly esteemed now; what was the source of their inspiration?

It seems as if we as a nation forget our own history, for was it not truth that Louis David sought above all other things, when, seizing upon events within reach, he designed his *Oath of the Tennis-players*, and traced upon his canvas the revolutionary episodes? Turn also to Géricault. Was there ever a being more intensely possessed by a daily life spirit, or a greater lover of human spectacle? What is his *Wreck of the Medusa*, if it is not a contemporary episode of the artist, like a positive leading article in a journal, translating into painting the most dramatic of compositions?

Certainly after February, 1848, which brought with it universal suffrage, there was nothing extraordinary in a lowly-born painter, republican alike in feeling and education, taking for the object of his art the peasants and the poor amongst whom his infancy had passed. The humility of a subject deprives it in nothing of its æsthetic value, for in art, as in literature, all consists in the handling, execution, and style. Courbet wished to paint a village funeral, to show labourers mending the high roads, and he had a right to do so. All that could be demanded of him was that his impression should be sincere and strongly expressed. Were these two conditions fulfilled? We know to-day, by the profound unity of his life and work, that his sincerity was complete and absolute; and coming to his executive qualities, what artist or connoisseur

will contest them? He knew how to invest with a poetic interest scenes common in themselves, which he thereby raised to the highest summit of art; he painted persons taken from the lower grades of the social scale with a gravity, a strength, and degree of character ordinarily reserved for gods, heroes, or kings. It was to pursue on another ground and from another point of sight the suspended work of David and Géricault once more. By what misunderstanding was such a legitimate attempt met by imprecations and cries of fury?

The response is not difficult to give now. The work of Courbet was enveloped in the political reaction of 1850; and, victim of the same hate, it was crushed by the same blows as the Republic of February, which is not astonishing when we compare facts and dates.

In 1849, when the Salon opened, two days after the manifestation of the 13th of June, there was no suspicion attached to the *After Dinner at Ornans.* Although this work contained the germ of the artist's system, it was far too isolated at the Salon, too drowned amongst an important exhibition of landscapes, to arouse any serious doubts; and in fact it was only made an opportunity of congratulation to its author, to whom a second medal was awarded, a very happy and imprudent recompense, freeing the artist from the verdict of future juries, and permitting him without further restraint to paint in his own fashion for the remainder of his life—a permission of which he made use without delay.

In 1850, I do not know why, the Salon was to open at the end of December for a three months' duration. The nation was passing just then through a particularly gloomy period, and a political reaction exercised an enormous tension. The Right and the President, sometimes together and sometimes separately, hunted the Republic to destruction, and every one, with the exception of Courbet, had a presentiment of the coming catastrophe. He alone, never supposing, besides, that political hurricanes could ever disturb the skies or trouble the peaceful azure of art, immersed himself in his painting and resolved to make a violent effort. He sent in numerous works, which may be incidentally noted as proving an extraordinary capacity for work. There were three large compositions, the *Funeral of Ornans*, the *Stonebreakers*, and the *Return from the Fair;* two landscapes from the *Banks of the Loue;* four portraits, amongst which was his own, afterwards known as *The Man with the Pipe*, another of *Berlioz*, that of

Francis Wey, and, in order to testify to his contemporaries that he was in the general movement of ideas, that of *Jean Journet* setting out for the conquest of universal harmony with his wallet full of socialistic pamphlets.

The painter wished to get spoken of—he succeeded beyond his desires. Who can have forgotten it? It was like a trumpet-sound bursting through the exhibition, shaking and shattering the windows.

The artistic side was unseen, the personages represented alone were regarded. What? The national studios had been closed, the working classes had been subdued in the streets of Paris, and the middle classes favoured in the Conservatoire! In the Rue de Poitiers ignoble conventicles had arranged old party alliances, universal suffrage had been cut down, and three millions of electors disfranchised, and yet here was the vile multitude re-appearing in paint! It was too much! Whence came these peasants, these stonebreakers, these hungry and ragged wretches taking for the first time their mute positions between the nude divinities of Greece and the gentlemen in plumes of the Middle Ages? Nothing less than the sinister advanced guard of *Jacques*, whom public anxiety, nourished by prevailing rascality and imbecility, represented with torch in hand and knapsack on back, rising to assault the elections of 1852.

The clamour they brought down was overpowering and irresistible; to attempt to discuss, reason, or offer arguments from history or æstheticism, became impossible, and equally so, to listen or obtain a hearing. Indignant notices rained like April showers. Courbet was a charlatan thirsting for mere advertisement, a barbarous stranger to delicacy, a gross ignoramus, and a drunken helot. Never had a brush-holding man seen so many insults flying around him.

He was happily of that hard, calcareous nature which encounters alike showers and thunderbolts without flinching. Nature had even formed him to revel amidst the tempest, and, like Neptune, he laughed at the raging of unchained waves. When the Salon closed he exhibited his works at Besançon, where they met with the same result.

The Second of December arrived, to suppress together liberty and fear. The trembling ceased their agitation, for France was garrotted; and to settle the position, his models, or those who could have served him as such, were transported wholesale.

The state of siege, volleys, and general deportation became grave, and Courbet reflected. "If my peasants," said he, "shock the preservers of my country, I can send their wives. The woman of the fields certainly does not meddle with subversive sentiments, so perhaps mine may find grace in the eyes of the new masters of opinion." With his palette-knife, therefore, and in one of the loveliest landscapes of Franche-Comté, whose heights are crenelated with lofty grey rocks, and in the full and radiant light of day, he placed his *Village Ladies bestowing Charity on a Cowherd* (1852). On the shores of the river he loved so well, because his youth had been passed by it—the Loue—in the misty light of a clustering wood, pierced by a ray of sunlight gliding from branch to branch, he displayed the carnal splendours of his *Bathers* (1853); in the silence of a tiny room, near her wheel at rest, softly slumbered his *Spinning Girl* (1853); and on a grey harmonious background of mingled flour and dust, amongst piled-up sacks, he designed his *Wheatscreeners* (1855). They were so many episodes of rustic life, quiet and active by turns, simple touching events, treated according to their subject in a masterly vigour or a ravishing simplicity.

But his female peasants caused as much disgust as the males. Again was the artistic side confounded with the scene: none could see the poetic charm of his *Wheatscreeners*, and his *Spinning Girl* was hastily termed a public-house wench, whilst the *Bathers* above all set the pens flying in excitement. One might be accustomed to see mythological nymphs and conventional nudities, but to meet on the thick grass a robust and strongly-developed matron, simply produced shrieks. The artist was accused of a love of triviality; only as the spectre of socialism had disappeared, and the artist's resumption of his pastorals was very inoffensive, some regard was paid to his mania, insult giving way to laughter, and puns, songs and caricatures succeeding epithets.

He felt it was useless to struggle against such minds, for where was the use of frenzy; his life and energy would be misplaced. He resolved, therefore, to seek in another direction, and without abandoning his ideas, avoid giving offence and allow the great consoler, Time, to work for him. But before doing so he wished to collect in a memorable work the seven years just vanished. In 1855 he produced *The Studio*, the most astonishing by its thoughtfulness as it was the most extraordinary by its workmanship of all

his executed works. He is represented in the centre of the work, occupied on a landscape of Franche-Comté, surrounded by friends, visitors, and models. There is his artistic life contained in one page, with a vista of persons, habits, and costumes of the time. What will not be the value of that work in another century? If there existed now such speaking images of the studios of the old masters, of Velasquez, Titian, and Raphael, with what respectful admiration they would be surrounded!

This chapter of his life thus closed, he retook his palette and produced at hazard travels, landscapes, marine pieces, flowers, animals, portraits, hunting scenes, everything that fell in the way of the clearest and best-organised vision that ever existed; and without precisely shunning humanity, he paid more attention to nature, for which he felt a tender love. Eager to penetrate the new world he had thus opened for himself, he encountered, like the navigators of old, the happiest surprises, virgin lands, where none had yet set foot, with prospects and landscapes which may be truly said to have hitherto remained undiscovered. He mounted these heights of freedom with dilating lungs; he dived into mysterious *antres*, where for him were displayed the curiosities of unknown haunts; and each time that he thus plunged into the bosom of nature, like a man who has been through a hive and comes out covered with honey, he reappeared full of poetry and charm.

He descended the ravines where springs are born in the sweating of the rocks, and witnessed the mingling of these drops of water, letting their mimic cascades glide between his fingers, and saw the brook bubbling between pebbles and moss, and running over its silver sands. None had ever thus painted nature's features so frankly or freely. Who can contemplate the *Brook of the Black Well*, *The Source of the Loue*, or the *Covered Brook*, without fancying the pure breeze on his face coming from those fresh and radiant landscapes where grey rocks, running waters, and green grasses are combined in so many happy ways?

The wide forest, where the trees resembled columns supporting a dome of verdure shot with numberless sunny darts, with its lights and shadows, its silence and its noises, all had for him a singular attraction. Almost as much a hunter as a painter, he more than once interrupted a study to drop his brush and seize his gun for a flying shot. These hunting exploits are recorded in

a series of masterpieces, alone sufficient to elevate several painters to fame: for instance, *The Hind at Bay in the Snow;* the *Stag in the Water;* the *Poachers;* the *Quarry*, a piece that the Bostonians purchased at ten thousand dollars for their club; and the *Death of the Stag*, a panoramic landscape, with a snowy background, where the cracking of a stout thong brings the yelping pack to reason and dominates the scene. Such were his wintry joys. In the spring he saw the stags fighting madly with each other, whilst the frightened doe, object and prize in this deadly duel, fled away confusedly; and his rendering of it in his *Stags Fighting* was the great success of the Salon of 1861. He followed the track of the roebuck, and through the leafage, with bated breath, watched these charming animals in their hidden lairs establishing a refuge to shelter the fruit of their love. This was the subject of the *Haunt of the Roebuck*, whose appearance at the Salon of 1866 excited such unanimous admiration.

The sea, again, was the occasion for numerous triumphs. Even fonder of swimming than of hunting, he loved it for its own sake, and never unmindful that space is more vast than matter, he established at the first glance the true proportion of the three elements—earth, sea, and sky—in a picture. Except in some special marine pieces, as in the admirable *Stormy Sea*, now in the Luxembourg, he much preferred the sky for his subject. In mist, rain, and sunlight alike, his knife followed all the movements of the atmosphere with a surprising agility; and one summer, at Trouville, he produced thirty marine views in as many days, hardly working more than an hour or two each afternoon.

Paris is like the ocean in its fabrication of clouds, and is celebrated for its sunsets. Courbet conceived the idea of painting them, and in 1871 he wrote to me from Sainte-Pélagie,—"I have an idea—a birdseye view of Paris, with skies, as I have done with marines. It is a glorious opportunity, as there is a gallery all round the top of the house. It was constructed by M. Ouvrard—splendid. But an unequalled brutality forbids me my working tools." He added in a postscript: "Make haste, the weather is magnificent." Alas! the weather had plenty of time to change, for the authorisation could not be obtained.

Courbet would not have become the great painter we so much admire had he not attacked the nude, and had not struggled in his turn with the problems of flesh-painting. "It is flesh that is so difficult to render, that unctuous whiteness, equal, without

being pale or dull, the mixture of red and blue, that imperceptible transpiration, the blood, the life, which are the colourist's despair. He who has acquired the feeling of flesh-painting has made a great step in advance; the rest is nothing in comparison. A thousand have died, as thousands more will do, without having known the sentiment" (Diderot). The problem is even more difficult than Diderot stated it, in that he makes no account of the reflects. Courbet attacked it at first with an appalling vigour and then with a softened grace which succeeded in filling all amateurs with delight. From the *Bathers* of 1853, accused of grossness and heaviness, he mounted to the elegant nudity of a Parisienne. His palette, a little black at first, lightened rapidly, his shadows became light and transparent. Flesh, veritable flesh, rolled off his palette-knife. He became impassioned with his work and continued it joyfully, painting women of every colour and in every possible position, under all lights, from the sun on the shore to the green in the wood and the dusk of the boudoir. The Exhibition has gathered them in a considerable number, and they are wonders. Here was the culminating point of his art, and the contemplation of the modelling of these lovely bosoms and arms, with the freshness and radiance of the skin, brings with it no fatigue. Cite if you will the grandest names in painting, but I do not believe real life has ever before been so closely rendered. Could Diderot see the fashion in which Courbet has treated his "unctuous whiteness, equal, without being pale or dull," which delighted his imagination, he would exclaim aloud with pleasure.

It was a principle with Courbet that beauty is scattered everywhere, and that nature in her combinations of form and colour possesses a power and wealth of invention which defy human competition. "Why should I seek to see in the world what does not exist," he would say, "and disfigure by efforts of imagination that which does?" In that was the rule of his life and the truthful expression of his art. His inner excitement never sprang from the thought but from the sense of the external spectacle: he could not paint what he had never seen. It is for that reason he painted no *Nymphs*, substituting for the conventional image an actual and living personage whom he called a *Bather*. I have a catalogue before me attributing to him a pretended *Job*. Courbet never painted a Job, and the idea of such a thing never occurred to him. The Job in question was painted in 1844, and repre-

sents *A Pirate taken Prisoner by the Bey of Algiers*, as it is described in the artist's own catalogue of his works in the Exhibition of 1855. His celebrated reply, too, is well known, when having been consulted by a pupil respecting the face of an angel. "What do you want with an angel? Have you ever seen one?" "No." "Well, then leave it alone, and paint the portrait of your father, whom you've seen every day."

This doctrine shuts out equally the past and the future, and would have been fatal to any other. In him it was an assistance to his two prominent faculties, which, beside, form the best part of any artist—an exquisite sensibility and an incomparable workmanship; and there we find a happy counterpoise to a theory otherwise narrow.

If Courbet could only paint what he saw, it must be confessed his view was excellent, and better than any other's. His eye was the surest and finest mirror, from which the most delicate clouds and the most fleeting of expressions could not escape. To this exceptional faculty of sight was allied an equal facility of rendering. He painted in a thick pigment, but without scratchiness or sharpness, and his pictures are smooth as glass, with the brilliance of enamel. He obtained with the same stroke modelling and movement by the single accuracy of tone, which, laid on with his palette-knife, acquired an extraordinary intensity. I know of no richer colourisation, nor any that gains more by age.

With such a surety of hand and clearness of glance Courbet was fit to paint everything, and from thence flowed almost playfully the universal facility of his realisations. I have shown him as a painter of figures and landscapes, of animals, oceans, and seas; I could continue the series with his fruits, flowers, and fish, bringing alike to all his originality of style and execution. His flowers and fruits stand alone: from the first touch the artificial disappears, having nothing in common with the conventional renderings. See that plateful of fruit—there is no preconceived idea of arrangement; again, that bunch of flowers at the foot of the tree, against a background of dark sky—is it not thus that nature composes them?

In this manner he traversed the circle of art, taking in turn all things visible, without haste or pressure, as chance and the current of life brought them before him. It could be said of him that he was eminently receptive, and can it be contested that this is precisely the essential quality of an artist?

Whilst Courbet thus accomplished his work of incessant production, time had reconciled public opinion with him. The moral and political situation, too, became changed; the world forgot the sanguinary spectre and the imaginary *Jacques* of 1852, and admitted that France had but one enemy—the Empire. The vanquished ones of that year re-asserted themselves, and now filled both the tribune and the press; the dead arose as it were from their tombs, to protest against an execrated *régime*. Democracy swelled like the overflowing sea, the order of facts and ideas, first announced by the master of Ornans, became day by day more widely justified, and the moment arrived when a complete understanding was evolved. All false susceptibility, delicacy, and hatred vanished; the part played in art, with its social destination, appeared; and Courbet recognised as an uncontested master, who could guide the youthful into new paths.

Next came 1870, the invasion, the siege, and the Commune. . . . . But I have agreed not to dwell upon the private life of the artist, to be silent upon his actions, nor to hint that, contrary to the generally accepted opinion, he was not privy to the destruction of the Vendôme Column; and that he was not mixed up in the decision, preparation, or execution of this measure, as will one day be abundantly demonstrated by unexceptional witness. . . . . The poor hunted artist passed the frontier and found shelter at Tour de Peilz. He could still produce remarkable works, such as his father's *Portrait*, *The Trout*, and several landscapes. But his heart was no longer in his work, and there were wanting, with repose of mind, two things, without which an artist struggles in vain—models and appreciators. He declined daily. One morning those grand eyes, which opened so widely before nature, and so surely analysed its harmonies of colour, closed; the powerful hand, which by brush or knife reproduced the spectacle of living life with an accuracy unknown before, dropped inert. Gustave Courbet was dead.

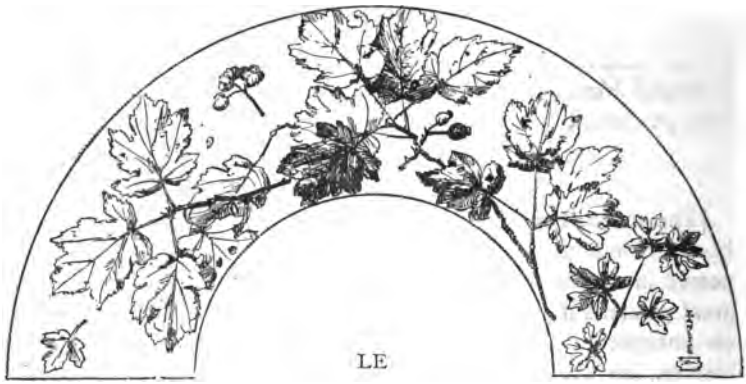
Death is the supreme peacemaker. In arresting the struggle, and hurrying away the athlete, all angry passions are disarmed, and calmness gathers around the memory of the departed. Hatred ceases and rivalry subsides, whilst amidst the universal silence Justice arises to pronounce the final judgment.

This judgment will be a reparation towards Courbet, as was testified by the triumphal applause at the sale of his works when

it was announced that the *Stags Fighting*, the *Hallali*, the *Wounded Man*, and the *Young Man with the Leathern Belt*, had been purchased by the State, and would never quit France.

CASTAGNARY.

[The more than hinted-at justification of Courbet has since been accomplished. In a series of articles which have just appeared in *Le Temps*, M. Castagnary has indubitably established the great painter's innocence. This demonstration, which throws such an unexpected light on an obscure point in our contemporary history, has produced a profound sensation in the press and artistic world, and may be said to have completely and thoroughly relieved the public conscience. A pamphlet on the subject, containing the above-mentioned articles, will be published by Dentu in February next.—ED.]



SALON DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS.

HO can foresee the destiny of the above words in the vocabulary of our good French tongue? Five or six years ago the expression, *les arts décoratifs* (decorative art), was almost unused, and the term, *les arts appliqués à l'industrie* (art applied to industrial manufactures), was used in preference. To-day, however, the first expression is to be met with everywhere, in books, newspapers, and official schools of design; it has an annual *salon* or exhibition which, with a gigantic lottery, have so acclimatised the words that, in mentioning *les arts décoratifs*, every one comprehends that an art in connection with the ornamentation of common objects, our abodes and palaces, is meant, which art has to submit to certain settled conditions. For those who wish to know how this term became popular the following particulars may not be uninteresting.

In the month of August, 1876, four persons were assembled in a restaurant on the Boulevards: they were Messrs. L. de Lajolais, one of the valiant creators of the Central Union, and who has always remained its soul; Léon G., founder of the journal *L'Art*; Eugène Veron, the editor; and lastly, the subscriber, then secretary, to the said journal. M. G. had brought with him a mysterious roll of paper, which apparently promised a surprise for dessert; which, in fact, being unrolled and read, proved to be an

eloquent article demonstrating the urgent necessity for founding in France a South Kensington Museum. Statistics were cited to prove that our commerce dwindled before foreign competition in rich and expensive manufactures. In face of the efforts made by Austria, England, Germany, and the United States, to develop clever workmen by the universal teaching of design, resulting in the ravishment of our supremacy of artistic manufactures in the European market, it was urgent to act, and the first thing to do was to establish a museum for workmen as there already existed in other nations. The Government, occupied by politics, had no time to remember the great interests threatened; it became important, therefore, for private enterprise to supplant official inaction. Consequently *L'Art* opened a subscription, and M. G., under different names, headed the list with several large amounts.

But by what name was the enterprise to be known? Opinions differed. One proposed, *The French South Kensington Museum.* Impossible! Another, *Museum of Sumptuary Art.* At last M. de Lajolais cried, "Let us call it the *Musée des Arts décoratifs.* It is good French and expresses our object. Let us adopt it."

This title has succeeded well. This is not the place to recount all the vicissitudes of our poor museum, and our desperate efforts to found it on a proper footing. With an incredible energy, which one day will have justice rendered to it, M. G., in the midst of his multifarious duties, gave himself up to the patriotic work it was necessary at any pains to establish. He succeeded in arranging a committee of over two hundred patrons, wherein figured the highest names in literature, art, finance, and the Parliamentary world. When the undertaking seemed to be in the right path to success, and he and his lieutenants had obtained the necessary promises of subscriptions for the creation of such a museum, M. G., with uncommon modesty retired, leaving to the Society of the Central Union the care of finishing what he had so well commenced.

The result is now known. The Association, under the presidency of the Duke de Chaulnes, commenced the collection of the museum at first in the Pavilion of Flora, and next at the Palais de l'Industrie, and, it must be confessed, met with, neither from the Government nor the public, the support it had a right to expect. Chosen Secretary by the Committee of Directors, I saw closely from the commencement with what ardour and activity

these men of the world, artists and business men, set to work, obliged to snatch, in spite of their ordinary pursuits, the necessary time for the proper administration of the work, and I may therefore be allowed to bear testimony to their devotion. The Committee met twice or three times a week, and we gathered by subscription about £10,000, which was laid out in the purchase, at the Exposition Universelle of 1878, of remarkable works, and in organising other exhibitions. Rules were established, and methods of teaching adopted after long and careful study. A sympathy of the best augury surrounded the enterprise, the Chambers of Commerce promising their assistance, and sending their subscriptions from all parts of France; petitions were circulated for signature by the leaders of the Parisian trade praying the State to sustain by substantial aid an institution whose creation has been demanded through long years by eminent men. Unfortunately the swiftness with which ministers have succeeded each other since 1878 has not allowed the Government to come to any decision, which, however, daily becomes more imperatively necessary, and Bills on the subject accumulate without bringing any result.

It is then after four years of struggles and efforts in every way that the founders of the museum drawing more closely the bonds attaching them to the CENTRAL UNION OF ART APPLIED TO INDUSTRY, formed a new association with it, which from the commencement of 1882 has borne the title of the CENTRAL UNION OF DECORATIVE ART. The former President, M. E. André, having been compelled by ill-health to retire, M. Antonin Proust was elected his successor.

This long preamble has not been altogether useless, first, to explain the real origin of the museum which until now has been imperfectly given; and next, to show the chain of thought connecting it with the SALON OF DECORATIVE ART inaugurated this year at the Palais de l'Industrie. Succeeding the systematic exhibitions organised by the Directors of the Museum, this salon, which it is to be hoped will be opened annually, is destined to complete the ordinary one of painting and sculpture, by drawing public attention to an important group of clever artists, worthy of reputation but possibly little known.

The world nowadays is apt to decide on the quality of a picture or a statue; it is familiar with that sort of production, and accustomed by the exhibitions to appreciate the good and bad of the works. But in passing judgment upon a piece of jewellery,

furniture, embroidery, or a ceramic panel, the public has no other element of appreciation than the badly-regulated instinct of taste generally founded on the chances of fashion. The technical knowledge necessary is wanting, and it would therefore prefer to deny the difficulties and interest of an art, of which the secrets, and resources, the condition in which it moves, and the masters who practise it are unknown, albeit there are many of these masters at this moment of a far superior talent to a host of painters fêted, worshipped, and infinitely decorated; the truth being, that decorative art, contrary to general belief, demands a skill of handiwork, an ingenuity of conception, and a solidity of education far greater than are generally dreamed of.

There are now designers working for these industries, who without any of the haughtiness of certain canvas daubers, and making, perhaps, but a scanty living in their assiduous application to a work neither hyperbolically praised or exalted by the press, nor extravagantly encouraged by collectors, possess none the less far more serious and admirable qualities justifying the celebrated axiom—Art is all. When Raphael, Holbein, Le Caravage, Albert Dürer, Le Brun, and many other illustrious artists designed models of decorative art, it certainly never occurred to them that they might be engaged in inferior work. Their genius traversed every form of art: that is all.

The Salon of Decorative Art which, thanks to the Central Union, will be opened annually at the Palais de l'Industrie, will have the felicity of bringing under the eyes of the public and offering for critical examination, a style of productions in which art plays the greatest part, but which has been frequently judged with the lightness of ignorance; and it will not be long before its visitors, who at present content themselves with a passing glance at its thousand objects, furniture, jewellery, ornaments, and so on, and are contented to utter the parrot-cry, "Charming! very pretty! capital!" it will not be long, I repeat, before they will feel awakened the desire for a more careful examination. Comparisons will naturally occur, taste will become purer. The Parisians who show such a lively enjoyment of the Salon of painting will experience no less attachment for this one, where they will learn to admire and criticise throughout its details, in its architectural form and capricious attractions, the work destined to adorn their abodes. They will inquire after the artists, to-day disdained, who have designed the beautiful stuffs, the magnificent

goldsmiths' work, lamps, jewels, and furniture, establishing the necessary distinction between the talents displayed by observing their different degrees. On their side also, these industrial artists, by the sudden light of opinion then thrown on them, will acquire a higher sense of emulation, and, better understood by their customers, will no doubt make fresh efforts with their progress.

A few words will suffice to give an idea of what was, for its commencement, the inaugural Salon of Decorative Art, opened on the 1st of May and only recently closed. To tell the truth, the organisers have had too little time—a resolution having been come to very late—to give it the extent and finish it should have possessed. It is not an easy task to collect the finest works produced in the course of the year by our cabinet-makers, jewellers, weavers, &c. Without speaking of the decorative painters and sculptors, whose work, executed generally on the spot for mansions and castles, cannot be displaced, there must be a certain self-denial on the part of the customers who wish for the use of the works specially constructed for them, to part with them for several months. It cannot be said that there were any great masterpieces at this salon of decorative art this year. For instance, there was missing the marvellous festal carriage made by the Binders' for an American nabob, nor the epergne of Fannière Brothers, nor the astonishing little Gothic clock, so finely chiselled by Bapst and Falize, for a great London amateur, nor the majestic piano of M. Beurdeley, equally made for England, nor the delicious suite of furniture imagined by M. Fourdinois for a Count at Lille; but all these things were of the present year, and were so many masterpieces of art.

On the other side, however, the exhibition was sufficiently compact as to leave no doubt of its aims and proposed intentions. The catalogue comprised 517 lots, indicated in the ten divisions following, adopted for the rational and logical classification of objects. 1. Decorative architecture; 2. Decorative sculpture; 3. Decorative painting; 4. Gold and iron work; 5. Tapestry; 6. Ceramics, enamels, and glass; 7. Furniture; 8. Hangings and tissues; 9. Costumes; 10. Printing and publications.

In the first it will suffice to mention the plans of M. Guifard for M. Bonnat's house, and that of M. Sandier, which elicited the truest success. In sculpture it was the model of M. Falguière for the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, which attracted the public

most; but by the side of this thoroughly interesting work were the bas-reliefs of M. Barrias for the Pavilion de Marsan, the fantastic animals of M. Fremiet for fire-dogs; the pediments, gargoyles, and ornamental motives for the new Hotel de Ville of Paris, by M. Moreau-Vauthier and M. Legrain.

The section of painting was particularly instructive, not only for the admirable works (the word is not too strong) of an utterly unknown artist, so to speak, M. Galland, and also of M. Cagin, but also for the excellent idea of the committee in placing certain paintings in their real frames and positions.

Thus were seen the ceilings of M. Carolus Duran, the *Glorification of Marie de Médicis* (Salon of 1880), and that of M. Gervex, for the Marriage Hall of the XIXth arrondissement, actually displayed as ceilings for the visitors to see over their heads at the same distance, and in the same perspective, as they will eventually occupy. To say these works gained by being exposed in this manner would be perhaps to exceed the truth; but what an experimental lesson for our decorators, who, far from following the example of the old masters, pretend to execute in their studios, works destined to ornament palaces and mansions, and thus fall into rank heresies respecting colour, harmony, and general proportions.

The sword of honour presented to General Cissey, chiselled in silver by the firm Froment-Meurice, was one of the most remarkable things in the goldsmiths' department. A handsome frame in damascened iron, by M. Gauvin, a mirror frame of M. Favier, and models of Messrs. Boucheron, Debut, and Coulon, were equally notable. In the tapestry department, the plans of Chabal-Dussurgey, Diéterle, and Lechevallier-Chevignard were beyond comparison in their style; as in that of ceramics were the compositions of Messrs. Avisse and Carrier-Belleuse, the handsome plates whose designs were so pure and firm executed by the painter Cazin, the Japanese vase of M. Collinot, and the cartoons of stained-glass windows by M. Reiber for the mansion of Mr. Vanderbilt, New York, &c. The other sections were not very conspicuous.

Each of the works we have mentioned merits a fuller description and could well serve for a separate essay on the actual state of decorative art. It would be a most attractive duty for the critic, since it would allow him to break an unjust silence of my lady Fame respecting many artists not yet crushed by her gifts,

and whom an unobservant public passes by, ignorant only of their value. But the Salon of Decorative Art is Closed, and these notes have no other object than of commemorating a worthy attempt, deserving of the warmest encouragement on account of the result it may have on the development of public taste and the progress of our national industries.

VICTOR CHAMPIER.

EXHIBITION OF THE UNION CENTRALE DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS.

Retrospective Rooms.

THE Exhibition of Ancient Objects comprised within the three classifications, "Wood," "Tissue," and "Paper," which opened this summer and remained on view up to the middle of November, in the rooms on the first storey of the Palais de l'Industrie, is the seventh hitherto organised by the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs.

It has been by far the best arranged and the most varied and well stocked. The general public, as well as amateurs, critics, and workmen, had no difficulty in finding their way through its admirably-defined sections. Taken in conjunction with the great International Exhibition at the Trocadéro, in 1878, nothing of such an agreeably instructive character had ever been seen.

Several hundred thousand persons visited and studied it according to their tastes or wishes, and carried away the recollection of a museum essentially modern, a dictionary whose pages might easily be consulted. The Exhibition necessitated a considerable outlay in its installation, and the utmost activity of the committee of consultation, who prepared the programmes, and of the sub-committees, who entered into direct relations with the owners of

the marvels exhibited. The undertaking, from a financial point of view, must have added quite £4,000 to the treasury of the Société des Arts Décoratifs, which has furnished constantly increasing evidence of the benefits flowing from a disinterested initiative and systematic aim.

The Mobilier National, the Archives, the Bank of France, the Cabinet des Médailles, the Ministries of Finance and of Marine, the Conservatoire de Musique, the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, the Bibliothèque Mazarine and the Library of the Chamber of Deputies stepped gallantly forward, with our wealthy and cultured lovers of art; and thus we find the cases ornamented, irrespective of origin, with the highest class of furniture, rare or unique specimens of books and engravings, carved wood, Chinese and Japanese stuffs, and Persian paper. The only exception made has been in respect to the Mobilier National, which in addition to its special attraction afforded instruction in chronological order.

To complete the display, the South Kensington Museum of London and the Museum at Buda Pesth, in Hungary, sent each a waggon filled with samples of national fabrics and em broideries. This selection from the itinerant series demonstrates, by the way, the practical usefulness of those museums of decora tive arts which we have advocated for twenty years past whenever we have had an opportunity of doing so, and the inauguration of which encounters an opposition which is all the more to be regretted in a country so much in need of them.

The General Catalogue of the Retrospective Museum has been divided into three fascicles, for the greater convenience and economy of the visitors. It has been printed from the notes furnished by the lenders, and corrected, where necessary, by the secretary, whose courtesy to the public is worthy of all praise, and whose perfect mastery over the minutest details of administrative work is here abundantly manifested.

Under these conditions study was made easy even to the thousands of children amongst whom the Union distributed entrance tickets week after week. The special reviews have given or are preparing learned papers on the Exhibition. Photographers have moved about with their favourite instruments wherever they have been authorised to do so by the exhibitors. M. Williamson, the Conservator of the Mobilier National, who was the joint author with M. Champeaux of an explanatory notice of its treasures, has

undertaken the literary description which is to accompany the reproduction of the most salient objects on view; thus spreading amongst the establishments devoted to these branches of industry a flood of documents altogether to the honour of the genius of our cabinet-makers, our bronze-workers, and our upholsterers of the period of Louis XIV. and the beginning of the Empire.

This is, therefore, the great artistic event of the year 1882. But I must confine myself to a few general observations.

In a permanent Museum of Decorative Arts the history of wood would require considerable treatment in detail, its uses, like its varieties, having been numberless. Here the Exhibition has been necessarily confined to its use in carving and furniture. The room reserved for that portion of it which in Italy, Spain, and Flanders has survived a thousand causes of degradation, from the worm to fashion itself, was not very brilliant. The Italian furniture has, for the most part, a pedantic aspect. The Spanish shows a prouder touch, but its architecture is *médiocre*. The Lyonnese here lost a fine opportunity of displaying their school to advantage. Save a pretty gilt altar-screen, a Virgin weeping behind her veil, a King David seated in a romantic posture; save, too, the case of M. Delaherche and that of Mme. Achille Jubinal, which brought together some baubles, a few bellows, clothes-brushes, hunting-whistles, and spectacle-cases, all delicately worked, and likewise some court fools'-caps which would be very effective in "Le Roi s'amuse," we see nothing rivalling the treasures of the Musée du Sommerard and the Musée Sauvageot. We must, however, unreservedly admire the loans of the learned Director of the Musée Céramique of Rouen, M. Gaston Le Breton, which, though modest in number, are altogether exceptional. They constitute some of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French chisel of the second half of the fifteenth century: an animated and distinguished head of a young seigneur; three women standing together, Anne de Bretagne and two ladies of her suite, a group of consummately innate and historical truth; a pretty, sobbing *bourgeoise*, coquettishly wiping away a crocodile's tear and casting an eye at the worthy moneyed man who forms a pendant to her. The influence of the Italian school misled French art at the moment it showed itself bold, accurate, and sprightly to a degree.

Nothing has survived of the furniture of civilians prior to the fifteenth century, with the exception of a few thick-set boxes, plated with iron bands, which contained the money, jewels, and

silver-ware of a castle, and in case of imminent danger were removed on the backs of mules. Viollet-le-Duc composed his "Dictionnaire du Mobilier," the soundest monument erected to the glory of our French arts, from the waifs and strays of ecclesiastical furniture buried away in country vestries, and from the pictures of manuscripts.

The Renaissance threw ridicule on this Gothic art, which, however, was so logical. In his turn Louis XIV. consigned the Renaissance to the garret or the stable, ... where I still saw, less than ten years ago, in Normandy, a marriage-chest serving the purpose of a box for oats. There remains not a vestige of this brilliant wood-work in our national storehouse except at the Château de Pau. Almost without transition, cabinets with little columns and pediments, and tables in wood supported by grotesque satyrs, were forsaken for wardrobes with solid folding-doors inlaid with ivory, and then with copper on tortoise-shell, and for *consoles*, with rich gilt-work concealing the wood. King Sol put to flight all the decorative mythology. The pompously funereal style of Boule triumphed in the drawing-rooms hung with the most heroic tissues woven at the Gobelins: the capture of cities from the "Histoire du Roy," from designs by Le Brun, the "Châteaux de France," and the daintinesses of Mignard, where Cupid in a flowing wig enters a bath after being undressed by a Psyche, who is some La Vallière.

The next room is the Salle Louis XV. Courtiers felt that they were perishing from cold in those great apartments which etiquette no longer stuffed with tapestries. The two architects who led the way to the comfortable apartment of modern times, the brothers Cuvilliez, subdivided those interminable dining-rooms and galleries. The arm-chair, that conversational boon, was made lower and broader and rounder. For gilt, or for the massive Versailles silver melted in the great disasters of the war in the Low Countries, the State began to substitute copper, which, smelted in its purity and worked witth a burin with all the boldness exhibited by the Caffieri, becomes a metal of incomparable originality. The astronomical clock preserved at the Palais de Versailles is a memorable example of decorative construction and breadth of treatment in detail. Nothing could be so well balanced, answer its purpose better, or be more abundantly flourished.

At the same time, to correspond to the tones of the natural wood, which was again making its appearance, the manufactory of

Beauvais, then in the zenith of its prosperity, sent forth the *Scènes de la Fable*, on a maize-coloured ground, by Boucher; the *History of Don Quixote*, from the designs of Coypel; as also, a little later, those *Jeux Russiens*, after Le Prince, which, hung at the farther end of the Chambre Louis XVI., so artistically disposed here, have absolutely the dull charm of a well-touched *gouache*.

The sale of the Duke of Hamilton's collections has just revealed to the public the enormous prices privately attained during the past few years by five specimens of eighteenth-century furniture. Did not one of the leading barons in the financial world pay 730,000 francs for a chest of drawers inlaid with Sèvres china? What sum might not be reached by the staircase lamp here suspended in the passage from the bedroom to the second Salle Louis XVI., and which comes from the Trianon? Never, in any other country or at any other period, has there been produced an equally exquisite effect with the same sobriety of treatment: a little bronze, chiselled and gilt on a bluish ground, arrow-headed uprights, arched brackets, a girdle consisting of rural emblems and musical instruments, and just two little figures of infant-satyrs.

Patrons of art and foreign museums have acted wisely in arming themselves with formidable rolls of bank-notes, to secure those escritoires in *marqueterie;* those tables at which young matrons, according to the engravings of Moreau the younger, drank the broth which followed the ceremony of their churching; those desks and box-stands which the Convention saved from the hands of the foreigner, by distributing them throughout the ministerial departments; those scarcely-curved couches, the backs of which are crowned with bouquets of flowerets, as finely hollowed out in the wood as if the instrument had attacked a tough piece of metal.

A little bit of furniture in an adjacent room contains the entire æsthetics of this school before it was spoilt through the mad imitation of the antique, as brought into fashion by the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and eulogised to such excess by the Abbé Barthélemy in his "Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis." It is a very small desk, with a door that unrolls, supported on four slightly-curved feet. It belongs to the active and courteous Vice-President of the Central Union, M. Bouilhet. Eugène Delacroix wrote of it as follows:—"There are some marvellous lines here: the straight, the regular serpentine, and, above all, two serpentines. When man creates them the elements gnaw them

away." The man who created this desk wished it to be taken in its curves, above, below, in front, behind, and at the sides: he has made of it an expression of the most undulating harmony.

It is well, therefore, that such examples should be placed under the eyes of our manufacturers and industrial artists. They manifest vigour in their execution, signed, as they are, by such hands as those of Boule, Caffieri, Reisener, Gouthière, and Thomire. They impel them to resume the French method, which underwent considerable deterioration under the influence of the Roman pedantry, and holds supreme sway in the upper regions of instruction. What could be more ingenious than the vase offered by the City of Paris to General Lafayette, and signed "*Thomire*, 1785"—the British leopard in chains, the Gallic cock crowing a salute to the aurora of Liberty, and syrens ornamenting the prows of the city? What a pretty distribution of forms, profiles, light, and colour!

In a quiet little room, however, occupied, we believe, by the exhibits of M. Pecquereau, our manufacturers ought to seek hints that will enable them to supply the public with furniture, &c., of a less hard and "staring" kind than that which followed the Empire and Restoration. In this *salle* is to be found the pretty *bourgeois* furniture of the eighteenth century, represented in the vignettes of Hubert Gravelot—the round-backed fauteuils; cane-bottomed chairs; the marble *consoles;* the brackets so admirably adapted to filling out-of-the-way corners; the buffet, behind the glass doors of which glittered the faïences of Nevers and Rouen; the Normandy wardrobe, enlivened with billing doves and garlands of roses, or a bunch of corn surmounted by apple clusters! Such is real French art!

Let us pass to the room reserved for the produce of the extreme East. Left and right were cases containing a complete series of woven fabrics from the twelfth century, and probably even from the eighth, down to the commencement of the Revolution. A more than passing reference to this section would lead us into over-lengthy details. The Musée de Lyon has clearly proved that Philippe de la Salle, who worked for the manufacturers under Louis XVI., was a painter and designer of considerable taste. Not only must silken fabrics of superior quality and colouring be employed, but they must be adapted to the particular decorative period; and the fact that he thoroughly understood this necessity explains the extent to which the stuffs in question were chosen for

dresses, waistcoats, and curtains in France and other countries. Feminine taste has now abandoned damasks and delicately or sumptuously embroidered fabrics in favour of smooth stuffs, the tints of which are no doubt infinitely varied and charming. The dyer and dressmaker have carried the day, and we can only hope that the fashion will change.

In the Oriental room, colour was all powerful. Scarcely any furniture is used in China or Japan, where soft fine-woven cloth is so much worn that the natives seem to care little about the comfort of arm-chairs or beds. The Japanese take their meals at tables as low as those used by the ancient Romans, and concentrate their ideas of luxury in statuettes and the mural adornment of their apartments. No country produces finer, more prettily-grained specimens of the pine-tree than are to be found in the primeval forests of Niphon. The Mikado's apartments are said to be entirely free from gilt, colouring, or varnish, and depend for ornamentation on the artistic manner in which different kinds of woods are blended, inlaid, and arranged.

Mr. Bing, who unites the qualities of a critical collector to information personally acquired in Japan, greatly contributed, with his multi-coloured cloths, screens, and innumerable other knick-knacks, to the adornment of this room. He exhibited light cedar panels inlaid with strips of some black wood so delicately and neatly that a close examination was required to decide that Indian ink had not been employed with a fine brush. M. Proust, the President of the Union des Arts Décoratifs, and the untiring promoter of the proposed Musée des Arts Décoratifs, lent for exhibition a many-hued wooden screen wonderfully inlaid with figures in painted ivory. Besides this, in the compartments allotted to M. Montefiore, M. de Vigan, and "the writer of these lines" (to use the recognised formula), were to be seen wooden statuettes, curiously and strikingly carved, and *netzukes*, or fancy buttons, which are used to attach a pipe or writing-case to the girdle.

But we must not forget to mention the square pieces of embroidered cloth, called *foukusas*, in which are enveloped, for transmission by a servant, the presents to be sent to a relative or a neighbour. The designs are supplied by designers, and are subsequently copied with the needle by embroiderers, who, by alternating and changing the direction of the silk, obtain an intense sheen and play of colour, and evolve birds, landscapes,

coats-of-arms, flowers, battles, &c. These extraordinary artists are thoroughly skilled in delighting the eye and imagination, and we may add that M. Lansyer, the landscape painter, possesses a unique collection of their products—apricot, yellow, peach-tint, salmon, lobster-red, pale-lilac, light-cream, dove-coloured, burnished-brown, &c.; just as in the music of the Greeks there are tones and fractions of tones, while we barbarians are content with simple sharps and flats. Our decorative artists are too stiff and prim, and ought to allow themselves to submit to the intoxication of these brilliant, heady, seductive combinations.

Paper succeeds wood and tissue, but in its case we must refer amateurs to the catalogue, which has been carefully drawn up by competent men. It abounds with dates, names of works which are scarcely ever met with, even in the public libraries, and mentions of rare prints.

M. Eugène Dutuit, of Rouen, contributed from his portfolios engravings typical of the leading masters and schools. M. Victorien Sardou lent a history of costumes, including productions of Cosway and Rowlandson, little known in France; M. Beurdeley, designs of ornaments and delicious vignettes by that forgotten Gabriel de Saint Aubin that the De Goncourts re-discovered; M. Eugène Piot, titles of Italian books; M. Lesouffacher, architectural specimens, &c. &c.

In conclusion, we may draw attention to the history of paper in France, collated by Poterlef, and extending the whole length of the inner gallery. It represents painted paper, replacing, in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, tapestry and mural decorations, passing from the pupils of Boucher to Prud'hon, Laffite, Carle Vernet, Zuber, Chabal-Dussurgey, Muller, and retaining characteristics of French art which have vanished from many professions and pursuits.

The Union Centrale has deserved well of all, and its objects are original and useful. It would do still better were it to inculcate honesty and conscientiousness in manufactures.

PH. BURTY,
Inspecteur des Beaux Arts.

EXHIBITIONS AT THE CLUBS.

THE Clubs, the number of which is increasing year by year, and which occupy at the present day a position of real social importance, must be henceforth something more than mere resorts for idle pleasure-seekers.

The most important among them have entered readily into the artistic movement which seems to be taking Paris by storm.

The *Cercle de l' Union Artistique*, known in the language of the Boulevards as "*Les Merlitons*," was the first to take the lead in the matter. If its example has been since followed by others, this in no way detracts from the large share of public favour which it drew to itself at the time, and which it has since managed to retain. Its exhibitions, which are held in a magnificent room on the club premises in the Place Vendôme, are patronised as, according to their desserts, they should be.

All the same we must bear in mind that the Exhibition of 1882 has not come up to the standard of its predecessors in supplying the public with the usual collection of remarkable works.

After having noticed a few pictures by Bonnat, Meissonier, and Carolus Duran, and some pieces of statuary by Franceschi and M. d'Épinay, we shall have nothing more to say on the subject of its works of art this year.

The *Cercle Artistique et Littéraire*, vulgarly called the "*Crémerie*," occupies the second place of rank among Parisian clubs,

and largely attracts the public to its exhibitions. It is presided over by a body of vigorous and energetic minds, who spare themselves no trouble in the work they have in hand, and who succeed yearly in rendering the large gallery of the Rue de Volney the resort of persons of the most varied tastes and capabilities.

The number of works exhibited this year has been considerable. It comprised upwards of two hundred and sixty pictures, fifty drawings, including water-colours and crayons, and sixteen specimens of sculpture. The productions especially deserving of notice have been those of Bastien-Lepage, Bouguereau, Henner, Luminais, and Barillot, and some fine portraits by Bonnat, Baudry, Élie Delaunay, and Paul Ferrier.

The exhibition of the works of lady-artists under the auspices of this club offers fewer points of interest. It seems that women, without the aid of their male-compeers in art, are unable to furnish an exhibition with works of merit sufficient to render it generally attractive. The vine needs the support of the elm.

A new club, that of the *Cercle Artistique de la Seine*, has managed to secure for itself, even by its maiden stroke, a creditable place among the clubs of Paris, whose business is to take cognisance of the fine arts. This will readily be believed when are cited the names of such men as Henner, Guillemet, Feyen-Perrin, Vollon, Ballavoine, Ribot, Gervex, Stévens, Détaille, Lerolle, Vuillefroy, and Humbert.

The *Cercle des Arts Libéraux*, wishing to lay just claim to its name, which may be regarded as a title, as well as a simple appellation, has, from the first year of its institution, been in the habit of organising, in one of the most charming spots of Paris, some very interesting exhibitions, at which the arts of painting, sculpture, and drawings in water-colours are equally well represented. Apart from its own annual and attractive exhibition, the *Cercle des Arts Libéraux* has courteously made offer of the use of its rooms to the association of lady-artists, whose *début* deserves notice rather as an augury of what is to be, than as a result of what has been.

The painters in water-colours, united into a rich and powerful association, and comprising from fifteen to twenty of the most distinguished names in the Paris art-world, after having occupied for three years a simple ground-floor in the Rue Laffitte, are now located in the Rue de Sèze, in a splendid building which M. Georges Petit has had constructed for them—and for himself.

The event of transition from the old site to the new was marked by the display of a fine collection of masterpieces, bearing, among other noted signatures, those of Madeleine Lemaire and MM. Ferdinand Heilbuth, Jules Worms, Édouard Détaille, Isabey, Eugène Lami, Henri Harpignies, Duez, Jourdain, Gustave Doré, John Lewis Brown, Louis and Maurice Leloir. The whole presented an admirable collection, leaving nothing to be desired in the matter of execution or composition.

Shortly afterwards the same gallery was adapted to the purposes of an exhibition of another kind—one calculated to draw crowds of admirers, which in fact it did for a period of some weeks.

This was an International Exhibition of Painting, in which Italy was represented by M. de Nittis; Germany, by M. Knaus and Menzel; Austria, by M. Charlemont; Belgium, by MM. Alfred Stévens; Spain, by M. de Madrazo; France, by MM. Jules Dupré, Gerôme, and Baudry; England, by MM. Millais and Alma-Tadema; Sweden, by M. Wahlberg; Holland, by M. Israëls; Russia, by MM. Bogolubof and Pokitonow. Two or three similar exhibitions in the course of a year are sufficient to crown it with artistic honours.

This exhibition of the works of foreign artists naturally leads us to speak of that of the Scandinavian Painters, which was inaugurated with much taste and judgment in the Avenue de l'Opéra by a young Norwegian *dilettante*, M. Pétersen-Gade, to whom we are indebted for the privilege of having been able to obtain a glimpse of the present stage of the Scandinavian School of painting. All true lovers of painting have passed some delightful hours in company with the works of such men as Normann, Hans-Gude, Hans-Heyerdahl, Ludwig Munthe, de Gerfelt, Auguste Jernberg, Christian Skredsvig, and Nicolaï Nelsten.

From this catalogue of names we ought not to omit that of Hugo Salmson, who so soon embraced the ways and manners of Paris life; that of Wahlberg, the poet of painting; or those of some charming lady-artists like Mademoiselle Christine Post and Mademoiselle Schelderup. Some of these patronymics may at first present difficulties of pronunciation to English tongues, but a little familiarity with the works of the artists soon enables one to enjoy with relish such delightful specimens of foreign art. They display simplicity in design and execution, are true to nature, and are pervaded by a tender tone of feeling.

One of the characteristics of the year which is about to close has been a tendency to specialities. The artists have separated themselves into groups as it were, each following its especial line of work. If this kind of thing continues, the art-world may possibly lose in unity what it gains in variety. The animal painters, for instance, form a sort of school apart, one which threatens to become exclusive, and which already regards itself as a recognised institution.

This body of painters held their exhibition in the Rue Saint-Honoré, in the rooms of the Panorama of Reichshoffen, and succeeded in attracting a fair share of visitors, for in Paris there are sight-seers for everything.

The names of those whose works shone most conspicuously in this somewhat restricted field of art are well known to the public, and appreciated accordingly. They were: Barillot, Jules Didier, Ferdinand Chaigneau, Diéterle, Brunet-Houard, Édouard Grand-Jean, Gridelle, Albert de Gesne, Olivier de Penne, Melin, Charles Jacque, de Vuillefroy, Veyrassat, Princetau, Camille Paris, and Hermann-Léon. These artists both love and understand nature, and know how to represent her with an admirable fidelity.

The *Artistes Indépendants* have continued this year their insignificant and useless manifestations. They raised a standard which no one will think of contesting with them, and which will certainly never lead them to the goal of victory. The aberrations to which a body of about thirty ambitious individuals are constantly subject, is a matter to be deplored, especially as some among them possess considerable talent; yet, after admitting this fact in their favour, it must be owned that they all need to begin their education afresh. The same earnest critic who comments upon the primary faults of these artists, notices also some exquisite bits of colouring among their works; but beside these are to be found crude tones and outrages on harmony sufficiently glaring to produce inflammation in sensitive eyes.

The exhibition of 1882 is the seventh which the *Indépendants* have organised to the honour of Madame Berthe Morisot, and of MM. Caillebotte, Paul Gauguin, Armand Guillaumin, Camille Pisarro, A. Sisley, Pierre-Auguste Renoir, and Victor Vignon.

PANORAMAS.

ARIS is before all things a city of fashion and of enjoyment. If, urged by the whim of the moment, it takes up with an actress or an artist, one may be sure that it will not abandon either, until it has made him or her the object of an almost intoxicating idolatry; but, on the other hand, it is equally certain that ere long it will throw away, like an old glove, that upon which shortly before it could not lavish too much attention.

These remarks are called forth by the excessive sway which *panoramas* have held among us during the present year. They are to be met with everywhere.

Their *début* was brilliant. So eagerly were they patronised at first that it seemed as if the public could never have enough of them. Crowds were to be seen flocking by turns to the Rue Saint Honoré, the Rue de Berry, and the Place de la Bastille.

The Panorama in the Rue Saint Honoré represents the *Battle of Reichshoffen*, and is the work of two young and able artists, MM. Stéphen Jacob and Poilpot, who had before distinguished themselves by the production of the "Balaclava Charge," the object of so much attention in Leicester Square. It is not so much from the battle of Reichshoffen itself as from its consequences, that the artists have drawn their inspirations, and in consequence, they have succeeded all the better in depicting to us the horrors of war. A terrible scene is presented. The dead

and dying are lying around: we see horses with their entrails torn out, batteries overturned, and heaps of burning ruins. To look at it is enough to bring on a nightmare.

The two young artists, having to treat next a very different subject, that of the serio-comic farce known in history as the taking of the Bastille, and bearing in mind that the fortress around which hung so many legends was never defended, have moulded their work accordingly, and have endeavoured to interest the visitor by a number of accessory details arranged in a clever and masterly manner, giving us a picture of Paris and the Parisians of 1789 which is very amusing.

With regard to the Battle of Champigny, MM. Alphonse de Neuville and Édouard Détaille, who are the two first battle-painters of the day, have treated it with striking power and truth. It is war in its brutal reality, but taxing at the same time all the science and energy of the two painters who have placed themselves long since in the rank of masters, which is theirs by right.

COMPETITION FOR THE PRIZE OF ROME.

THE subject selected this year for competition was the same as that of 1783—a hundred years ago—*Mattathias slaying a Jew who had offered sacrifice to idols*, from the Book of Maccabees.

The winner, M. G. POPELIN, son of the well-known enamel-worker, has been much noticed in preceding Salons for his *Slayer of Argus* and the *Cadet of Gascony*. He has represented his hero before an altar, brandishing a dagger; he wears a kind of Bedouin turban and is draped in sombre colours. The renegade Jew is dying in agony on one of the steps of the altar, and a soldier in a gleaming breastplate has also been struck down at his feet, whilst all around the angry crowd gesticulate and utter cries of fury.

This work is greatly recommended by its qualities of execution, but is, perhaps, a little cold; a little more freedom and expansion would be welcome from the considerable talents of this young artist.

M. PINTA, the first of the two second prizes, shows Mattathias grasping a massive copper tripod; and the artist has shown considerable vigour in his composition. M. LEROY, the second, executes his work sufficiently well, but is rather feeble.

By M. Popelin's side, M. ROCHEGROSSE has attracted considerable attention, and was strongly supported by a section of the press, who remembered his *Death of Vitellius*. Before a Salon

jury he would have tied with the former artist, but the School of Art maintains certain doctrines, and it was evident his audacious and pathetic work would not carry off the prize.

The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian was the subject for sculpture, a subject which has been so frequently treated in every age from the oldest masters down to the present time.

The incident, nevertheless, is better suited to pictorial than statuesque art, but it was doubtless selected on account of the competitors being thereby compelled to render with more or less vigour the idea of physical pain, and mental fidelity to the Faith in spite of martyrdom, and a hope in a divine recompense.

M. FERRARIS was awarded the first prize. His St. Sebastian is quivering with suffering; his agony is that of a martyr whose wounds open as his eyes close, but who is sustained by the thought of the divine reward so nearly within his grasp. He is bound to a tree, his left hand nailed to it by an arrow, whilst another has pierced his right thigh. The two second prizes were carried off by MM. PEPIN and LOMBARD, two promising artists, but whose works presented certain imperfections.

Engraving is a more easily-developed art, inasmuch as its initiative is already in existence. All kinds of this work, both industrial and artistic, abound, but the standard of a first prize not being reached, MM. SULPIS and BARBOTIN received two second prizes.

We shall not apply this verdict to our architects. All in this section was of the very first class, that of the new competitors equally with the works sent from Rome. The theme was a palace for the Council of State; M. PIERRE ESQUIÉ obtained the first prize and goes to Rome; whilst MM. TOURNAIRE and COURTOIS-SUFFIT received the two seconds. The plans of the competitors were of the greatest value, and attested a grandeur of vision together with high artistic qualities.

THE FRENCH STUDENTS AT ROME.

THE French School of Painting in Rome has considerably occupied the public mind this year, and has given rise to a question of general interest. The authorities of the *Beaux-Arts* have been called upon to make certain alterations in the rules of the institution, established at the "Villa Medicis," for the furtherance of French Art in Italy. The discussions to which this movement has given rise have intensely interested the artistic world, and have called from the different organs of the Press much animated controversy.

In spite of this, the works sent to us from Rome by our students in that city present no more marked characteristics than heretofore. As usual, they are true to the rules of academical drawing, and we find amongst them some good specimens from the nude, but their efforts are confined within the technical trammels of art, and possess no individuality. The exhibitions on the *Quai Malaquais* usually present the same grounds of criticism. The pictures there are of very unequal merit, some indeed hardly reaching mediocrity; and, as a whole, they are surpassed in excellence by the statuary. The sculptors preserve more simplicity in their work, and escape certain unfavourable influences to which the artists more readily succumb. This time the place of honour in the exhibition must be awarded

to its architectural specimens, while the engravings sent in hardly deserve mention.

In the section allotted to Painting this year prominence is given to the works of four students of our Roman School, viz. Messrs. Chartran, Schommer, Bramtot, and Doucet. These young artists possess no small degree of talent; by long study in the different studios they have acquired a dexterity in design and execution which gives to their present productions much promise of future excellence. But, after all, it is a question whether a residence in Rome for artistic purposes may not be attended by certain unfavourable results. Perhaps, to live in too close companionship with the works of the great, of old, is not an unmitigated good. Under such circumstances the student is apt to leave the art gallery with a mind full of reminiscences—with visions floating before him, not of what his imagination depicts, but of what he has just seen from the pencil of Luini, of Mantegna, or of some other old master. He is apt to leave the real for the unreal, to go to the works of men for inspiration rather than to Nature herself.

This brings us to the subject of M. CHARTRAN'S *Vision of Saint Francis of Assisi*, which presents many heterogeneous points of detail. The characteristic features of the saint are well preserved, but the work as a composition lacks unity and spirit, while the colouring is heavy and inharmonious. In M. BRAMTOT'S picture of *Compassion*, it is easy to recognise the countenance of an old man who has already figured before in many pictures. M. DOUCET'S *Hagar* is a composition full of defects which strike the eye at first sight, and which suggest youthfulness on the part of the artist. M. SCHOMMER, whose maiden production was a picture of *Alexander and Bucephalus* of somewhat imposing dimensions, has now given us a religious subject, *The Resurrection of Lazarus*, and treated it in a somewhat sketchy manner. Among specimens of sculpture those most conspicuous are the *Decapitation of St. Denis* by De Fagel, and the *Spring* by M. Cordonnier. This last is a theme of idyllic simplicity, full of classical suggestiveness, and rendered with much grace of manner. The inspiration must have been derived from either Greek or Latin sources. Some of the former exhibitions have shown a tendency to adopt characteristics of the Byzantine school and certain oddities of style. This one, however, gives proof of more singleness of purpose and simplicity of work on the part of the sculptors.

The section devoted to Architecture leaves nothing to be desired. The results there seem to denote real hard work. M. Nénot has carried off honours even in Italy, where he lives, and where he is engaged in the erection of the monument to Victor Emmanuel. His sketches after the researches of M. Homolle are held in much esteem; but as labours of restorative art, they cannot be said to very much surpass the *Fragments of the Theatre of Marcellus*, by M. Giraud; the *Temple of Venus*, by M. Laloux; and the *Old Library of Venice*, by M. Blavette.

ANTONY VALABRÈGUE.

ART SALES OF THE YEAR.

WE give an indication of the movement in works of Art at the Hôtel Druot, &c. It is well understood that we are unable to mention more than the principal lots in those which attracted the greatest attention. The Hamilton sale in London was the greatest event, in its way, of the century, and the collection came under the hammer in the months of June and July last.

DECEMBER, 1881.

SALE OF TWENTY-THREE WORKS BY COURBET.

Lovers in the Country, £228.—*The Wounded Man* (bought for the Louvre), £440.—*The Man with the Leathern Belt* (bought for the Louvre), £1,044.—*Courbet's Studio*, £840.—*The Pretty Dutchwoman*, £320.—*The Siesta during Haying-time* (bought for the Louvre), £1,166.—*Stags Fighting* (bought for the Louvre), £1,636.—*L'Hallali* (bought for the Louvre), £1,357.—*Return from the Conference*, £624.—*The Chestnut*, £120.

33 lots in all, produced £10,076.

SALE OF MODERN WORKS.

Corot. *The Goatherd*, £188.—Corot. *Portrait of Mdlle. Nilsson*, £160.—Courbet. *The Rocks*, £156.—Daubigny. *Antwerp Road*, £100.

THE COLLECTION OF M. TENCÉ.

Rubens. *The Miracle of St. Benoit* (purchased for the Musée at Brussels), £6,800.—Jordaens. *Huntsman and Dogs* (purchased for the Musée at Lille), £444.—P. Potter. *Outskirts of the Wood*, £347.—Teniers. *The Dancers*, £280.

THE COLLECTION OF M. DAGNAN.

Chintreuil. *Sunset*, £120.—Daubigny. *The Marsh*, £380.—Decamps. *A Village Street*, £652.—Delacroix. *Hercules and Antæus*, £204.—Diaz. *The Marsh* (No. 12), £340.—Diaz. *The Marsh* (No. 13), £264.—A. de Dreux. *The Chief's Horse*, £132.—Fromentin. *Gazelle-Hunting*, £560.—Isabey. *A Shipwreck*, £280.—Isabey. *A Châtelaine*, £348.—Th. Rousseau. *A Farm in Berry*, £1,180.—Troyon. *The Horse-pond*, £1,004.

39 lots in all, produced £8,348.

JANUARY, 1882.

THE COLLECTION OF WORKS OF ART OF THE LATE M. PAUL DE ST. VICTOR.

Louis XVI. Clock, £16.—A ditto, £28 16s.—A blackwood *Cabinet Louis XIII.*, £21 12s.—Nine small busts of coloured wax, £56.

Total amount realised in the sale, £4,514 2s.

One only of the pictures in this collection rose above £400. A presumed portrait of a reformer, by François Clouet, called Jehannet, fell for £436. Amongst the lots realising smaller prices were: Jules Breton. *A Reverie*, £240.—Weenix. *The Little Shepherdess*, £160.—E. Lamy. *Henri III. in procession*, £140.

FEBRUARY.

THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF BASSANO.

Courbet. *The Spring*, £141 8s.—Courbet. *Winter*, £215 4s.—Decamps. *A Kennel*, £220.—Diaz. *A Clearing in the Wood*, £367 12s.—Géricault. *Horses*, £86.—Van Goyen, *The Meuse at Dordrecht*, £170.—Van Goyen. *Winter in Holland*, £242 16s.—Guardi. *Venetian Fête*, ½240.

THE COLLECTION OF M. FOULD.

This collection was divided into two parts—I., a quantity of unimportant works producing £2,292, amongst which there was a *Portrait of Ingres as a child*, by David, knocked down at £268; and II., a collection of works of art which realised £10,332 2s. 6d., included in which were a snuff-box, £198; a silver vase, by Odiot, £158; four silver candlesticks, and an epergne, £260, and £484 respectively; a pair of bronze fire-dogs of the fourteenth century, £880; a drawing-room suite, Louis XV., £524; a series of Louis XV. tapestries, £400; two Beauvais portières, £396.

MARCH.

A COLLECTION OF MODERN PAINTINGS.

Corot. *The Fisherman*, £140.—Corot. *The Forest Road*, £174.—Courbet. *The Sea Shore*, £140.—Couture. *The Birdcatcher*, £240.—Decamps. *The Rat retired from the World*, £134.—Diaz. *Love's Education*, £312.—Diaz. *The Decameron*, £172.—Jules Dupré. *A Stormy Sea*, £240.—Pentenkoffen. *Wallachian Gipsies*, £252.

APRIL.

THE COLLECTION OF M. L. FLAMENG.

Bonnington. *The old Governess*, £198.—David. *Portrait of Barnave*, £84.—Fragonard. *Renaud in the Gardens of Armida* (sketch), £364.—Lancret. *A gallant Assembly*, £240.

THE COLLECTION OF M. A. FEBVRE.

Francesco Guardi, *Piazza San Marco*, *Piazetta San Georgio Maggiore*, *Santa Maria della Salute*, in one lot, £2,920.—Hobbema. *The Country-house*, £784.—Van der Neer. *Twilight*, £412.

WORKS OF ART.

An enamel reliquary of the thirteenth century, £324.—An enamel of the Annunciation, £440.—Five enamel plates, by Courtois, £504.—Twelve ditto, by P. Raymond, £364.—Enamelled gold box Louis XV., signed Lesueur, £320.

We may here mention also the sale of the MSS. of Balzac, which terminated by the sale of his bust, by David d'Angers, at £152.

THE COLLECTION OF M. BENJAMIN FILLON.

MEDALS AND ANTIQUITIES.

Bronze mirror, £228.—Ring of Queen Berthilde, wife of Dagobert, £123 4s.—Medals struck by Charles VII. to commemorate the Expulsion of the English, £340 16s.—Medals of Sigismund Pandolfe, *Malatesta*, £314.—Philibert, Duke of Savoy, £88.

An ivory Virgin, 13th century, £520.—Enamel altar-piece, £122.—Curved enamel plaque, £114.—Plate by Passaro, £39 8s.—Plate by B. Palissy, £40.—Round China Plate, £120.

ENGRAVINGS.

Marc Duval. *The Three Brothers Coligny*, £60 16s.—Goltzius, *Henri IV.*, £12.—Marc Antony. *Lucretia*, £48.—Rembrandt. *His own portrait*, £19 8s.—*The piece of* 100 *florins*, £32.—Sergent. *Marceau*, £11 19s. 2d.—Copia. *La Réveillère Lépeaux*, £12 4s.—Lecœur. *The Ball at the Bastille*, £16 os. 10d.

PICTURES.

German School. *Girl with a Daisy*, £132.

DRAWINGS.

Van Dyck. *Antoine Cornelissen*, £162.—Ingres. *M. Gilbert*, £36.—Lagneau J. P. *Acarie*, £74 8s.—Claude Lorraine. *Landscape*, £76.

MAY.

THE COLLECTION OF MEDALLIONS OF M. E. PIOT.

Leonello, Marquis of Este, £98.—*François de Gonzaga*, £125.—*Nicolo Piccino*, £120.—*King Alphonso of Naples*, £340 16s.—*Guarino* (a Veronese writer), £294.—*Pandolfo Malatesta*, £178.—*Mathias Corvin*, £144.—*B. d'Este, Duke of Ferrara*, £168.—*Pope Nicholas V.*, £120.—*Guido Pepoli*, £320.—*Mahomet II.*, £313.—*Charles-Quint* (eight in number), £283 4s.

This collection was sold in London at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods', producing £8,221 4s.

JUNE.

On the 28th of this month the sale of the second portion of paintings, sketches, studies, and drawings, by the late Gustave Courbet, took place, realising £3,251 4s.

PAINTINGS.

The Wrestlers, £232.—*Charity to a Beggar at Ornans*, £360.—*The Stolen Horse*, £136.—*The Bather* (back view), £560.—*Huntsman on Horseback seeking the Track*, £64.—*The Wreck in the Snow*, £69 8s.—*The Calf*, £60 16s.—*The Sorceress, after Frank Hals*, £80.—*Portrait of Rembrandt*, £192 8s.—*Portrait of M. M. . . .*, £48 8s.—*The Man in the Helmet*, £40 16s.—*The Rocks of Mouthiers*, £106.—*Banks of a Lake*, £65 4s.—*Castle of Chillon*, £52 16s.—*Chailly sur Clareux*, £60 16s.—*The Cedar of Hauteville*, £96 4s.—*The Tooth of Jaman*, £64 16s.—*Sleeping Woman*, £80 16s.—*Young man, seated* (lead pencil), £12 16s.—*Women among the Corn* (ditto), £26 8s.

THE COLLECTION OF THE COUNT OF ———.

Drozais. *Portrait of Mdlle. Lenormand d'Etiolles*, £228.—Nicolas. *Concert in the Park*, £200.—Largillière. *Portrait of the Duchess Montbazon*, £128.—L. M. Van Loo. *Portrait of the Marquise d'Humières*, £200.—Mad. V. Lebrun. *Portrait of the Daughter of Sedaine*, £364.—Watteau (attributed to). *Italian Opera and Comedy* (two works), £760.

THE COLLECTION OF M. B.

Troyon. *Return from Market*, £444.—Jules Dupré. *Sheep returning*, £424 4s.—Decamps. *Jews at the Judgment Seat*, £410.—Daumier. *Third Class*, £200.

THE HAMILTON SALE.

This sale, certainly, as before remarked, the most important of our century, lasted for seventeen days, divided into five series, the first four extending over three days each, and the fifth lasting five days. It realised the gigantic sum of £397,562 0s. 6d., or nearly ten millions of francs. Needless to say, it was conducted by the celebrated Christie, Manson, and Woods, of St. James's.

We give in chronological order the dates of the sales, with the most important lots realised.

JUNE 17.—Flemish and Dutch paintings. Van Dyck. *Henrietta Lotharinga, Duchess of Phalsburgh*, £2,100.—Van Huysum. *Flowers*, £1,228.—Van Dyck. *The Duchess of Richmond and her Son*, £2,047.—Van Dyck. *Equestrian Portrait of Charles I.*,

£997 10s.—Rubens. *Elizabeth Brandt*, £1,837 10s.—Van de Velde. *A Calm*, £1,365.—Rubens. *The Birth of Venus*, £1,680. —Rubens. *The Loves of the Centaurs*, £2,100.—Hobbema. *The Water Mill*, £4,252 10s.—Van Ostade. *Cabaret*, £1,837 10s.

JUNE 19.—Chinese and Japanese porcelain, bronzes, lacquer, enamels, crystals, porphyry, busts, tables, and vases. Japanese lacquer cabinet, £1,023.—Louis XIV. cabinet, £2,310.—Italian coffer, £1,018.—Rock-crystal chandelier, £735.—Old porphyry table, £945.—Bust of Augustus in porphyry, with metal ornaments, £1,732 10s.

JUNE 20.—Cabinet by Gouthière, made for Marie Antoinette, £4,620.—Oblong table by Riesener, for the same, £6,000.

JUNE 24.—Italian Pictures. Giorgione. *History of Myrrha*, £1,417.—Botticelli. *The Adoration of the Magi*, £1,627.—Mantegna. *Panels*, £1,785.—Bronzino. *Leonora di Toledo*, £1,837. —Marcello Venusti. *Christ clearing the Temple*, £1,428.—Marcello Venusti. *The Adoration of the Magi*, £1,218.—Tintoretto. *An Admiral*, £1,155.—Sandro Botticelli. *The Assumption*, £4,777.

JUNE 26.—Chinese and Japanese porcelain, old Sèvres, precious objects, and French and Italian furniture.—Bust of Napoleon, by Thorwaldsen, £640 10s.—Chinese enamelled vase, £472 10s.—Mandarin vases, £603 15s.—Louis XV. jasper jug, £2,467.—Louis XVI. clock, £903.

JUNE 27.—Chinese and Japanese porcelain and enamels, silver, furniture, Boule wardrobes, designed by Lebrun, brought from the Louvre, £12,075.—Silver cup, signed Georgen Roemer, 1580, £3,244 10s.—Louis XVI. candelabra, £2,362 10s.

JULY.

JULY 1.—Italian Pictures and Historical Portraits. Titian. *Holy Family*, £1,207 10s.—Leonardo da Vinci. *A Laughing Boy*, £2,205.—Luca Signorelli. *The Circumcision*, £3,150.

JULY 3.—Italian, Dutch, and French china, Venetian and Persian glass, Etruscan pottery, ivories, Italian and French furniture table of the Duke de Choiseul.—Bronze group of the Laocoon, £504.—Rock crystal chandelier, £441.—Porphyry bust of Niobe, £409 10s.—Writing-table and cartonnière of the Duke de Choiseul, £5,565.

JULY 4.—A carved wooden triptych, painted by Raymond, £1,218.—French faïence, *The Seasons*, by Levasseur.—Henry

II. faïence, Limoges enamel open Italian ironwork of the fifteenth century.—Hexagonal salt-cellar Henri II., £840.

JULY 8.—Pictures. Dutch, French, Flemish, Spanish, and English schools.—Velasquez. *Phillip IV.*, £6,300.—Pantoxa. *A Council of English and Spanish Statesmen*, £2,520.

JULY 10.—Japanese lacquer.—Oriental and Dresden porcelain. —Italian and French furniture, and furniture mounted by Gouthière for Marie Antoinette.—Louis XVI. cabinet by Gouthière, £5,462.—Secrétaire by the same, with monogram of Marie Antoinette, £9,450.—Commode of the same with similar monogram, £9,430.

JULY 11.—Japanese lacquer.—Oriental work and porcelain Statuette of Voltaire, by Houdon, in white marble, £1,050.—Jasper rosewater-ewer, £850.

JULY 15.—Miniatures.

JULY 17.—Sundry curiosities and works of Art.—English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish porcelain, pottery, furniture, Gobelins, and other tapestry.—Busts of Henri II., Charles IX., Henry III., Catherine de Médicis, Le grand Dauphin, and Mdme. Claude of France, £1,758.—Louis XV. commode in marqueterie, £6,247.—Bust of Peter the Great, £1,060.—Louis XV. sofa, very large, £1,176.

JULY 18.—Small works of art, tapestry, and furniture.

JULY 19.—English and Dresden porcelain.—Small works of Art —Five bronzes after the antique, made for François I, and which ornamented for a long time the chateau of Villeroi, £2,551 10s. —An oval rock-crystal cup, £1,207 10s.

JULY 20.—Antique jewellery, Renaissance-period enamels, engraved stones, and sundry works of Art.—An oblong-shaped casket of black buhl and companion, £498 15s.

THE SALON AT ANTWERP.

ANTWERP shares triennially with Brussels and Gand its turn of an exhibition of Fine Art, which this year was held in the first-named city. The *Salon* of 1882 was warmly criticised by the public and the press, as it was considered inferior to its predecessors and more medium in character, and it was generally agreed that the fault lay with the jury, who had exercised too great leniency in accepting the works sent in for exhibition.

Nevertheless there were many remarkable works to be distinguished amidst the ordinary mass. The French and German artists formed, amongst the strangers, a considerable contingent. The *Last moments of the Emperor Maximilian*, by JEAN PAUL LAURENS, did not obtain, in spite of his great talent, the success doubtless expected. A fine portrait by M. Fantin Latour was more liked, and one by Madame Roth, a pupil of Alfred Stévens, met with still greater approbation, and was justly honoured with a medal by the jury. *The Smith's Strike*, by M. SOYER, was much noticed, and M. MANET, with his *Bar at the Folies, Bergère*, caused, as he always does, lively admiration from his friends and passionate criticism from the rest. M. BEAUVERIE showed a landscape of delightful colorisation.

The family scenes by VAUTIER and BOKELMAN, always so full of observation, and the fantastic violence of M. GUSSOW's tones, may be considered as the cream of the German section. Our familiar

friends, the Dutch, shone with their accustomed brilliancy in the fine qualities of MAUVE and MESDAG, while the latest new-comer at Antwerp made his first appearance with the picture previously exhibited at Paris, *A Military Funeral in Holland.*

The Belgians, being in their own house, naturally took up most room. In the front row was seen M. HENRI DE BRAEKELEER, with a Flemish interior of a public-house, the *Pilots' Arms*, possessing an intensity of colour and an admirable strength of light. This artist, so full of the old traditions of national style, and yet of the greatest originality, has at last seen justice done to him after having so long been disdained and unrecognised, even by his countrymen, and now it has arrived the verdict is unanimous. It is more and more towards this strong and healthy interpretation of real life that our aspirations tend. Whilst a respectful homage was paid to those who, like M. N. de Keyser, have struggled before and continue to do so still, whilst others almost celebrated, like M. Verlat, failed to rise to their previous reputation, or like M. Slingeneyer, who had the feebleness to display works he would have done better to retain at home—the public saluted with its applause and sympathy new and ardent artists full of a truer and less conventional style; M. MEUNIER and his interesting studies of mines and smithies, M. SACRÉ and his curious attempt at a workman's drama, and the landscape painters, Heymans, de Knyff Rosseels, and Coosemans—amongst whom the first named attracted most attention, and has become in some sort a kind of leader of a school of landscape painters—who have perhaps some exaggerations, but nevertheless study nature with widely-opened eyes to the infinite clearness of light, and produce by those means an accent of great tenderness and considerable fineness. Each of their works was well studied and carefully discussed.

By the side of these already renowned artists a battalion of younger men have entered the lists, and the Antwerp Salon has allowed them to show themselves. The *Dutch Village* of M. COURTENS, rewarded at the Paris Salon, was perhaps, with *Underwood in Campine*, of M. VERSTRAETE, the best; but in both, the interpretation of nature was increased by an exquisite feeling and a penetrating charm. In figure painting, M. FRÉDÉRIC'S *Chalk Merchants* showed rare cleverness and great suppleness in its scientific drawing, besides feeling and colour, possibly inspired by the works of Bastien Lepage, in which may be seen great promise. Equal hopes were nourished by the interiors and por-

traits by the young artists Lalaing, F. Charlet, Van Rysselberghe, and de Jans.

We fall back lastly on pictures of the very first class in the animals of Alfred Verwée and Stobbaerts, and the household studies of Jan van Beers and Verhaert, the former Parisianised, the latter thoroughly Flemish both in colour and subject, and not forgetting a bouquet of ladies not the least appreciated in the salon, particularly Mesdames d'Anethan and Meunier, two pupils of Alfred Stévens, like Madame Roth.

Very little in sculpture. A few busts, signed by Rodin, De Vigne, and Dillens, were all worthy of regard. And in water-colour, that charming medium so highly cultivated in Belgium, there would positively have been nothing to note had not M. Stacquet shown some pretty landscapes both lively and clever.

LUCIEN SOLVAY.

VIENNA INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS.

THIS Exhibition, which opened on the 1st of April and closed on the 15th October, was the first of a series of periodical exhibitions which the Association of Viennese Artists intends to hold every four years. The idea was first laid before the Emperor at a meeting of the Association Committee and the governing body of the Academy of Fine Arts in 1880. The Viennese artists recognised the necessity of throwing local talent into relief by encouraging emulation in a systematic manner. Their scheme, having received the approbation of the Government, appealed to the sympathy of the enlightened Viennese, and was quickly carried into effect. The Municipal Council voted the sum of 10,000 florins towards the object in view; Herr Ottokar Weber, Director of the Discount Bank of Bohemia, added 3,000 florins; Baron Albert de Rothschild opened in its favour a credit of 100,000 florins free of interest, and in a few months' time a guaranteed fund of 200,000 florins (about £16,800), made up of voluntary subscriptions, placed the Society in a position to embark upon its project, under the direction of a committee composed of thirteen "protectors" (court personages and leading financiers), and twenty-five artists, members of Parliament, art critics, and heads of industrial enterprises. His Excellency Count Edmond Zichy was elected president, and Herr Nic. Dumba, Member of Parlia-

ment; Herr Makart, artist; Herr Streit, architect; and Herr von Angeli, artist, were appointed vice-presidents.

One of the first resolutions passed by the Committee settled the international character of these exhibitions by inviting every nation to participate in them. The invitations to the foreign countries was communicated through the diplomatic body, and a prompt and cordial response was received from all, with few exceptions, including Russia and England. Germany, Belgium, Spain, and especially France, contributed more objects of artistic interest than had been solicited. It was not without difficulty —and even sacrifice—that room was found for all these paintings in the Künstler-Haus, notwithstanding the extension of the premises which had been carried out under the direction of the architect, Herr Streit. France and Germany alone could easily find sufficient space for the large paintings, and the examples of decorative, historic, and monumental art, they had contributed, in the two magnificent rooms with galleries, seven metres high, which had been reserved to these Powers in the annexes.

In the Austrian section, a kind of hesitation was observable between a somewhat narrow imitation of the old methods and the influence of French naturalism. HERR MAKART, chief of the Decorative school, was unfortunately represented only by a slender exhibition of his works. A study of Cleopatra, nude to the waist, dying amidst a mass of jewels and precious stones, and some portraits, costumed in the taste of the *Renaissance*, were nevertheless sufficient to throw into relief the richness of his style. The three portraits by HERR CANON, in which the influence of Titian, Holbein, and Van Dyck was revealed in turn, displayed a singular gift of reflecting the old masters, a patient investigation of their methods, and an unequalled manual dexterity. In the portrait of a young woman, painted with delicate art, HERR VON ANGELI appears to have given evidence of a more refined sensibility. About the works of these artists are ranged those of a large number of *genre* and landscape painters, masters of composition, ingenious draughtsmen, and powerful colourists, all conveying a certain sense of highly-wrought pleasure. Here and there, however, might be traced signs of a revolt against this somewhat cold dilettantism, notably in the efforts of FAULEIN TINA BLAU, the eminent landscape painter, which attracted much attention by their freshness and freedom.

Whether it be from natural vivacity of temperament, or the

lack of education founded on traditions, the Hungarian painters showed in their section a larger amount of independence and at the same time of inequality. Without mentioning Herr Munkacsy, a certain number of young men who have studied in Paris expressed in their representations of local types a sincerity which, although sometimes maladroit, bespoke originality and energy. It appears probable that patient cultivation of the talent displayed by these Eastern artists will lead before long to interesting results.

France has, in fact, already benefited by this movement. M. BAUDRY's large ceiling for the Cour de Cassation, the *Triumph of the Law;* M. BOUGUEREAU's *Virgin, Consolatrice,* and his *Birth of Venus;* M. HENRI LÉVY's *Jesus in the Tomb;* M. ROLL's *Miners' Strike,* M. FLAMENG's *Girondins,* and other paintings by Messrs. Cormon, Maignan, Dupain, &c., proved that true art had nothing to fear from the daily progress of that familiar school of painting so brilliantly represented by Messrs. Bastien-Lepage, Dantan, Benjamin Constant, J. L. Brown, &c.; while the art of portraiture received from the pencils of Messrs. Bonnat, J. Lefebvre, Henner, and Paul Dubois an incomparable impression of freedom and simplicity.

Some beautiful marbles—M. FALGUIÈRE's *Corneille,* M. ALLAR's *Alcestis' Farewell,* M. SCHŒNWERK's *Morning,* M. DE SAINT-MARCEAUX's *Genius keeping the Secret of Death,* and M. GUILLAUME's *Anacreon,* placed in the middle of the large French room, helped to convey to it a contemplative suggestiveness very imposing to the spectator.

Germany brought much more luxury to bear on the decoration of her large room. An immense dais of red velvet, with deep-falling draperies, formed in the midst a sort of dimly-lighted chamber comfortably furnished with seats, from which could be seen in a brilliant light the paintings arranged against the wall. Tall plants in vases occupied the angles around the statues. So ingenious an arrangement could only be suitable to small paintings, and it is in fact in their portraits and *genre* subjects that the artists of Munich, Dusseldorff, and Berlin have shown their incontestable ability, founded nearly always in the patient study of the old masters rather than the immediate study of nature.

The refined dilettantism of Herr Lenbach and Herr Kaulbach compels admiration more than ever in several careful studies and fine portraits. Moreover, a serious endeavour to convey greater

force and faithfulness in their colouring has been observed in nearly all the *genre* and landscape painters. HERR DEFUGGER, in his *Arrival at the Ball*, has treated in a spirited manner a characteristic group reflecting local custom, and HERR LIRBL has very happily combined in his study of *Women at Church* the old German tradition of stern observation with contemporary realism.

After France and Germany, the most important sections were those of Belgium and Spain. The *Pestilence of Tournai*, by M. GALLAIT, a grand composition, conceived in the dramatic spirit, although commonplace and dull in general tone, was certainly the most popular success of the Exhibition. The liveliest satisfaction was also conveyed by the excellent contributions of Messrs. Alfred and Joseph Stévens, De Braekeleer, Verwée, Verhás, Wilhems, Hermmans, &c. Spain, faithful to her tragic traditions, sent with the celebrated *Jeanne la Folle*, by SENOR PRADILLA, several other paintings of almost equally vigorous, and still more dramatic, character. Among these, *The Church Bell of Huesca*, by SENOR CASADO DEL ALISAL, took first rank by its qualities of execution and the honour inspired by the subject. Some *genre* painters, all more or less followers of Fortuny, struck a gayer note—more appreciated by the public than by artists. Italy, Denmark, Norway, and Holland were less fully represented, but exhibited some fine examples of native art without revealing any new tendencies or individualities that have come to the surface since the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

In fine, the success attained by the first International Exhibition of Vienna has been such that the Association of Viennese Artists are already thinking of its successor in 1886. These exhibitions, alternating with those which will take place at Munich every four years, will furnish Germany with abundant opportunity for measuring her own strength with that of foreign nations, aided by the guarantees supplied by an international jury. At the Vienna Exhibition thirty large medals were awarded. Of these, eight went to France, who alone of all nations was adjudged worthy to receive one for each branch of art—viz. historical painting, landscape, sculpture, engraving in medals, plate engraving, and architecture.

H. SCHWARZ.

ART IN RUSSIA.

THE MOSCOW EXHIBITION.

LITTLE is known of the history of Russian art outside of Russia. It will not, therefore, be out of place to convey some notion of it before speaking of the great Artistic and Industrial Exhibition of Moscow, whose mission was to present, in a concise form, the progress achieved by the Fine and Industrial Arts in Russia during the quarter of a century (1855–80) embraced by the reign of the Emperor Alexander II.

If we pass in review all the works of Ancient Russian art commencing with the tenth century and concluding with the seventeenth, we recognise everywhere traces of a peculiar originality both in form and ornamentation, notwithstanding the influence of foreign masters:—the Byzantines in the eleventh century, the Italians in the fifteenth, and the Dutch in the seventeenth. It was only in the eighteenth century, after the arrival in Russia of a large number of French artists at the invitation of Peter the Great and Catherine II., and the despatch to France of young Russian artists who had passed through the St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts, that Russian art fell under foreign influence. The movement lasted until the middle of the nineteenth century. After the Crimean War the national senti-

ment began to revive in Russian society and a realistic tendency was observable at the same time with regard to art. Some years previously a similar movement made its appearance in Literature with the dramatist Priboïédoff, the poets Pouschkine and Lermontoff, the fabulist Kryloff, and Gogol the novelist. It was not felt in relation to art until some thirty years later.

CHARLES BRULOFF, painter of the famous picture, the *Last Days of Pompeii* (1833), may be considered the final representative of classic traditions and Russian art. Some of his pupils showed greater independence, as, for instance, MOLLER, in his works, *A Kiss*, *A Bride*, and the *Roussalka* (1842). A contemporary of Bruloff, ALEXANDER IVANOFF, who passed all his life in Italy painting a single picture, *Christ's Appearance to the People* (1840–58), and making biblical sketches in which he consistently adhered to historic truth, already perceived that the time had arrived for Russian art to enter upon a new phase; but his own tastes kept him within the limits of scriptural subjects.

The *genre* artist, VENETZIANOFF, is generally regarded as the father of the new school of Russian painting. After having seen Granet's picture at the Imperial Hermitage, he was the first to select for his subjects scenes of peasant life, and to enter upon the careful study of nature, as is evidenced by his *Interior of the Capucin Monastery at Rome* (1818). Venetzianoff was surrounded by a group of disciples who followed his example. Nevertheless, in the works of all these artists were wanting a certain feeling for nature and that expression of humour so characteristic of the Russian realistic school of to-day.

When Venetzianoff painted from nature his first picture, the *Grange* (1820), he found himself, as his memories inform us, sorely troubled to express the sentiment which the work demanded. It would be, therefore, more just to recognise as the founder of the new Russian school the painter FEDOTOFF, who, under the influence of the famous fabulist, Kryloff, began to depict contemporary life, and who exhibited in 1849 three *genre* subjects: *A Cavalier just invested with the Insignia of his Order*, *Entangling a Major in Marriage*, and *A Lady difficult to please in the Choice of a Husband*.

In reality, the national and naturalistic impulse in Russian Art chiefly shows itself in the pupils of the Moscow School of Painting and Sculpture. This school gave us, about the year 1840, quite a constellation of young *genre* and landscape painters, treating

only subjects of a national character, as, for instance, *Easter Sunday in a Russian Family*, the *Nuptial Benediction*, and a *Soldier's Narrative*. To this category belong the following painters, who have played a more or less important part in the history of Russian art since 1855: PEROFF, POUKIREFF, NEVREFF, PRIBKOFF, RATCHKOFF, PRIANISCHNIKOFF, V. MAKOVSKI, SAVRASSOFF, KAMENEFF, and others. Almost at the same period realists made their appearance among the pupils of the St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts. Some painted subjects inspired by modern life, among whom may be mentioned, Tchernyschff, the brothers P. and A. Rizzoni, A. Popoff, Baron M. P. Klodt, A. Volkoff, Troutovski, J. Sokoloff, Jacoby, N. Petroff, Maiassoïédoff, Morozoff, Korzoukhine, Koscheleff, Jouravleff, Sédoff, Pelevine, Lemoch, Maximoff, Répine, Savitsky, Vasnetzoff, B. V. Vereschaguine, Dmitrieff (of Orenburg), C. Makovski, &c. Others sought their subjects in bygone phases of life, and among these artists may be named Schwarz, Litovtchenko, Gué, and Sourikoff. Some portrait painters, like Kœhler, Kramskoï, and some landscape painters of Russian scenery, such as the Baron M. C. Klodt, Mestcherski, Schischkine, Vassilieff, Volkoff, Orlovski, Kouindji, and Klever, also attracted notice.

Quite a new movement among Russian artists commenced about the year 1863. It was then that Péroff, sent to France at the expense of the Academy, requested to be allowed to return to Russia before the stated time. He felt that he was unequal to the task of representing subjects reflecting the life of a foreign people, and he preferred to study the habits and customs of his native land. At the same time several pupils of the Academy—Kramskoï, Lemoch, Litovtchenko, C. Makowski, S. Gringarieff, Dmitrieff (of Orenburg), Jouravleff, Korzoukhine, Morozoff, Peskoff, Schoustoff, B. Wenig, and Kreytan, refused to follow the directions of the Professors in the competition for the Grand Gold Medal, on the ground that the subjects indicated were at variance with the natural bent of their minds. These revolutionaries separated from the Academy and formed a Free Association. In 1871 some of their number organised an Exhibiting Society, with the view of exhibiting their works, not only to the inhabitants of the capital but also to their countrymen in the provinces. The initiative of this society is due to the painter Miassoïedoff, who, on his return from Spain, where he had been a student of the Academy, showed his project to the members of the Association,

and afterwards to some artists of Moscow, such as Péroff, Prianischnikoff, Savrassoff. To-day this society already counts thirty members, among whom are found some eminent artists. They have already had ten annual exhibitions, and their works have been shown in all the principal cities of Russia. Since then, the artists who belong to the Academy have also formed an Organising Society of artistic exhibitions. This last society has twice as many members as the other, but they are free and often change; again, the six annual exhibitions of the new society have not been so rich in national subjects as the old one, and it is principally the landscapes here that have attracted attention.

There are very few artists unconnected with these two societies. At the head of them we must place B. V. Vereschaguine, so well known by his subjects drawn from the Taschvent (1867–68) and Bulgarian wars (1877–78), also from his brilliant studies brought from India. He alone has made quite a revolution in public opinion, for no one before him had treated scenes of war with such reality and sentiment; besides, no artist possesses such rapidity of execution. At the present time a private exhibition of his works is making the tour of Europe, and excites great admiration everywhere.

It is otherwise with sculpture. After Pimenoff and Baron P. Klodt, who have distinguished themselves as realistic sculptors, the first of whom produced, about the year 1855, the monuments of Kriloff and Nicholas I., we meet with no more sculptors of this class before Antokolski, who showed what he was capable of doing ten years ago by his statues of *John the Terrible* and *Peter I.* It is true that the painter Mikéschine has constructed, during this time, the monument commemorative of the millennium of Russia (1862), and that of Catherine II. (1813), but these works represent a collective labour, for the artist was not himself a sculptor, and other artists (Tchijoff, Opécouschine, &c.) executed these works after his designs. Among the productions of the new Russian sculptors, such as Kamenski, Tchijoff, Popoff, Laveretzi, who have taken subjects drawn from modern life, we remark less of reality than in the productions of the new painters of the same class. It is the academical traditions that dominate them. There has arisen, on the other hand, quite a school of sculptors who have produced, in wax and bronze, little groups of men and animals with great truthfulness; they are: Lieberich Von Wahl, Menert, Lanceray, Ober, Posen, Schokhine, &c.

Later we see arise the national architecture. C. Thon, the artist who was looked upon as the father of this architecture, constructed his churches only in the Byzantine style. The really national feeling begins only with the appearance of the two Gornostaïeffs (uncle and nephew), Rezanoff and Grimm, Schorter and Huhn, Hartmann and Ropett, Bogomoloff and Wallberch, &c. During these last twenty-five years, other good architects of the same period, Beine and Benois, Bernhardt and Bohnstedt, Krakau and Rachau, have designed edifices in foreign styles.

With the regeneration of national art in Russia coincides the formation of many private collections especially devoted to productions of the new Russian School; as those of Soldatenkoff and Tretiakoff. Nearly all these collections are at Moscow. The official collections, like that of the Imperial Hermitage of the National Museum of Moscow (formerly the collection of Prianischnikoff), and of the Academy of Fine Arts of St. Petersburg, remain, on the contrary, mostly devoted to the productions of the old Russian school. Many works drawn from these collections appeared in the Universal Exhibition of London (1862), Paris (1867 and 1878), and of Vienna (1873).

This year, besides the annual exhibitions of the two artistic societies, and the private exhibitions of some artists, as those of Aïvazovski, Klever, Soudkovski, Kouindji, Soukhorovski, there has been a great national exhibition at Moscow. Unfortunately it has not been able to show a complete picture of the Russian national art during the last quarter of a century, some collectors having refused to lend the works belonging to them. Thus we cannot see the greater part of the productions that have appeared at the exhibitions of the last ten years, so characteristic of the progress of the new school. The artists best represented have still been the painters of religious subjects, as Ivanoff, B. P. Vereschaguine, Botkine; the painters of foreign subjects (drawn from the French, Italian, or Roman life), as Huhn, Bronnikoff, Siémiradzki; the battle-painters, as Willewalde, Kotzebue, Kovalevski; the landscape-painters, as Aïvazovski, Bogoluboff, Soudkovski Klever; the portrait-painters, as Kœhler, C. Makovski; the sculptors, as Antokolski, Lanceray, Bock, Laveretzi, Podozeroff, and M. Popoff; the copper-plate engravers, as Jordan and Pojalostine; the etchers, as V. Bobroff, and Dmitrieff (called the Caucasian). Then follow the architects, and lastly the Finnish artists.

In general, the great exhibition of Moscow, this year, has been very rich in pictures, sculptures, and architectural designs. As I have published, in French and Russian, an illustrated catalogue of this exhibition, in which those who interest themselves in Russian art will be able to find more extended information, I have dispensed with citing here the titles of all the important works that have figured in this exhibition.

N. Sobko.

[N.B.—The public indulgence is requested for the hiatus in the following pagination.—Ed.]

EXPOSITION

DE

L'UNION CENTRALE DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS

ŒUVRES ET PRODUITS MODERNES

BING

19, rue Chauchat, 19

BING ce nom incisif et pénétrant n'a-t-il pas pour vos oreilles la sonorité cuivrée et retentissante du *gong* chinois frappé par une baguette vigoureuse? Pour moi, cette simple syllabe bien prononcée, « *Bing!* » évoque dans mon esprit toutes sortes de visions et de féeries orientales. Je rêve, en l'entendant, d'étoffes superbes et de meubles bizarres, de soieries lamées d'or et d'argent, de bronzes aux nielles délicats, d'idoles pansues et ventrues, et d'oiseaux fantastiques, montés sur des échasses roses, étincelant des topazes, des émeraudes et des rubis tombés sur leurs ailes de l'écrin vivant de la nature, et ce rêve est une réalité !

M. Bing, en effet, a été, et il est encore aujourd'hui le premier importateur en France de ces curiosités et de ces merveilles de l'extrême Orient dont toute l'Europe se montre si friande aujourd'hui.

Je me sens incapable de rendre avec la plume l'impression que j'éprouve en pénétrant dans l'admirable salle dont

THE COLLECTION OF M. S. BING.
Camphor root. Chioki pursuing imps.

la décoration a été confiée à M. Bing. C'est comme un éblouissement.

Je débute dans la section des meubles, et je me vois tout de suite entouré de dix ou douze cabinets en bois de fer, divisés en compartiments ingénieux, et rehaussés de fins décors de nacre, d'ivoire, de jade, d'or ou d'argent, qui jettent comme un éclair de gaieté sur la sévérité du fond. Mille objets aux formes nouvelles nous montrent leur incrustation brillante ; les bois nuagés d'or nous caressent doucement la rétine ; plus loin, ce sont des figurines toutes radieuses, qui se détachent sur des fonds de laque noire, des harnachements de chevaux nous étonnent par la vivacité et la fraîcheur de leurs colorations ; nous admirons, sur des paravents aux feuilles mobiles, des figures ou grotesques ou terribles, mais dont l'expression, poussée à outrance, atteint les dernières limites du possible.

Les sévérités du programme de l'Union centrale ne permettaient pas à M. Bing d'exposer sa merveilleuse collection de vases de Chine et du Japon. Il n'a pu nous en montrer que quelques échantillons, assez pour nous charmer et nous séduire par la pureté des lignes, la grâce des proportions et la recherche heureuse des tonalités. De grandes tables cloisonnées nous disent le dernier mot de la magnificence orientale, tandis que des boîtes, des plateaux, des écrans, et tous les petits meubles de la vie intime de la Chine et du Japon nous surprennent, nous amusent et nous captivent par les détails les plus ingénieux et les plus inattendus.

Des tableaux, des dessins, des soieries, des manuscrits, enrichis de tous les trésors de la calligraphie orientale, retiennent aussi bien longtemps les amateurs ; les uns épris de l'idéale pureté de certains types, les autres se désopilant la rate devant certaines charges spirituelles ou narquoises.

Mais son véritable triomphe, c'est avec les étoffes que M. Bing vient de l'obtenir. Il en a de splendides, et il en a d'exquises. La palette des plus grands coloristes est vaincue et humiliée par un ton d'aurore ou de soleil couchant ; par ces gris-perle pâlissants, par ces teintes opalines, par ces lueurs argentées, par ces lilas glacés et changeants, par ces rayonnements de l'or et ces chatoiements des pierreries, que rendent à miracle ces tissus incomparables.

MAISON KRIEGER

A. DAMON ET CIE, SUCCESSEURS

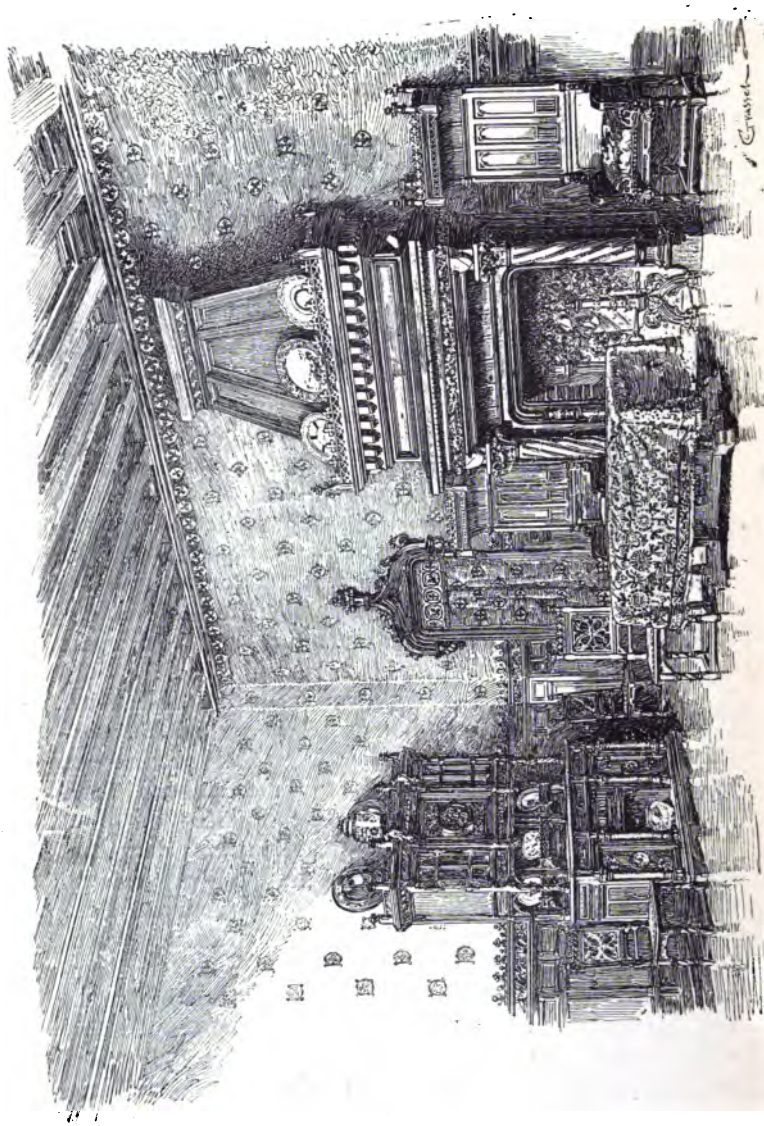
74, Faubourg Saint-Antoine

LA MAISON KRIEGER tient depuis longtemps le sceptre de la fabrication du meuble français, et ce sceptre n'est pas tombé en passant dans les mains de M. A. DAMON et de ses associés, chefs actuels de cet établissement de premier ordre.

La maison Damon est universelle, et vous pouvez lui demander avec la même confiance et le Moyen âge et la Renaissance, sans parler du style moderne, qui le reconnaît comme un de ses maîtres.

C'est dans ses ateliers et ses magasins qu'il faut chercher la maison Krieger. L'exposition de l'*Union centrale* ne contient point M. Damon tout entier. Elle ne le montre que par fragments, par échantillons et par spécimens. C'est beaucoup sans doute : ce n'est point encore assez !

On peut diviser son envoi en quatre sections dont chacune mérite une attention spéciale et un étude particulière. C'est d'abord une salle à manger du XVe siècle (dont nous donnons la reproduction), avec sa haute cheminée monumentale, montant presque jusqu'au plafond. Au milieu du manteau, une tablette, protégée par un rebord ajouré, reçoit une garniture de faïences : plats, brocs et hanaps d'un bel effet décoratif; les sièges, travaillés dans le bois plein, ont des dossiers évidés qui rappellent les fenêtres à compartiments des vieilles cathédrales; la table à pans coupés, se rétrécissant ou s'allongeant à volonté, nous montre, entre ses pieds robustes, de petites balustrades finement ouvra-



Gothic Dining Room.
EXHIBITED BY MM. A. DAMON AND CIE.

gées. Les deux buffets, qui se font face, de chaque côté de la salle, avec toilette pouvant remplir l'office de dressoir, sont d'un travail achevé. J'en pourrai dire autant des deux grands fauteuils surmontés d'un dais qui accostent la cheminée, et des deux portes conduisant à la salle à manger, dans le hall du château, très élégantes avec leurs ogives qui s'infléchissent de façon à former une accolade pleine de grâce.

A côté de ces œuvres de style, la maison Krieger fait les concessions nécessaires aux exigences modernes, en exposant le mobilier de deux chambres, dans les prix doux, vrai mobilier de bord de mer ou de campagne de la banlieue parisienne; l'un en sapin ordinaire, sans sculpture d'aucune sorte, mais d'une ligne très nette et très pure; l'autre en *pitch-pin* d'Amérique, plus relevé de ton, avec des découpures élégantes : le tout abordable aux petites bourses, puisque l'on a, pour 3,600 fr., neuf pièces importantes, un lit, une commode, une armoire à glace, une toilette, une table de nuit, une table ordinaire, un fauteuil et deux chaises, ainsi que les tentures et les rideaux.

Au premier étage, dans la salle spéciale destinée aux meubles somptueux déjà primés dans de précédentes expositions, on peut admirer encore une magnifique bibliothèque à deux corps, du XVIe siècle, en noyer naturel, sculpté, avec fronton couronné par la statue, d'une si fière tournure, du silencieux Laurent de Médicis — chef-d'œuvre de Michel-Ange. Sur l'armoirette centrale, à vantaux pleins, de très fines arabesques accompagnent des médaillons d'un beau style reproduisant deux profils de femmes coiffées et vêtues à la mode de Henri II : le meuble composite mêle dans son décor le Corinthien à l'Ionien. On prend le beau partout où on le trouve. Ce meuble est un des plus complets que j'aie rencontrés dans cette salle, et il méritait à tous égards d'être décrit ici.

ÉBÉNISTERIE D'ART

FLACHAT, COCHET & Cie

4, rue Dunoir, Lyon.

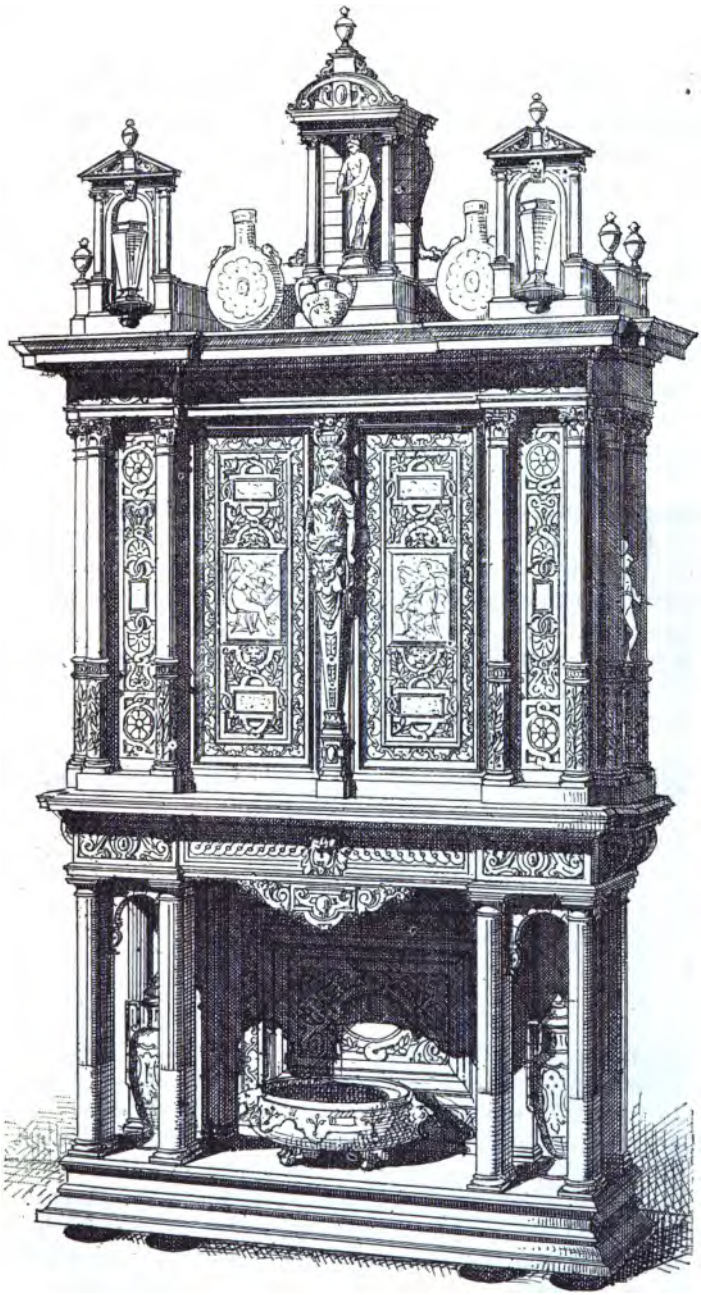
Si l'Exposition de l'Union centrale, prise dans sa généralité et son ensemble, accuse une prédominance marquée de l'élément parisien, il ne faut pas croire, cependant, que la main de Paris soit seule à figurer dans ce concours ouvert à l'industrie artistique sans exception aucune de provenance et d'origine.

C'est ainsi que la seconde ville, Lyon, s'y trouve glorieusement représentée par deux maîtres ébénistes, dont la fraternelle association enfante de véritables chefs-d'œuvre.

Leur exposition a grand air, et l'amateur des belles œuvres du ciseau étudie avec un réel plaisir et le grand buffet-dressoir, de proportions grandioses, qui occupe le centre de leur montre, et la *Crédence-Cabinet,* dans le style Henri II, reproduite par notre dessin, et la vitrine Louis XIV, en bois de noyer, rehaussée de dorures. Nous voudrions faire connaître, ces trois objets, tout à fait remarquables, et qui placent hors de pair MM. Flachat et Cochet. Cette importante maison, qui s'efforce de continuer l'école lyonnaise, a donné là une preuve de sa puissante originalité.

Le grand dressoir est à deux corps. Sa partie inférieure a pour principal décor des fleurs et des fruits; le second corps y ajoute quatre cariatides, qui supportent l'entablement, d'un beau caractère.

Fort élégante dans l'ensemble de son galbe, la crédence-cabinet, nous montre ses deux corps très harmonieusement reliés. La partie supérieure, naturellement la plus ornée,



Crédence Cabinet, style Henri II,
exécuté par **MM. Flachat, Cochet & Cie.**

est justement fière des délicieuses plaques de porcelaine très élégamment intercalées dans ses portes.

Je passe légèrement, ne pouvant tout dire, sur une aimable variété de consoles en bois doré et de fort beaux miroirs dans le style de la Renaissance, de Louis XIV et de Louis XVI. — Il y a là des choses magnifiques; il y en a d'autres d'une simplicité charmante.

S'il me fallait préciser d'un mot la caractéristique de la fabrication de MM. Flachat et Cochet, je louerais surtout chez eux ce mélange d'imagination et d'assimilation qui leur permet d'interpréter à leur gré, et avec un égal succès, les styles les plus divers et les plus opposés, et, quand il leur plaît, de devenir eux-mêmes créateurs, sans jamais tomber dans la reproduction servile des anciens meubles.

La mise hors concours, — c'est-à-dire la plus haute des distinctions dont le jury dispose, — dit assez dans quelle estime sont tenues les œuvres de cette maison de premier ordre. Lyon, a le droit d'être fier de se voir représenté, dans une industrie considérée comme essentiellement parisienne, par deux hommes que la supériorité incontestée de leurs produits a placés d'emblée au premier rang.

JULIEN SIMON

MAISON GALLAIS

77, boulevard Richard-Lenoir.

JULIEN SIMON, successeur d'un industriel éminent, M. GALLAIS, et directeur de la grande fabrique du boulevard Richard-Lenoir, 77, qui porte encore ce nom justement honoré, s'est voué à la fabrication des meubles de grand luxe. Main habile au service d'une intelligence cultivée, M. Simon excelle à nous rendre les époques disparues, dont il reproduit les plus belles inspirations, en leur donnant un caractère personnel qui constitue le mérite, la saveur et le charme des œuvres originales.

Exposition de la Maison Gallais.
Lit Louis XV en laque Martin.

C'est que M. Simon est un homme de son siècle. Aussi nous a-t-il prouvé qu'avec une étude approfondie des modèles, et en se pénétrant du goût de nos ancêtres, on pouvait arriver à des créations appropriées à nos usages, en harmonie avec nos intérieurs, et capables de satisfaire à tous nos besoins, en donnant cependant à nos yeux les mêmes jouissances que les œuvres mêmes des vieux maîtres, qu'ils s'appellent Boule ou Riesner, Gouthière ou Ducerceau.

Aux yeux de beaucoup de gens, M. Julien Simon a un titre, c'est celui de restaurateur et de vulgarisateur parmi nous de ce procédé de peinture connu sous le nom de VERNIS-MARTIN, dont les grands artistes industriels du siècle de Louis XV et de Mme de Pompadour ont su tirer un si merveilleux parti.

Il suffira, pour s'en convaincre, de jeter les yeux sur le beau lit Louis XV et sur l'élégante armoire de la même époque, ornés l'un et l'autre de charmantes peintures genre Watteau, d'une facture à la fois exquise et originale. Initié depuis longtemps aux mystères de la fabrication des laques, M. Julien Simon nous offre moins des spécimens exquis de ce qu'il peut produire dans ce genre de meubles, qui est appelé à faire l'ornement et la joie des plus somptueuses demeures aussi bien que des intérieurs les plus artistiques.

Il ne faut pas croire, cependant, que cet admirable type des peintures laquées absorbe complètement le temps, le talent et l'énergie de l'artiste contemporain. Un éclectisme large et intelligent est le seul mot d'ordre auquel il obéisse. Nous n'étonnerons donc personne en disant qu'il tente au besoin de fructueuses excursions dans le monde gothique et parmi les grands producteurs de la Renaissance.

Nous n'avons pas encore signalé un ameublement dans le goût de la Renaissance anglaise. Cette composition, si charmante dans son ensemble, et si intéressante dans ses détails, emploie comme élément principal le noyer ciré — une matière superbe — et comme ornement, des panneaux de laque intercalés dans le bois, à l'instar des plaques de faïence, que traitaient de la même façon les ébénistes de la Renaissance. Cette pièce, unique dans son genre, suffirait à la gloire d'un artiste industriel : elle mettra le sceau à la juste renommée de M. Julien Simon.

BRODERIE MÉCANIQUE ARTISTIQUE

MAISON JOLIFIÉ

13, rue des Fontaines-du-Temple, 13.

Le plus sérieux avantage des expositions comme celle de l'Union centrale, c'est de mettre en lumière des inventions récentes, encore inconnues de la foule, mais qui méritent de devenir promptement populaires, et de faire dans le monde un chemin rapide et brillant; en écrivant ces lignes, c'est à M. Jolifié que je pense.

C'est qu'en effet M. Jolifié est un créateur à qui nous devons une chose toute nouvelle, ingénieuse et charmante, dont toutes les mains féminines sauront tirer un habile parti, et qui s'appelle le Point mousse.

Cette très jolie et très artistique décoration du point-mousse, création aussi exquise qu'elle est originale, s'applique également bien aux sièges, aux draperies des cheminées, aux étagères, aux écrans, etc., pour tout dire en un mot, aux mille objets familiers que les femmes veulent avoir constamment à leur portée, boîtes et coffrets, cadres de miroirs ou de photographies, enfin c'est tout un petit monde puissant, mignon, élégant et coquet qui nous séduit également et par sa forme et par sa couleur.

Mais il s'en faut que le point-mousse ait absorbé toute la puissance d'invention de M. Jolifié, et à côté de cette broderie nouvelle nous avons vu chez lui des fleurs jetées sur un fond de satin, vraiment rayonnantes dans leur fraîcheur et leur éclat. On dirait un matin de printemps dans une serre. Les contours de ces adorables fleurs sont arrêtés d'une façon très pittoresque et très originale par une broderie de fils d'or, tissée, à la façon originale, et qui donne à l'ensemble de l'œuvre un caractère de réelle magnificence.

Ancienne Maison BEFORT Aîné

ZWIENER

ÉBÉNISTERIE DE MEUBLES D'ART

2, rue de la Roquette.

On ne m'étonnerait point si l'on me disait que M. Zwiener rêve chaque nuit de Versailles et des Trianon. Il doit être hanté par les ombres de Gouthière et de Riesner. J'imagine que l'élégante silhouette de la reine passe souvent devant ses yeux, pleine de grâce et de majesté.

Ce sont, en effet, les chefs-d'œuvre de cette époque, d'une si rare et si parfaite élégance, que ce jeune maître aime surtout à reproduire. Je me hâte d'ajouter qu'il y réussit à souhait. La commode de Marie-Antoinette, reproduite par ce véritable artiste, est d'une telle perfection qu'on pourrait la faire monter du rez-de-chaussée au premier étage : placée à côté de l'original même, dans les galeries de l'exposition rétrospective, elle embarrasserait les connaisseurs qui pourraient bien hésiter entre l'œuvre de Riesner et la sienne. Imiter ainsi, c'est créer. Les cuivres de ce beau meuble sont d'une ciselure vraiment irréprochable.

J'en pourrais dire autant de deux autres reproductions, non moins bien réussies : l'une du joli bureau du ministère de la marine, et l'autre de la commode de Mazarin. Là encore, M. Zwiener n'a pas craint de lutter avec Boule, et il a grandi dans cette lutte; les reproductions de M. Zwiener mériteraient aussi d'être placées dans un musée. Nous les y verrons quelque jour.

Mais je me hâte d'arriver aux créations propres à cet éminent artiste-industriel. Les deux premières sont deux fort beaux meubles, style Louis XV, en vernis-Martin, avec des cuivres ciselés d'une grande correction et d'un dessin fort ingénieux. Des deux peintures qui décorent ces pièces magni-

Commode Louis XV avec cuivres ciselés, exécutée par **M. Zwiener.**

fiques, l'une représente la jeune déesse des fleurs, parées des plus beaux produits de son empire; l'autre, dont nous donnons ci-dessus la reproduction, représente Vulcain et Vénus, couple divin, mais mal assorti. Le jury a reconnu le mérite de cet heureux débutant en lui décernant la médaille d'or.

LECORNEY ET Cie, ÉDITEURS

TERRES CUITES, BRONZES & MARBRES

4bis, rue Pierre-Levée.

Nicolas Lecorney, le fondateur de cette importante industrie d'art, est avant tout un artiste. Il vint de bonne heure à Paris et suivit les excellentes leçons de Lequien, puis il se mit à travailler pour l'industrie, à exécuter des ornements pour meubles, bronzes, etc.; il réussit à se créer assez vite, par son habileté, par la fertilité de ses inventions décoratives, une réputation spéciale et fort légitime. Modelant les figures avec une rapidité surprenante et doué naturellement de cette sorte de qualité qu'on n'acquiert point à l'École des Beaux-Arts, et qui consiste à subordonner ses compositions aux formes architecturales qu'elles sont appelées à décorer, à sacrifier avec goût le pittoresque du détail à l'harmonie de l'ensemble, il se forma une clientèle qui se disputa bientôt ses œuvres. C'est alors, en 1876, que M. Lecorney fonda une maison commerciale pour l'exploitation de ses motifs de sculpture; elle eut un grand succès. Ce sont surtout les grâces de l'enfance qu'il excelle à exprimer, et les sujets qu'il a exécutés dans ce genre, tels que le *Premier Livre,* la *Première Gamme,* etc., sont devenus populaires. En 1880, il fit admettre au Salon deux statues : l'*Enfant au baiser* (dont nous donnons ici la reproduction), et la *Première montre;* encouragé par son succès, il exposa, en 1881, une *Jeune Fille,* et enfin, à notre dernier Salon, une *Quêteuse.*

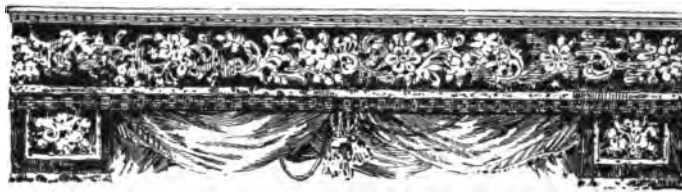
On peut juger, par ce gracieux spécimen, du talent de cet artiste, qui appartient plutôt à l'Art qu'au commerce; l'argile fouillée par lui exprime tous les sentiments humains, ainsi qu'il est facile de le constater en examinant sa belle et riche collection de *Terres cuites.*

A force de recherches, M. Lecorney est parvenu à donner à la terre cuite une teinte d'autant plus charmante qu'elle est naturelle, ayant le velouté de l'épiderme, la morbidesse de la chair en même temps que la solidité du silex.

Citons au hasard parmi ses œuvres personnelles : *Péché Mignon, Petit Taquin, Troubadour, L'Enfant à la Montre, Le Premier Livre, Cendrillon, En avant-deux, Petit sou s'il vous plaît, Une Gamme.*

L'Enfant au Baiser.
Terre cuite de M. Lecorney.

Aidé dans ses compositions par d'excellentes études artistiques, par une grande flexibilité de touche et par une merveilleuse habilité d'arrangements mise au service d'une imagination féconde et d'une grande facilité de production, il a pu, en quelques années, modeler de ses mains une importante collection, qui vaut une visite de chacun de nos lecteurs.



MAISON FONDÉE EN 1839

J. LÉON FILS, SUCC^R

TAPISSERIE ET DÉCORATION

9, rue Tronchet.

On disait autrefois *Sainte-Mousseline*. On dira bientôt *Sainte-Peluche*. Tout ce tissu nouveau est devenu promptement à la mode. On ne veut plus que de la peluche, et, si on la laisse faire, elle aura bientôt relégué dans l'ombre la soie, le velours et le brocart.

Je ne m'en étonne pas quand je vois l'habile parti que M. Léon sait en tirer. C'est un véritable temple qu'il lui a élevé dans le grand hall de l'Union centrale. Jamais nulle part elle ne s'était prêtée à autant de combinaisons diverses et d'applications variées; jamais elle nous avait paru plus miroitante et plus chatoyante dans ses tonalités fines, dans ses reflets vigoureux, et dans ses nuances changeantes.

On m'assure que l'exposition de M. Léon a les préférences de toutes les belles visiteuses.

Je ne m'en étonne point, car elles trouvent chez lui toutes les choses chères à leur délicatesse et à leur élégance. Il faut les voir se promener au milieu de ces merveilles, allant d'un meuble à l'autre, admirant ce fauteuil, garni de son coussin, dont la forme générale rappelle l'époque de Louis XV; sur le fond bleu se détachent des lampas éclatants et des brocarts lamés d'or. La rampe est capitonnée et damassée de blanc, la corde est en peluche, d'un ton cuivre, et la passementerie plus riche encore.

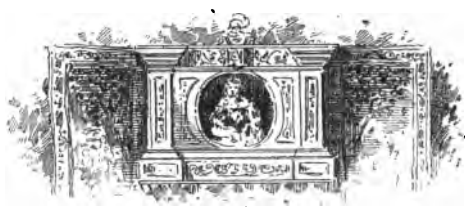
Tout à côté j'en vois un autre plus magnifique, s'il se peut. Son fond est d'un ton rose passé très doux, sa rampe en velours de Gênes argenté; sa corde en peluche olive, et sa passementerie pleine d'agrément et de variété. En voici un troisième, qui s'est inspiré des plus gracieuses fantaisies de Mme de Pompadour; il est en satin blanc brodé, avec tresse en peluche bleue et de draperies retombantes, en peluche rose tendre, une caresse pour l'œil.

Peut-être trouverons-nous plus de style encore dans le canapé si bien composé par M. Léon; le dessus est un mélange d'anciennes broderies et de vieux lampas, sur étoffe cannetillée, fond cuivre. Le dessin général est Louis XIII, avec rampe capitonné en satin vieil or, et corde en peluche vieux cuivre; la draperie est en peluche, avec passementerie assortie.

Les mains ingénieuses et prodigieuses de M. Léon nous ont aussi donné quelques délicieux petits meubles : un bonheur du jour, genre Pompadour, avec coffre et tiroir, le tout garni de soie et de peluche, et drapé à ravir. Une colonne, dont l'armature est toute revêtue de peluche, avec broderie et peinture, nous dit le dernier mot du luxe coquet et raffiné.

M. Léon nous montre aussi deux fenêtres d'un très grand et très beau style. L'une est à riches draperies, avec galerie formant voussure, en peluche cuivre, et lampas à fond vert et argent, le relevé est élégant et nouveau, laissant voir un joli store en soie.

La seconde forme tente : elle est en étoffe armure, fond vieux rouge et métal, se relevant sur des hallebardes. On se croirait dans le cabinet d'Henri II.



SERRURERIE D'ART

EXPOSITION DE M. GAMBETTE AINÉ

4, rue Rameau, 4.

Chaque visiteur s'y arrête; son regard est attiré par le poli étincelant des nombreux objets en fer forgé qu'expose cette maison justement réputée. Ses modèles sont presque tous d'un travail remarquable, inspirés qu'ils sont par les vieux maîtres du grand art de la ferronnerie. En effet, après de patientes recherches, M. Gambette est parvenu à s'entourer de documents précieux et à s'identifier les pratiques des Jean l'Amour, des Quentin Matsys et des Machenotte, qu'il combine avec les moyens dont dispose l'industrie moderne. C'est sous ses yeux et dans ses ateliers de la rue de Richelieu que s'exécutent tous les travaux qu'admirent ici les amateurs du beau. Là, on peut voir la matière première se tordre et prendre les formes les plus variées sous la main d'habiles ouvriers.

Ses motifs ornementaux, ses chenets, ses landiers, ses suspensions de salle à manger, ses cadres de glaces, ses appliques de lumière, ses lustres, ses flambeaux, ses lanternes, ses horloges, ses pendules, ses armes et ses armures reproduisent exactement les plus beaux spécimens des siècles passés. L'amateur trouvera inévitablement dans les magasins de la maison Gambette, tout en restant dans des prix modestes, de quoi satisfaire tous ses désirs.

BRODERIES ARTISTIQUES POUR AMEUBLEMENT

MLLE EMMA FOULON

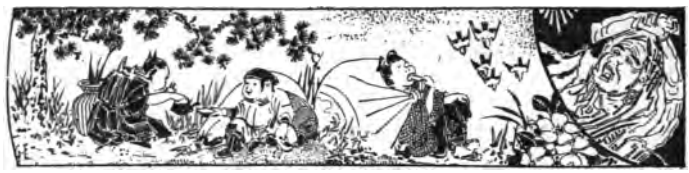
45, rue Richer, 45.

DROITE, dans le grand hall de l'exposition de l'Union centrale, au milieu du groupe si intéressant des tissus, se trouve une petite vitrine, de modeste apparence, et près de laquelle on peut passer sans la remarquer. Mais, quand une fois on l'a vue, on veut la revoir : elle vous retient et vous captive.

Cette vitrine est celle de Mlle Foulon, qu'il faut placer au premier rang parmi les habiles brodeuses de notre époque, elle a choisi dans ses ateliers de la rue Richer, n° 45, quelques beaux spécimens de ses travaux, pour les exposer au Palais de l'Industrie, où ils font l'admiration des véritables connaisseurs. Ses compositions originales et pleines de style, dans lesquelles tout est calculé pour arriver à un grand effet artistique, sont encore rehaussées par des colorations exquises.

Tous les dessins des broderies modernes, que renferme la vitrine de Mlle Foulon, sont dus à un peintre de grand talent, M. Émile Le Cygne, qui a longtemps travaillé sous l'œil protecteur et paternel d'Ary Scheffer, et dont Mlle Foulon a su acquérir la très précieuse collaboration. C'est à lui qu'elle doit la largeur et l'originalité d'un dessin qui vise toujours à la grande décoration — et qui sait l'atteindre.

Dans toutes ces questions où il s'agit de l'ART appliqué à l'INDUSTRIE, si la première condition est de faire grand et beau, ce n'est pas la seule. Il faut encore trouver le moyen d'être accessible à une clientèle plus large que celle qui se composerait exclusivement de millionnaires. C'est là le grand *desideratum* de tout producteur qui veut arriver à une diffusion de ses œuvres suffisamment rémunératrice. Ce but, Mlle Foulon a su l'atteindre sans tâtonnements, et dès son premier effort.



FAÏENCES, PORCELAINES ET CRISTAUX

GRAND DÉPOT

DE

ÉMILE BOURGEOIS

21, rue Drouot, 21

La grande maison de dépôt de la rue Drouot ne se contente pas de soutenir vaillamment sa réputation, sa devise est : « *Toujours en avant.* » Non seulement toutes les importantes manufactures de Céramique telles que Minton, Wedgwood, Copeland, Choisy-le-Roi, Creil et Montereau, Gien, Limoges, etc., y sont représentées; mais les plus petites fabriques de France et de l'étranger y envoient leurs modèles les plus réussis.

A côté de services de table, de *tête à tête* et d'objets divers d'un prix absolument incroyable, se trouvent aussi des pièces artistiques de nature à satisfaire le connaisseur le plus difficile. Parmi les objets appartenant à cette catégorie, je citerai un genre de faïence absolument nouveau, qui va détrôner la Barbotine aux violentes colorations; ce sont de magnifiques vases décoratifs, cache-pots, etc., d'un *orientalisme persan* mélangé de *Renaissance.* Sur des fonds bistrés ou dorés, se détachent en relief des ornements décorés en couleurs, des bandes semées d'or, des fruits et des feuillages peints en relief donnant des effets de pâtes rapportées, tandis que des parties gravées en creux viennent compléter heureusement l'ornementation générale. A cette tentative nouvelle, nous prédisons le plus grand succès.

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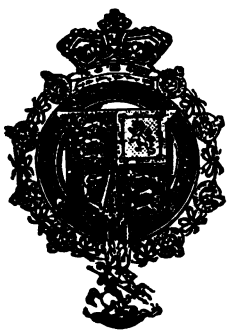

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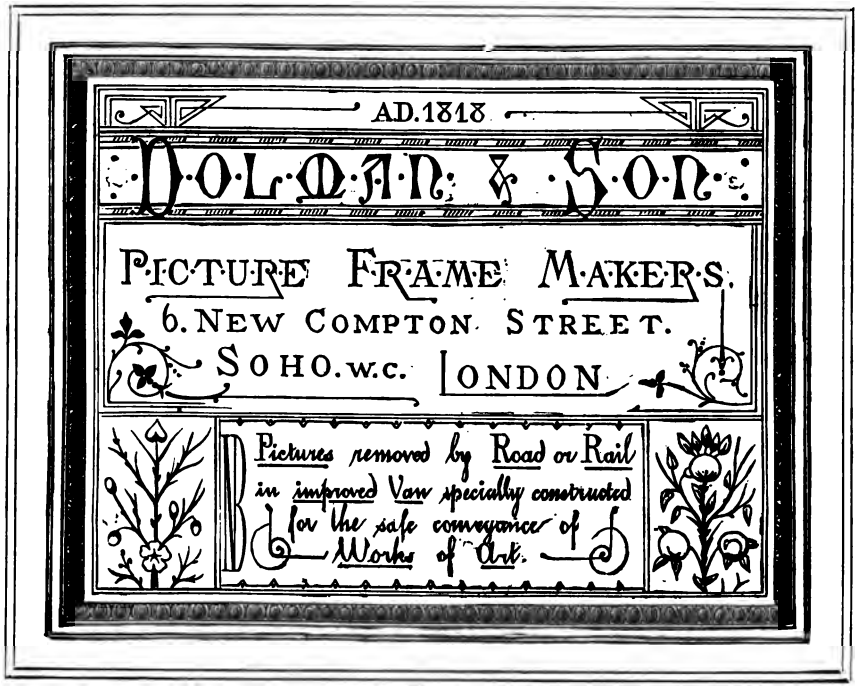

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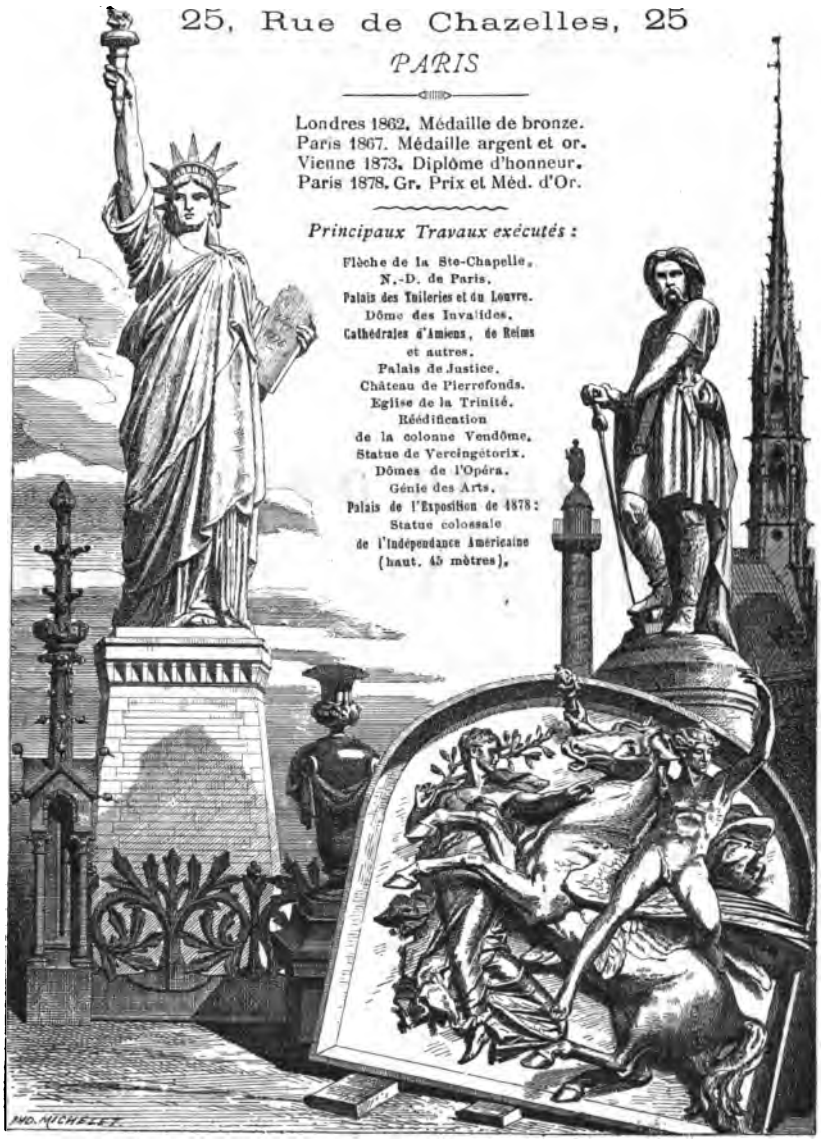

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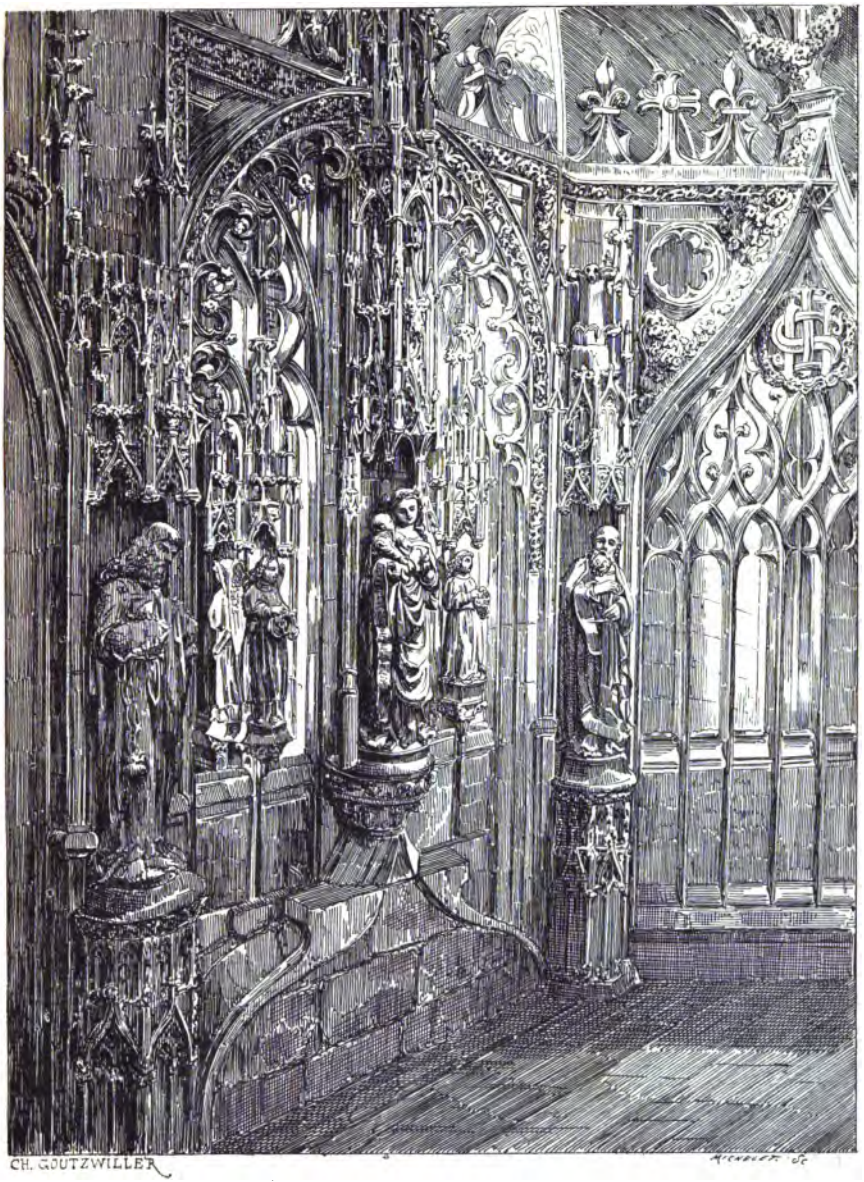

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